★ Oct. 17, 1953

THE NEW YORKER

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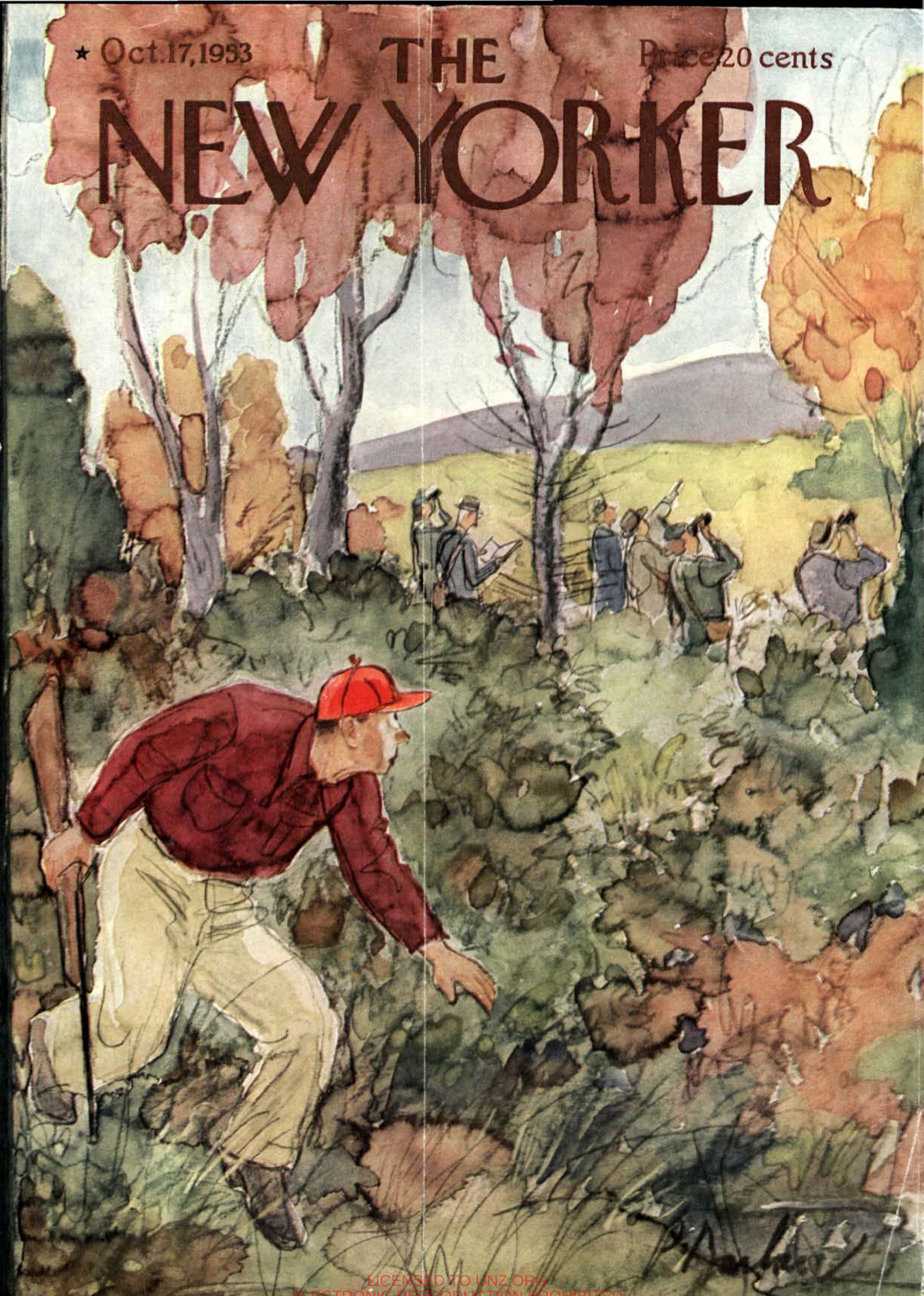

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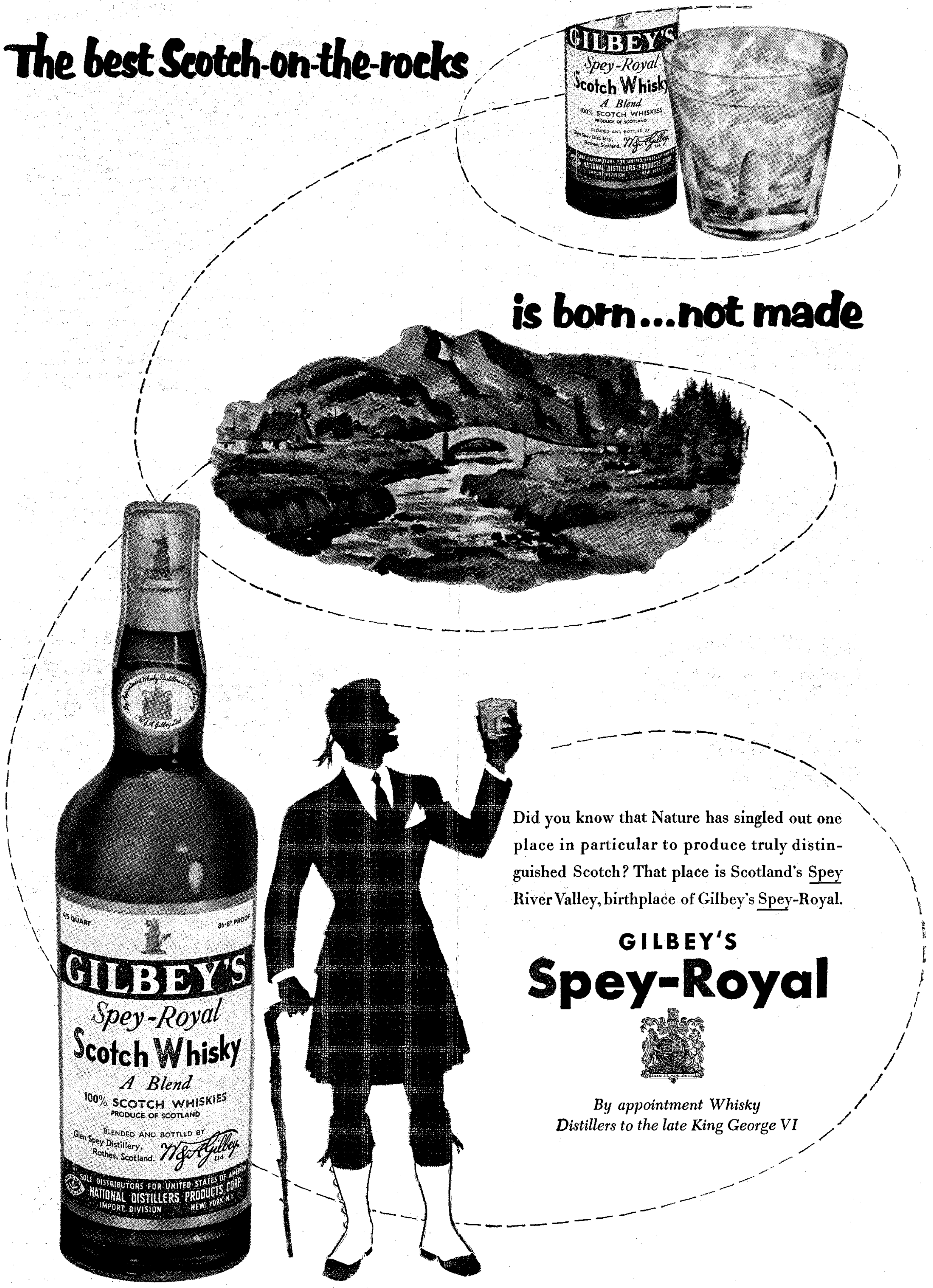
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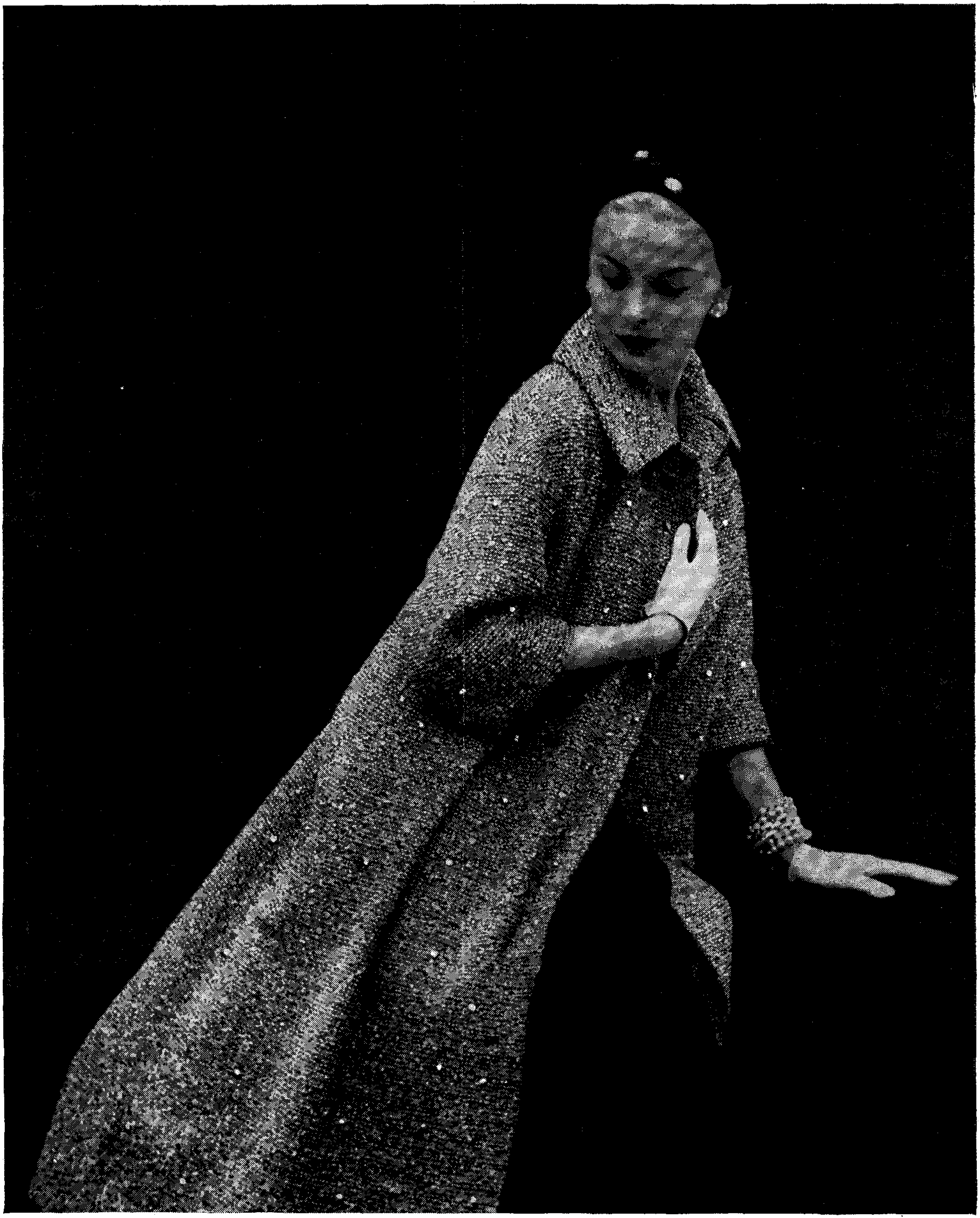

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ON THE PLAZA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Little Hut—This comedy, about two men and a woman on a desert island, was a great success in England, but the imported version has very little to recommend it other than the scenery. The trio in question are Roland Culver, Anne Vernon, and Colin Gordon, and Peter Brook is the director. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—A funny item, adapted by Sam and Bella Spewack from a French hit. It has to do with the efforts of three convicts in the French penal colony at Cayenne to improve the fortunes of a family they happen to like. Walter Slezak heads a cast that includes Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 18.)

Picnic—William Inge's play about the shattering impact of sex on a Kansas town has severe structural defects but it is still worth your serious attention. Joshua Logan has directed a skillful cast in which Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, Peggy Conklin, and Arthur O'Connell are prominent. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take a Giant Step—A play, by Louis Peterson, that tackles the tough subjects of adolescence and race prejudice as they are met by a young Negro. Not without its touching and comical scenes, the drama doesn't resolve itself too surely. The cast, which is estimable for the most part, features Louis Gossett and Frederick O'Neal. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

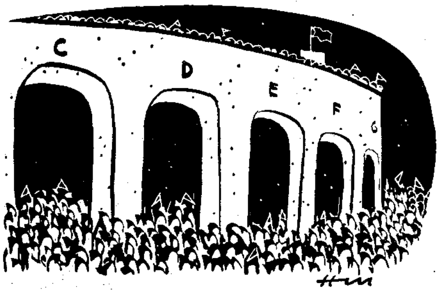
Tea and Sympathy—Deborah Kerr, as an understanding older woman, and John Kerr, as a sensitive boy accused of homosexuality, are both fine and moving in this expert but not altogether convincing play written by Robert Anderson and directed by Elia Kazan. Also in the cast are Leif Erickson, John McGovern, and Richard York. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**DIAL "M" FOR MURDER:** Maurice Evans in a British mystery by Frederick Knott. Gusti Huber and J. Pat O'Malley are in the supporting cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE FIFTH SEASON:** Menasha Skulnik and Richard Whorf are the stars of this play about the garment industry. Others in it are John Griggs and Phyllis Hill. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** Tom Ewell has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful young girl while his wife is away for the summer. Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson are the ladies in the case. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

End As a Man—Calder Willingham's dramatization of his own novel, with Ben Gazzara, Frank M. Thomas, and William Smithers. The producer is Claire Heller, the director Jack Garfein. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Late Love—Arlene Francis, Lucile Watson, and Neil Hamilton in a comedy by Rosemary Casey. Staged by John C. Wilson and presented by Michael Abbott. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

MUSICALS

Can-Can—Cole Porter wrote the music and lyrics for this rather ambitious spectacle and Abe Burrows turned out the book, but most of the credit belongs to Jo Mielziner, whose 1893 Paris settings are among his really memorable works; to Michael Kidd, whose choreography is enchanting; and to Motley, whose costumes also help capture a period and a mood. Peter Cookson and two young women named Gwen Verdon and Lilo do their share to make the evening seem a good deal better than it is. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—A billet-doux to the theatre, tendered by those constant swains, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Their heartfelt sentiments would not have much effect, however, if it were not for the footnotes provided by the ubiquitous Jo Mielziner, who has designed some absolutely stunning sets, and Robert Alton, whose dance routines are as competent as any that have turned up in several seasons. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken are in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—A revival of the opera on which George and Ira Gershwin and DuBose and Dorothy Heyward collaborated, and one of the most exciting events around. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy, while Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos, and Cab Calloway is the current Sportin' Life. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens is in charge of the orchestra, as he was before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

Wonderful Town—This version of "My Sister Eileen" is even more satisfactory than the original. The book is again the work of Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov; the music was composed by Leonard Bernstein, and the lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green; and the cast, directed by George Abbott, is headed by Rosalind Russell, whose performance is something to enliven the most torpid spirit. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**GUYS AND DOLLS:** All those Damon Runyon characters. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast includes Iva Withers, Julie Oshins, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is the King in this Rodgers and Hammerstein musical taken from a book about Siam. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Still giving intimations of immortality. George Britton and Martha Wright are playing the leads. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WISH YOU WERE HERE:** An adaptation of Arthur Kober's play about life at a camp in the Catskills. In the cast are Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—A comedy by John Patrick, based on the novel of the same name by Vern Sneider. David Wayne and John Forsythe are in a cast directed by Robert Lewis. Produced by Maurice Evans in association with George Schaefer. Opens Thursday, Oct. 15. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Frogs of Spring—A comedy by Nathaniel Benchley, derived from his stories in *The New Yorker*, with Anthony Ross, Hiram Sherman, Haila Stoddard, and Barbara Baxley. Staged by Burgess Meredith and produced by Lyn Austin and Thomas Noyes in association with Robert Radnitz and Robert Sagalyn. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 20. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ladies of the Corridor—Edna Best and Betty Field in a play by Dorothy Parker and Arnaud d'Usseau. The producer is Walter Fried, the director Harold Clurman. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 21. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—They'll be riding this range for the last time on Sunday evening, Oct. 18. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sunday at 7. Matinées Friday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30.)

Vaudeville—Betty Hutton, Los Chavales de España, Trini Reyes, the Trio Charlivel, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "The Mikado."...¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Patience."...¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "The Mikado."...¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "The Pirates of Penzance." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Evenings at 8:30. Matinée at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band are on hand for dinner and supper dancing in the Trianon Room, and William Adler's violin discourses in the adjoining Rotunda at cocktail time. Silence everywhere on Sunday.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A few of the customers sleep out, but they're back again bright and early next day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba group are in attendance.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Joan Walden is skating in the Terrace Room's latest ice show, and that's always a help. Ernie Rudy's orchestra plays for dancing. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, the inventor of the singing commercial, is in the Cotillion Room, along with Stanley Melba's orchestra (augmented by a new string section) and Chico-Relli's band. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and the room is closed Mondays....¶ A small orchestra, usually Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, Celeste Holm, a wise and witty lady, lets fly with a bevy of songs. The music comes from the eminent Ted Straeter (who's not averse to singing himself), his band, and Mark Monte's quintet. Closed Sundays....¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is restfully nineteenth-century, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another....¶ Leo LeFleur's music for cocktails every day but Monday in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill affords dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which muses at a gentle pace through the night. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The opulent Maisonette offers Constance Moore, an acceptable specimen of that blond California sunshine, and her songs at dinner and supper. The rest of the time there's dance music by Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble, and an impromptu fashion show by the dancing customers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music fills the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a parade ground for some of the handsomest couples in town, still looks its spick-and-span best. There is almost surreptitious music all evening and, at dinner and supper, the cry-havoc ballads of the impassioned Amru Sani. On Wednesday, Oct. 21, Marina Koshetz, another soprano, will replace her. Closed Sundays.

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Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Frankie Carle's orchestra is in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. On Friday, Oct. 16, Russ Morgan and his orchestra will be moving in. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—If your problems are little ones, you're more than likely to find them dancing their young hearts out here almost any evening. A happy orchestra put together by Hugo Pedell and a rumba band romp along incessantly.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a definitely errant nymph, whooshes through a miniature George White musical comedy at a Roman-candle pace. Lou Nelson and Georgie Kaye are very funny, too, and there are girls like Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard to make up for the mental lapses of the script. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba fellows turn out dance music after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Patachou is rather a novelty: a Parisian songbird who is not an apostle of doom. She's much more the fun-loving Rover Girl. The scene is the Empire Room, where Nat Brandwynne's flowing orchestra and Mischa Borr's band play all evening. Closed Sundays....¶ In the newly reconstructed Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty is at the piano off and on from six to twelve, except Sundays, and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays for dancing from eight-thirty to one, except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's boys are on the stand.

Note—The sky-high ivory tower called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and an occasional swatch of music, one may study the civic virtues of Long Island City, the National Biscuit foundry, the Sunnyside railway yards, and other exotic escapes from reality. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The world revolves at débutante speed whenever the veteran Eddie Davis strikes up his little band. He's in action from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A touch of Park Avenue and a touch of "Pal Joey." The dinner piano is by Johnny Mehegan, who is rapidly becoming one of the leading junior executives in the modernist genre. At supper, he's spelled at the Steinway by Ernie Warren. No music Sundays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A bowing-from-the-waist operation. Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper. On Sundays, Harold Cooke sits in instead.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano and violin after nine-thirty for East Side patrons unto the second and third generations. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Around nine every evening but Monday, Jim Mahoney starts his crisp but nostalgic piano recital in this quiet, well-run dining room.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): There's Herman Arminski's piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield's at dinner and supper in the bar of this establishment, a heaping handful of practically mobile décor. Closed Sundays.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry, which is now a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): In a comfortable sort of indoor breezeway, there's cool, comfortable piano after nine by José Poniera. No music Sundays.... **CAFÉ MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz plays for cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays, when Ira Brant's quintet plays for dancing from one in the afternoon until nine.... **THE EMPRESS**, 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Norbert Faconi, violin at the ready, stalks this Viennese restaurant, trailing schmalz behind him, and Odette Athos sings amiably now and then.

FISH
FISH
EICKE

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The Lewis known as Joe E., and a very good Joe is he. The scenery is mostly Janis Paige, followed closely (and in what could certainly be called pretty confusion) by the Copa dancing girls. On Thursday, Oct. 22, Georgia Gibbs will assume Janis Paige's job as principal canary....¶ In the Lounge, Emery Deutsch's trio descants sweetly from nine-thirty to dawn except Mondays.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, robust (in speech as well as health) after fifty years of life upon the wicked stage, heads a show as long as Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pat Carroll, a true Sabbath's child (bonnie and blithe and good and gay), is brightening this corner with her good humor. Dwight Fiske chants his highly spiced Arabian Nights tales; the three little Jackson sisters chirrup some cheerful jump tunes; and Harry Snow sings in tones that are sometimes perfectly pear-shaped, sometimes just quince-shaped. The backdrop is the happy music of Jimmy Lyons' trio and Bart Howard's piano. ... **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Some old inhabitants—the Three Riffs, masters of the offhand, offbeat ditty; Bud McCreery, a new Gilbert and Sullivan at topical songs; and the incomparable Norman Paris trio—are holding this venerable fort. On Wednesday, Oct. 21, Mr. McCreery will give way to Julius Monk, standard equipment here as *conférencier* and pianist. Closed Sundays. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This landmark, very pretty in its new fall dress, presents Sylvia Syms, one of the most original singers of sorrowful and/or sinful ballads; Orson Bean, one of the most original young humorists of these times; and André Phillipe, a romantic Frenchman whose bilingual songs have but the slightest suggestion of a brogue. Clarence Williams' trio, with Karl Lynch on guitar, plays for dancing. Closed Mondays. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play vigorous double piano, and Hazel Webster is, as always, the solo pianist. Bygone movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. There are also songs by Marion Harris, Jr.,

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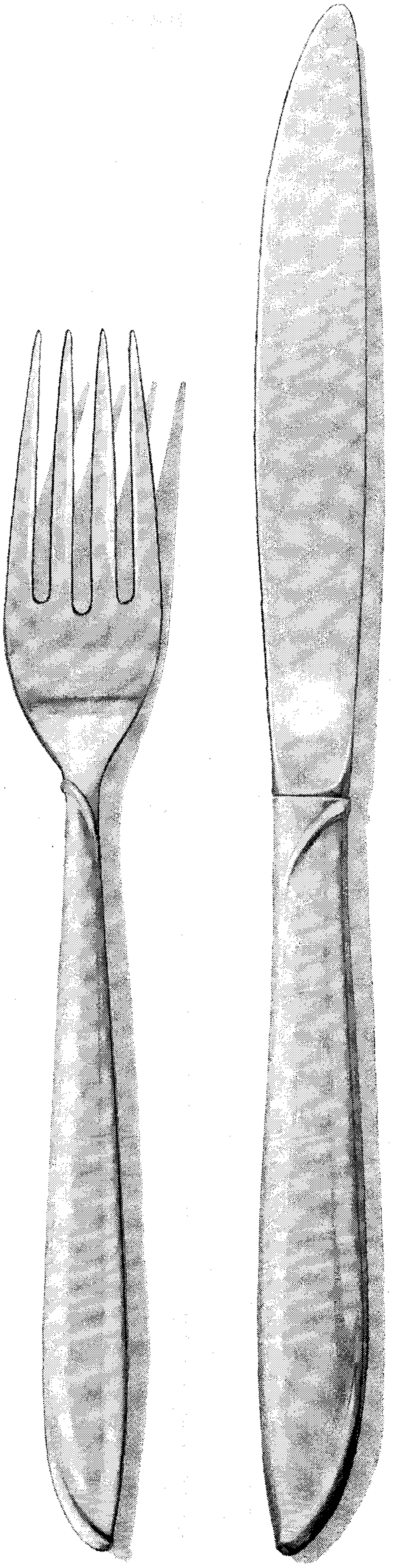

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

every evening but Sunday.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): The almost lost art of the salon is still practiced by Mabel Mercer, who has first call on the songs of the best young composers. Sam Hamilton's piano is the appropriate setting. Closed Sundays. The place is over the frequently raucous Show Spot Lounge.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Wild and stormy nights in the old Village. The reasons are Jimmie Daniels and his Left Bank lyrics; Mae Barnes, whose voice comes up like thunder; Norene Tate, singer of sad songs and player of hot piano; the polyphonic music of the Three Flames, who are paced by Tiger Haines; Charlotte Rae, an apt student of the finer points of the art of parody; Kirkwood and Goodman, whose conversation is wholly stream of unconsciousness; and Bruce Kirby, the establishment's fall guy. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison lovingly polishes his cornet until it's white-hot. He gets noble backing from Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Cliff Leeman, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes even Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton plays his glorious four-hand jazz piano during the intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a hard-riding passel of guest fusiliers. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): What often seems remarkably like genius is at work here. Artie Shaw, clarinet in hand, is collaborating, after nine, with his newest Gramercy Five (Tal Farlow, Denzil Best, Hank Jones, Tommy Potter, and Joe Roland). The end product is lightly but firmly disciplined progressive jazz, lit by many a magnificent individual tour de force. Ralph Sharon's competent trio shares the podium, and Don Abney does good, solid cocktail and dinner piano. They're all off on Sundays, which are potluck, or guest-shot, occasions.... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): The decorative theme of this newest venture in music appreciation is heyday New Orleans; the sounds are mostly more modern. In the small dining room, Billy Taylor's high-style modernist trio; in the barroom, Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five. This room also houses a floor show, such as the Four Step Brothers (the name tells all), Jana Mason (whose looks clearly outnumber her voice), and Lilly Christine, owner-operator of a fairly famous torso, and a reckless driver thereof. Dancing.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jimmy McPartland's boys are now bouncing line drives off the outfield walls. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which involves Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, is adept enough to persuade anyone that honest, traditional jazz is the best policy. Don Frye is solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Stan Kenton's orchestra, large, loud, and in an up-to-date vein, is the big noise here. It's off Mondays, which are jam-session nights.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis, who wields a fairly puissant trombone, and his tailgaters fill this vasty deep with music Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 18, from five-thirty to nine, a posse headed by Billy Butterfield will team up with the local gossoons in a jam session. Dancing.... **BAND BOX**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (CI 5-5970): Count Basie's muscular and joyful big band is very definitely present. Regrettably, Sunday, Oct. 18, is his last night. Charlie Ventura's band checks in on Tuesday, Oct. 20. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **JACK DEMPSEY'S**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (CO 5-7875): Another chophouse has seen the light and gone Dixie. George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other old masters begin their chalk talks at eleven. No music Sundays.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, the trio belonging to Marian McPartland, a new-school piano player with a mind and a touch of her own, goes into a huddle in the center of the bar.... **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Friday, Oct. 16, it is better than even money that there'll be wholesale uproar by Wild Bill Davison, Bobby Hackett, Oran Page, Lou McGarity, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, Cliff Jackson, George Wettling, and Jimmy Rushing. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Oct. 16-17, a rousing rataplan by (there is reason to believe) Max Kaminsky, Red Allen, Tyree Glenn, Jimmy Archey, Cecil Scott, Eddie Barefield, Sonny Greer, and Willie the Lion Smith. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

African Sculpture—Figures, masks, and other objects, carved from wood by natives before the European colonization, that point up the difference between their religious ceremonies and magical rituals; through Nov. 14. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

The Artist and the Dance—Varied paintings and sculptures interpreting the ballet. William Gropper, Arbit Blatas, and Chaim Gross are some contributors. Through Oct. 17. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Raoul Dufy—A loan show of twenty paintings in a small survey of the late artist's work; through Oct. 31. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

William Getman—His first one-man showing of oils and collages, both strongly poetic in expression; through Oct. 24. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Paul Klee—A retrospective (1908-1940) of around sixty paintings; through Oct. 24. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger—Oils and other works, dating from 1913 to the near present, with particular emphasis on his earlier periods; through Nov. 18. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.) The Léger exhibition opening Oct. 21 at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection, too.

Tad Miyashita—Abstract paintings, boldly calligraphic in manner, by a Japanese artist now living in this country; through Oct. 31. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.)

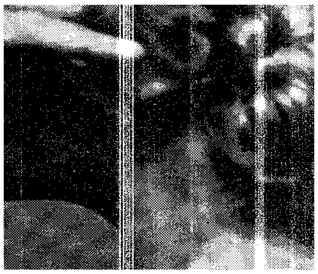
Kenzo Okada—The first one-man exhibition in America of paintings by one of the leading Japanese abstractionists; through Oct. 24. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Paintings from Paris—Twenty-five oils and other works by as many young French artists, most of them new to this country; through Oct. 24. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.)

I. Rice Pereira—A new set of paintings in gouache, illustrating her transition from geometric to less formal abstraction; through Oct. 17. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Cady Wells—Abstract water colors, mainly on New Mexican themes; through Oct. 17. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

American Group Shows—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: This new gallery, a sort of offshoot of the Downtown, is showing works by Julian Levi, Jack Levine, Jacob Lawrence, and others formerly in the Downtown's domain; through Oct. 24.... **ARGENT**, 67 E. 59th St.: Lithographs, many in color, and other graphics by about forty members of the National Association of Women Artists; through Oct. 17.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: The gallery's annual pre-season exhibition of artists from all over the country, this time featuring an especially lively assortment of younger painters; through Oct. 15.... **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: The twenty-eighth anniversary exhibition, centering on Stuart Davis, Bernard Karfiol, Ben Shahn, and seven other of the gallery's older artists; through Oct. 17.... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-first Annual Founders' Exhibition, with over a hundred paintings and sculptures by William R. Leigh, Jean Bowman, Roy Mason, and many others; through Nov. 5.... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: A set of oils by William Glackens, Ernest Lawson, Maurice Prendergast, and John Sloan; through Oct. 17....



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: The second annual "Art for Interiors" exhibition, in which prominent designers and decorators try to show how well modern art can be made to go with furniture; through Oct. 15.... **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: John Twachtman, Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and others represented by forty oils and water colors; through Oct. 24.... **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The opening exhibition here is made up of about fifty contemporary oils chosen by a jury composed of Louis Bouché, Sidney Laufman, and Henry Varnum Poor; through Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)... **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: A pig carved from wood (circa 1820), a wrought-iron cupid (circa 1760), a ship's figurehead of Daniel Webster (circa 1830), and other Early American sculptures; through Oct. 17.

MIXED GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 51 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Bonnard, Vuillard, Derain, and others of the French Impressionist and post-Impressionist eras; through Oct. 17.... **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: The fifth anniversary of the gallery, commemorated by a showing of thirty oils by Picasso, Mondrian, a group of the Fauves, and others—all of which were sold here over the years; through Oct. 31.... **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: William Baziotes, Jean Dubuffet, David Hare, and other French and American artists whose work is regularly displayed at this gallery; through Oct. 17.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: William Gropper, Paul Sample, and Fletcher Martin; through Oct. 24.... **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: John McCoy; through Oct. 31.... **BORGENICHT**, 61 E. 57th St.: Attilio Salemme; through Oct. 31.... **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Karl E. Fortess; through Oct. 31.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Stefano Cusumano; through Oct. 31.... **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Gloria Stokowski; through Nov. 7.... **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Jacob Tolkach and William Muir; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.)... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: E. V. Biel; through Nov. 12.

MUSEUMS

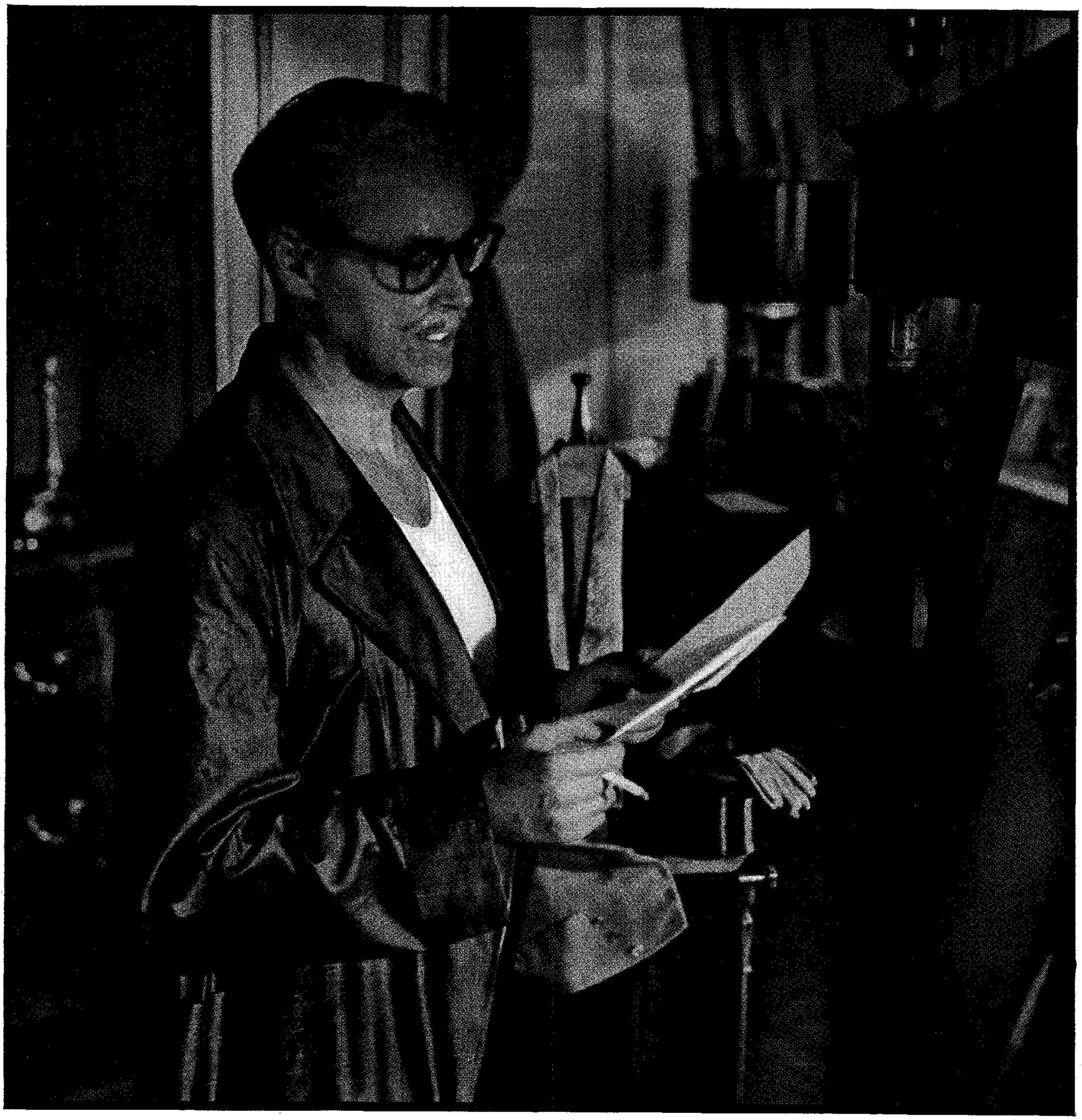
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—If the Museum's labor difficulties are solved, a show of English, Italian, and French prints, dating from the fifteenth century to the present, will be continued. (With luck, weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of over a hundred graphics by Jacques Villon, some of them dating back to the eighteen-nineties; through Nov. 15....¶ An extensive survey of Fernand Léger's career, ranging from drawings to oils and from a stained-glass fragment to a tapestry; starting Oct. 21. A good complement to the exhibition is the Léger show at the Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Recent work in ceramics, wood, metals, leather, glass, and other mediums by American craftsmen throughout the country; starting Oct. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Close to two hundred canvases tracing the renaissance of painting in India during the last fifty years; through Oct. 21....¶ Fifty color photographs by Eliot Porter of birds in Maine, Illinois, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and Florida; through Oct. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Museum will be closed until Oct. 22, when Frank Lloyd Wright's exhibition "Sixty Years of Living Architecture" will open. The show, which has travelled throughout Europe, will include a full-scale, completely furnished two-bedroom house; twenty-seven models of the architect's buildings; and quantities of photographs, sketches, and drawings....¶ Part



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the Museum's collection of oils by modern Europeans will also be put on display, starting Oct. 22. (Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 10; and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual show of contemporary American paintings, with one oil apiece chosen for exhibition by each of the hundred and fifty-odd participating artists; through Dec. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 15: "Regina."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 16: "Tosca."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 17: "La Cenerentola."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 17: "La Traviata."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 18: "Carmen."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 18: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English).... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 22: The American première of "The Trial," by Gottfried von Einem, with an English translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Don Giovanni."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Hänsel and Gretel" (in English).... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 16, at 2:30; and Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 (all with Yehudi Menuhin, violin); Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 23, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:45 (with Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano).

Canadian Music—Leopold Stokowski directing a symphony orchestra in a program of music by contemporary Canadian composers, with Lois Marshall, soprano; Noel Brunet, violin; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)... ¶ Mr. Saidenberg conducting the first of two programs presenting Bach's six "Brandenburg" concertos. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 8:40.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting the opening performance of the season, with Ann Ayars, soprano; Sandra Warfield and Ruth Kobart, mezzo-sopranos; and John Druary, tenor. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Claudio Arrau—The first two in a series of seven programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 17, and Saturday, Oct. 24, at 3.)

Joseph Szigeti—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Aurora Mauro-Cottone—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth String Quartet—The first in a series of five programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's sixteen quartets. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:40.)

Pro Musica Antiqua—A group of singers and instrumentalists from Brussels, under the direction of Safford Cape, in a program of medieval and Renaissance music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th

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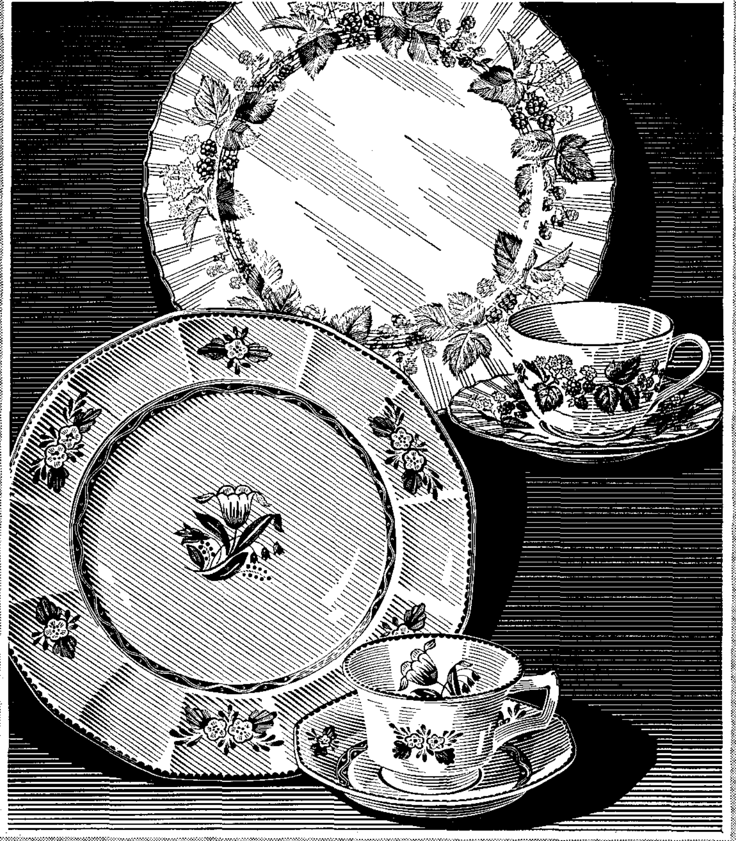

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MILDAH POLIA—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

A TRIBUTE TO FRANZ LEHAR—A program of Lehar's music, including the first performance in this country of his operetta "Frasquita" in concert form, with, among others, Ilona Massey, narrator; Virginia Mott, soprano; and Ralph Herbert, baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

STEINWAY CENTENARY CONCERT—The Philharmonic-Symphony, with Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting and playing the piano. Also on hand will be the First Piano Quartet, as well as thirty other pianists, including Alexander Brailowsky, Guiomar Novaes, Robert Casadesus, and Eugene List, who will perform, in groups of ten, on ten pianos. A benefit for the Musicians Foundation, Inc., and the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 19, at 8:45.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Oct. 21: Randy Turpin vs. Carl Olson, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 23: Pierre Langlois, of France, vs. Tuzo Portuguez, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—FRIDAY, OCT. 16: Fordham vs. Boston College, at the Polo Grounds, at 8:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 17 (all at 2): Army vs. Duke, at the Polo Grounds. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Colgate, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Ohio State, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Navy, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Brown, at New Brunswick. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 24 (all at 2): Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Columbia, at West Point. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 18, at 2:05.)

GOLF—New York *Herald Tribune* Tournament of Club Champions. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 19-20.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 17.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 24.)

POLO—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At JAMAICA: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Oct. 17. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 17. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Oct. 19, through Saturday, Nov. 14. The East View, Wednesday, Oct. 21, and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 24. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays; last day, Wednesday, Nov. 11. Through Saturday, Oct. 17, post time will be 1:30; after that date it will be 1. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

FOR CHILDREN

PLAYS—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S

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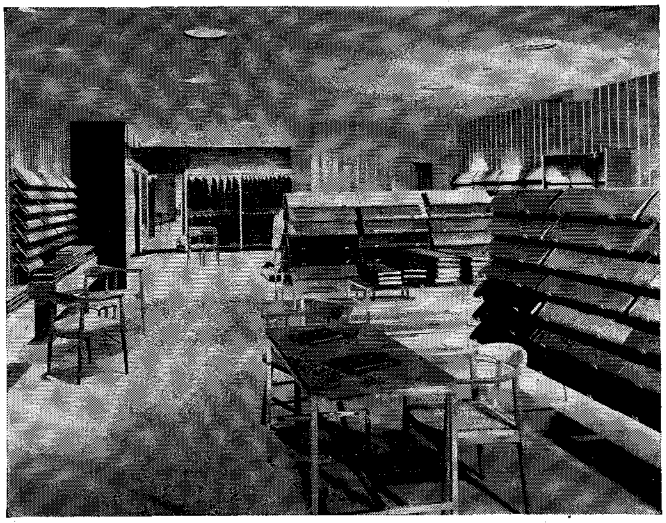

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THEATRE: "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 3.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to skaters of fourteen and under on Saturdays from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER—Speaking to the Future Farmers of America, in Kansas City on Thursday, Oct. 15. The address will be carried by WABC-TV at 9 P.M. and by WABC at 9:30 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, on the day you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, at least ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV from 4:30 to 5. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY CENTER READINGS—Dylan Thomas and a company of actors reading "Under Milk Wood," his play in verse. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:40, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:40.)

PHOTOGRAPHS OF MOUNT EVEREST—Thirty color prints chronicling the assault made last May by Sir Edmund Hillary's party; through Oct. 17. (East Balcony, Grand Central Terminal. Daily, 10 to 10.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—All fluff and color. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 23, from 2 to 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 24-25, from 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY—Over a hundred Italian manuscripts dating from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries in a first showing of the Library's entire collection of them. Included are some of the letters of Pliny the Younger, a fourteenth-century illuminated volume of Dante, autograph letters, and illustrated religious books. Through Jan. 2. (29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.) . . . ¶ A group of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century woodcuts, depicting a contemporary pastry cook, an apothecary shop, a classroom, hawking, combat with staves, and so forth; through Oct. 31. (33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—Biggest attic in town. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 15-16, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 17, from 1 to 6.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "From Galileo to Palomar" and deals with the history of astronomy from the time of the first telescope. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 15, at 8: Engravings, etchings, and lithographs by Dürer, Rembrandt, Daumier, Rouault, Léger, and others; the property of the Kleemann Galleries. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 17, at 1:45: English furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, together with a collection of such decorations as a red lacquer Chinese screen, a Regency cut-glass chandelier, Georgian silver, and various porcelains, from English collections and other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 21-23, at 1:45: Part 1 of the Dikran G. Kelekian collection—Egyptian, classical, medieval, and Renaissance objects of art, including a large collection of antique textiles. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 17.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. The ladies Mr. Guinness takes to wife are Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo, who serve as admirable foils for Mr. G. in a comical English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Cruel Sea—The Monsarrat novel has been turned into an epic film of the British sea-lane fight against the U-boats. Eric Ambler did the screenplay, and Jack Hawkins plays the sore-put Captain Ericson. The whole thing works out marvellously well. An English picture. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Fanfan the Tulip—The France of Louis XV explained in terms of a burlesque drama in which the hero takes a page from the book of the late Douglas Fairbanks, and love and war are wryly appraised. With Gérard Philipe and Gina Lollobrigida. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 17-20.)

From Here to Eternity—A rousing movie version of the James Jones novel about Army life in Hawaii before the Second World War. Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra all do a fine job. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Julius Caesar—A West Coast cultural endeavor that moves with a tread so stately it sometimes seems to be making no progress at all. However, the film does have the virtue of employing James Mason, as Brutus; John Gielgud, as Cassius; and Edmond O'Brien, as Casca. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Little Fugitive—A boy named Richie Andrusco is wonderfully appealing in this account of a trip to Coney Island by a seven-year-old who is troubled, but not *too* troubled, by the thought that maybe he has killed his brother. A small-budget picture with superb photography by Morris Engel. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Man on a Tightrope—Whether or not you are a tanbark enthusiast, you should like this nimble account of how a Czechoslovakian circus slips through the Iron Curtain into Bavaria. The picture has the services of Fredric March, Gloria Grahame, Terry Moore, and Adolphe Menjou. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 17.)

Martin Luther—An impressive description of the career of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is superb in the title role. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Master of Ballantrae—Errol Flynn, with sword and tartan, plus Technicolor, in a lively version of the R. L. Stevenson book Pirate ships, Scottish castles, lovely ladies, and derring-do, all depicted with spirit. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 18-19.)

The Moon Is Blue—Some unusual dialogue and an occasional comic flutter make this adaptation of the F. Hugh Herbert play reasonably tolerable. With Maggie McNamara, William Holden, and David Niven. (Victoria B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

A Queen Is Crowned—A British film, in color, of the Coronation. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 21.)

The Robe—The biggest screen this side of Cinerama is used to tell this pious story of the worries and woes of the early Christians. The device used to get all the width—but very little depth—is called CinemaScope. Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, and Michael Rennie roam around the broad expanses. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

Roman Holiday—Audrey Hepburn makes something quite beguiling out of a trite story about a royal princess on the loose in Rome. Gregory Peck is on hand as an American newspaperman, and it's all good fun. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Oct. 21.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—A melodramatic Italian medley concerning the lives of several young ladies who are involved in the collapse of a stairway on which they have lined up to apply for a petty job. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting Oct. 19.)

REVIVALS

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 21.)

The Bank Dick (1940)—W. C. Fields as a bank dick. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Oct 16.)

The Brave Bulls (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Oct. 18-20.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 21.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Immigrant," "The Adventurer," "The Cure," and "Easy Street," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 18-20.)

The Eagle (1925)—That silent old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 18-20.)

Five Fingers (1952)—Espionage on a large scale. With James Mason (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 15.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 20.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Oct. 18-20.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 21.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. An English picture. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Oct. 15. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 17.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness again, this time as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Oct. 18-21.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec. With José Ferrer as the artist. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Oct. 16.)

Not Guilty (1948)—An eccentric doctor who can't convince the police that he's committed murder. A French film, with Michel Simon. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 15.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—Trouble in Belfast, with James Mason and a host of Irish players. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 21.)

Open City (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 16-21.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 17.)

Paisan (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 16-21.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 17.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots and a whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Oct. 15)

Trader Horn (1931)—Heart trouble in darkest Africa. Edwina Booth and Harry Carey. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 17.)

We're Not Married (1952)—A justice of the peace (Victor Moore) exercises his power prematurely, and several couples find themselves out of wedlock. With Fred Allen and Ginger Rogers (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 18-19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 18: "Le Million" (1931), directed by René Clair. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 19: "War Comes to America" (1945), directed by Anatole Litvak, and two films about rockets, produced in 1950 by the United States Navy. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"From Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Big Heat," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"Three Girls from Rome," Lucia Bose.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Let's Do It Again," Jane Wyman, Ray Milland.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Caddy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Mogambo," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 20: "Blowing Wild," Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck.
From Oct. 21: "So Big," Jane Wyman, Sterling Hayden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE ROBE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Torch Song," Joan Crawford, Michael Wilding.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Overcoat" (in Italian).

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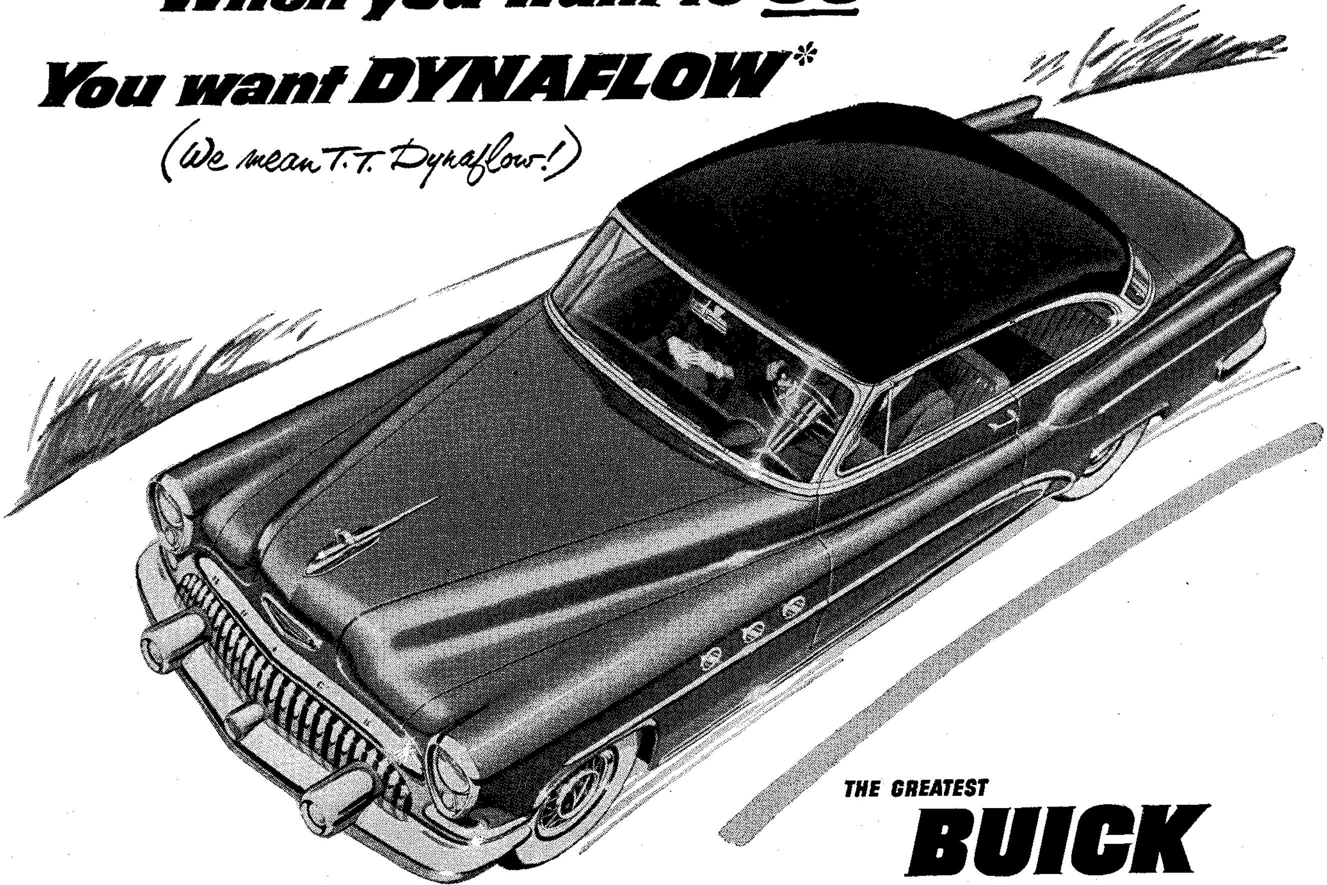

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You move in this special and spirited and soul-satisfying manner because you're bossing *Twin-Turbine* Dynaflow—where two turbines, instead of one, now turn out the magic.

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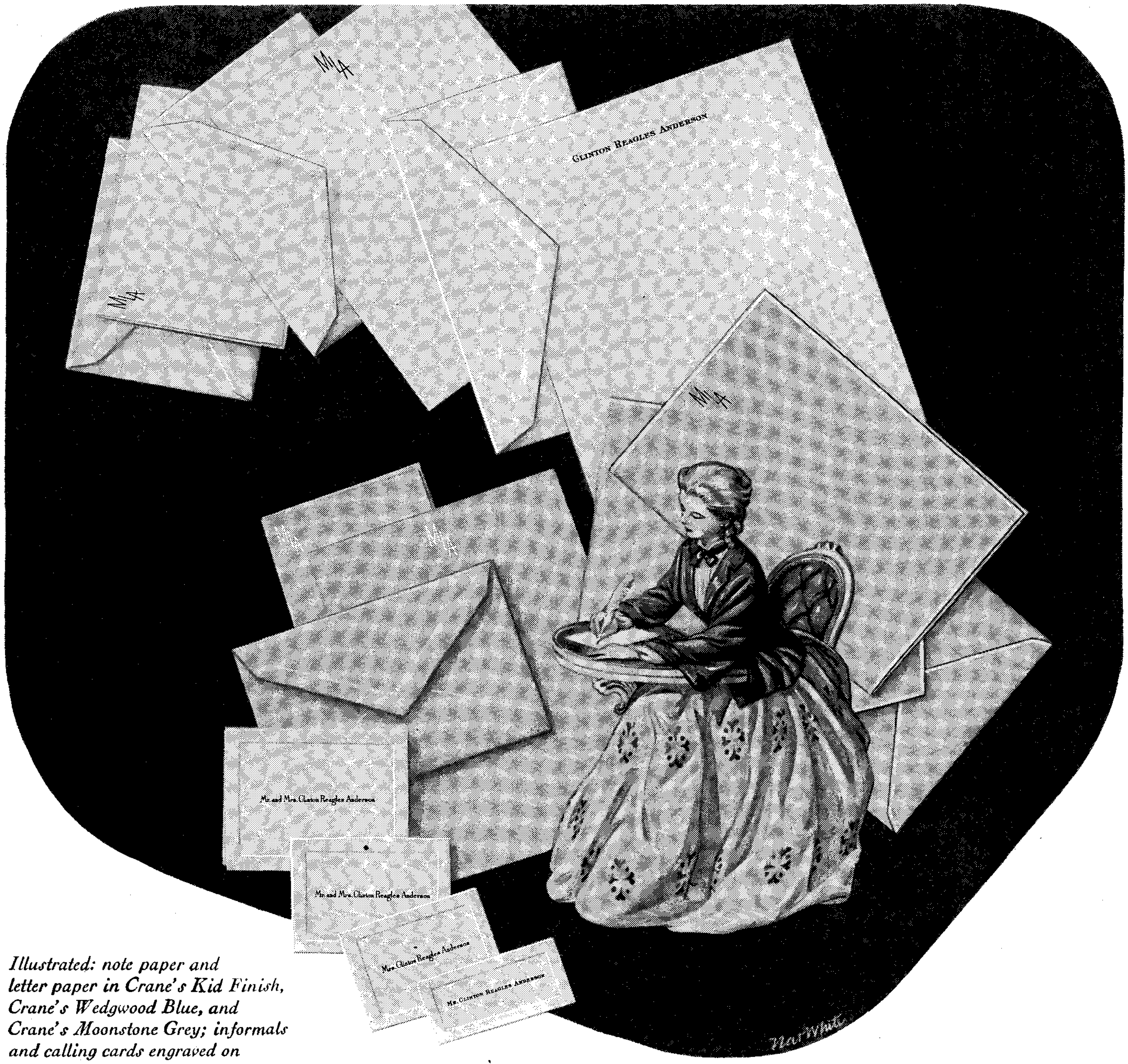
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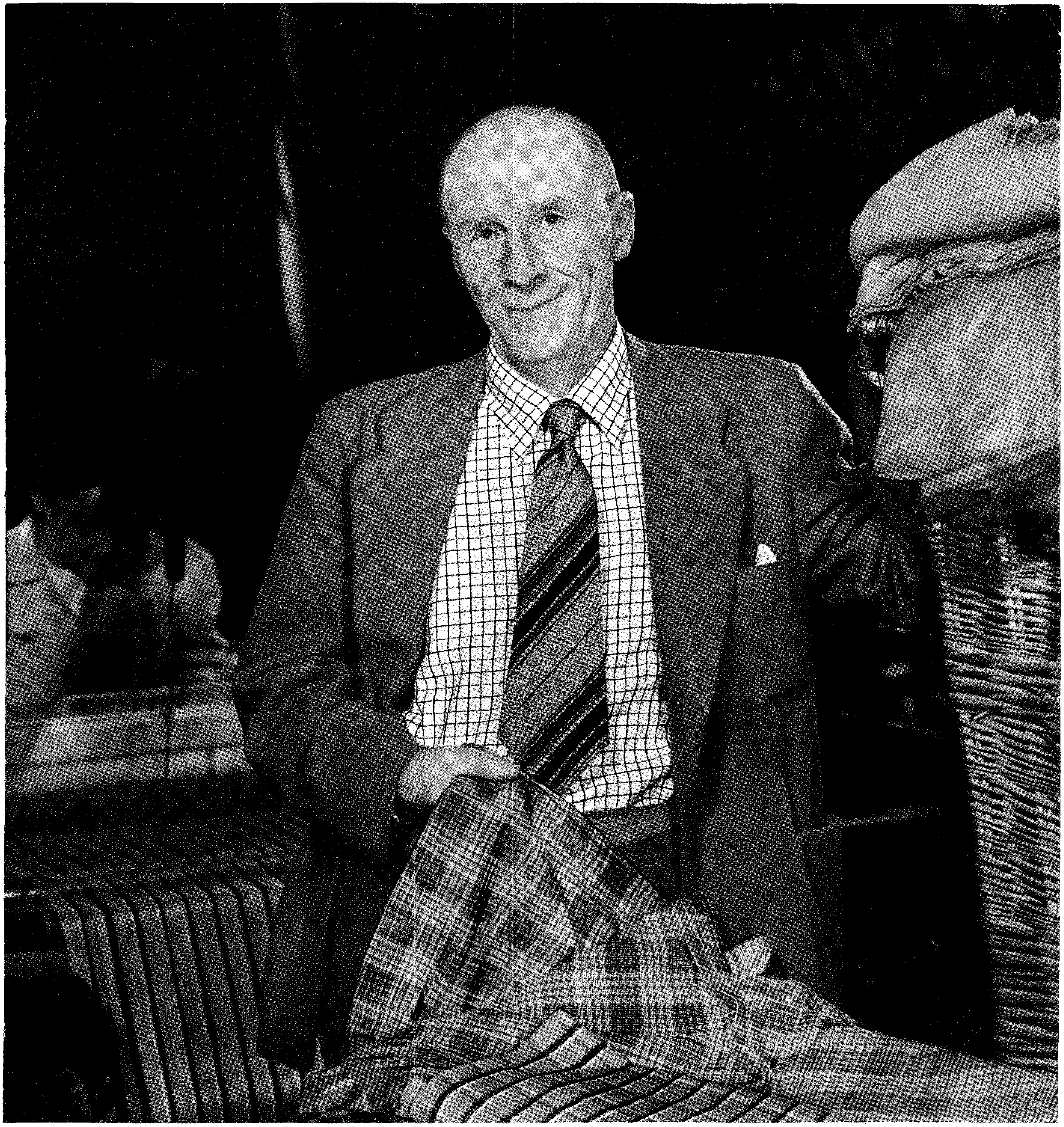
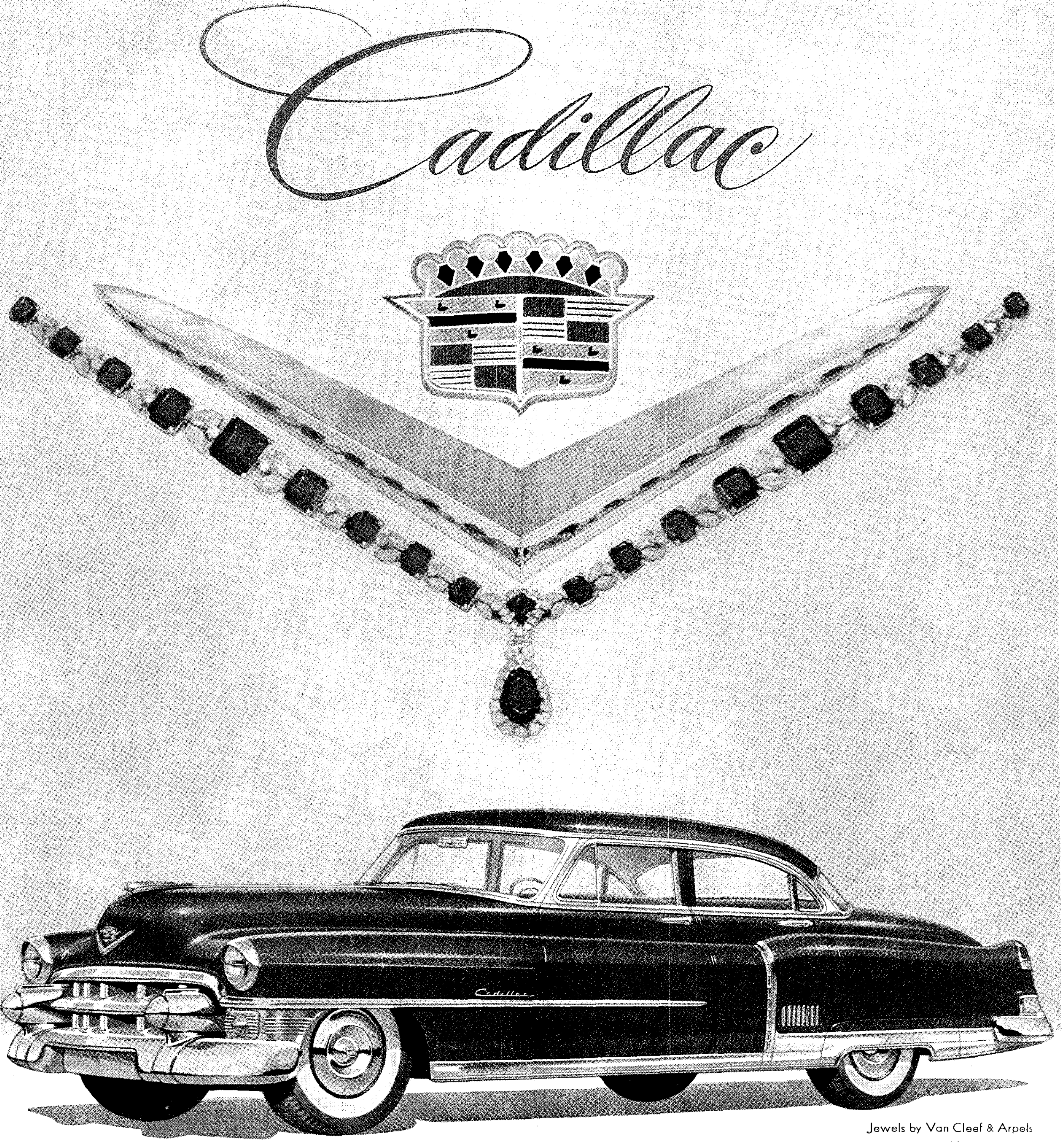


Hathaway salutes a great Scotsman

JAMES WHITE of Auchterarder is one of the most unforgettable characters we have ever met. Proud, kindly, adventurous, warm-hearted—and perhaps a little dour by American standards. We got to know him in the ordinary way of business—he makes fabrics for HATHAWAY shirts. But our admiration for Jimmy White goes far beyond our mercantile relations. He is a GREAT MAN. To begin with, he is one of the shrewdest fishermen on earth, equally wise in the ways of trout and salmon. He is also one of the most brilliant designers of shirtings alive today. His craftsmanship is a magnificent anachronism. For many years he refused to sell his cloth to America. He finally gave in when we trudged five miles to his mill in a heavy rainstorm; he liked that. Today, Jimmy White supplies HATHAWAY with shirtings of woolen taffeta, cotton taffeta, silk and pure wool. We do our best to make up his immortal fabrics into shirts which will do Jimmy credit. Apparently we succeed—he insisted on wearing one of our shirts for this photograph. They cost anywhere from $13.50 to $25.00. For the name of your nearest store, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. In New York, tel. MUrray Hill 9-4157.



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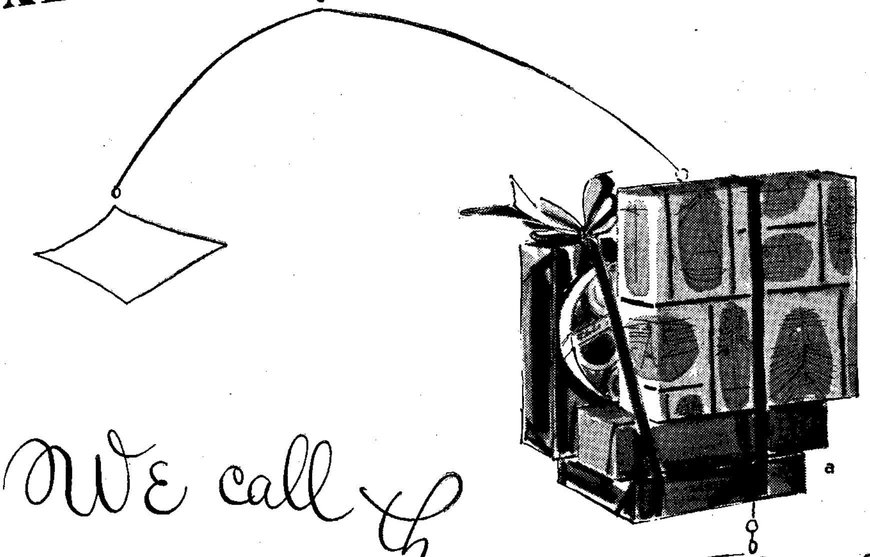

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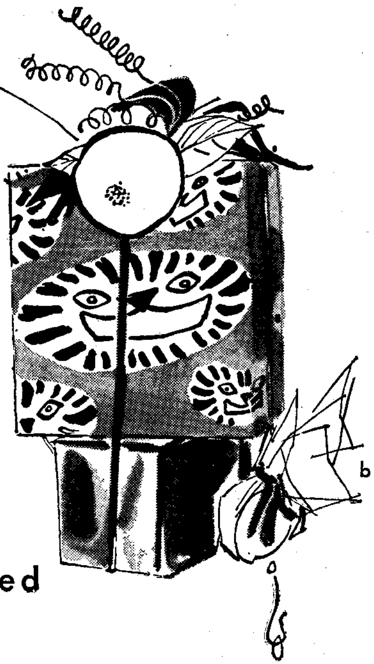

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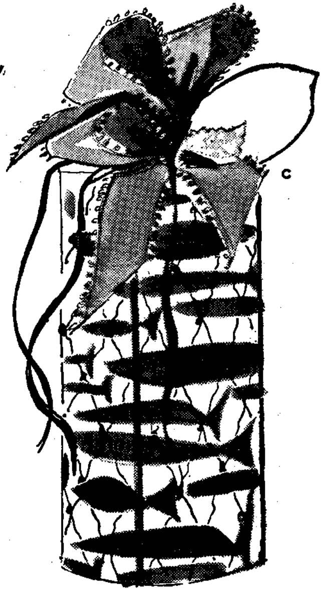

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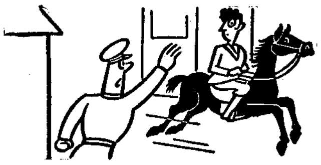
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE stringency of our current immigration laws was never better demonstrated than in the unhappy case of Señora Ana Beker, an Argentine lady who was barred from this country a few weeks ago when she tried to enter it by way of Mexico, on horseback. Señora Beker had been on the road quite a while when she was stopped, having set out from Buenos Aires on October 1, 1950, long before the present version of the McCarran Act went into effect. She evidently had no intention of settling in the United States; she just wanted to pass through while taking a horseback ride from her native land to Ottawa, a distance of some fifteen thousand miles. We have no idea why anyone would want to perform this feat, or why Señora Beker was forced to rein in when so close, relatively speaking, to her objective. We're sorry that she was, however. If a lady aspires to make such a trip, she ought to be allowed to, provided she minds her own business, doesn't gum up traffic, and conforms to the rules of the A.S.P.C.A. Perhaps when amendments to the McCarran Act are next in order, some chivalrous congressman will propose our establishing a corridor, similar to the one connecting West Germany and Berlin, through which transient equestriennes, no matter how inadmissible to our midst for a prolonged stay, may be allowed to gallop.

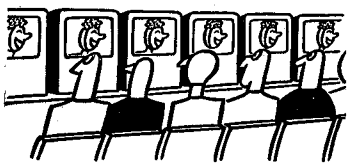


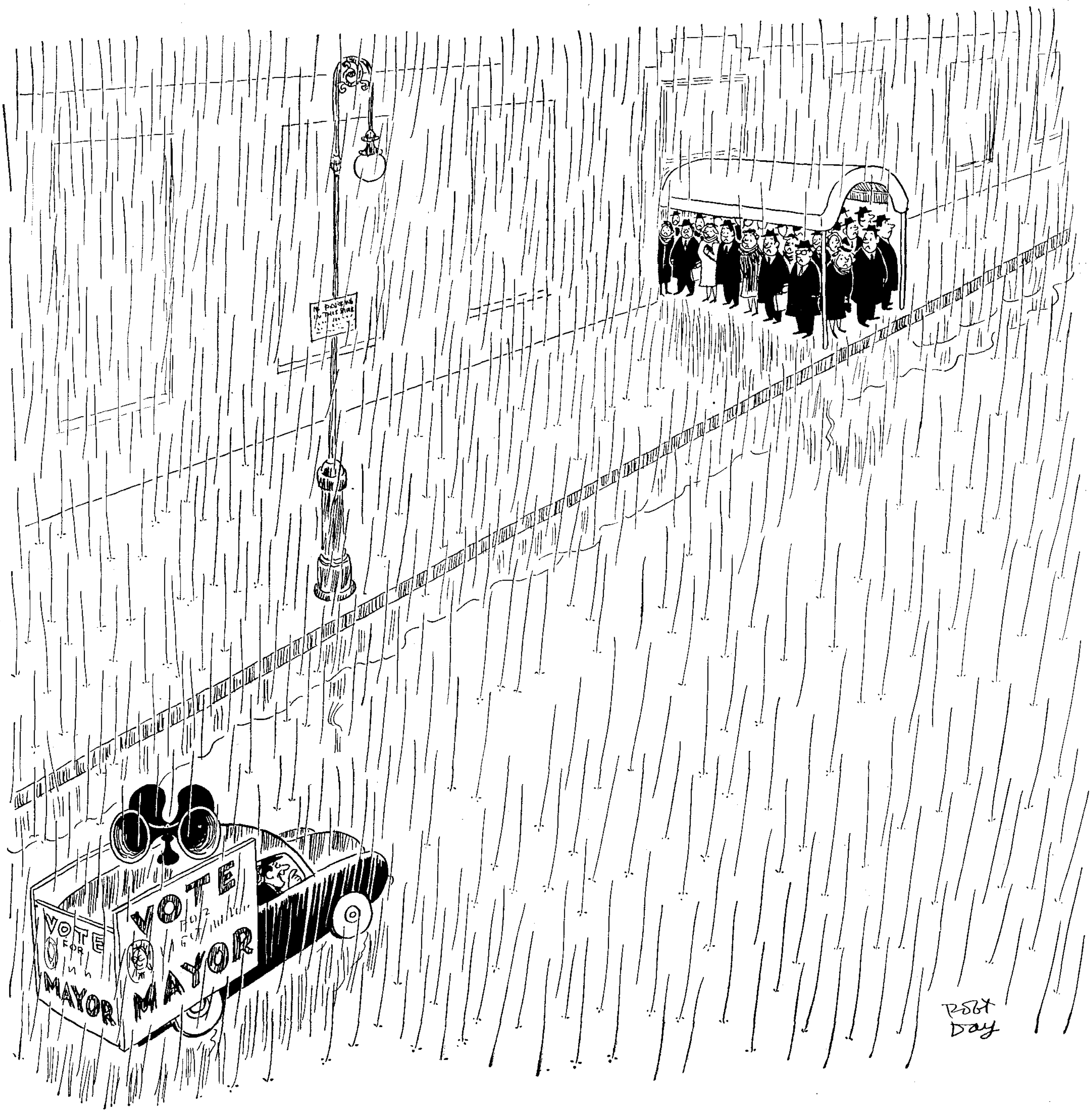
Cultural Contribution

OUR man Stanley, looking delighted with himself, sauntered into the office one afternoon last week to tell us that he'd been lunching high on the hog with the television wing of the Columbia Broadcasting System. "Big display of color television accompanied the viands," he advised us. "Probably an electronic revolution, as most things are these days. Anyway, make what you will of these notes; I'm off for a Technicolor siesta." On the back of a large folder containing about half a pound of C.B.S. propaganda for its color work, we read:

"Moved in on blowout, being held in Jade and Basildon Rooms of Waldorf-Astoria, with several earnest types. Fellow in heavy cheaters remarked, 'As I get it, the color tube Columbia has developed uses a curved glass face plate which supports the phosphor dots.' Thought about this for a time but abandoned reflections when gentleman asked me if demonstration was to be on wide screen. Told him it would be wide enough. Man in cheaters said new color camera is a refinement of the simple field sequential camera formerly used. Figuring he must be knowledgeable fellow, asked his line of work. 'I'm in hosiery,' he said, 'but I'm a bug on color photography.' Thanked him and drifted along to where rows of chairs faced battery of six television sets, inadequately concealed behind three large folding screens. On podium in front of them, Frank Stanton, president of C.B.S., looking blond, pink, and well scrubbed. Whole left side of room cut off by mysterious red curtain with lights playing on it. Took a chair. Stanton said he wanted to set stage: show in color would originate in Studio 71 at 485 Madison Avenue, four divisions of mother company had had a hand in presentation, and drinks and food would follow entertainment. 'No Black-and-White Scotch today, though,' he said, and chuckled.

"While Stanton talked, some beaters removed the screens around the television sets, which were arranged in pairs. When they were turned on, pretty girl with childlike accent appeared and said Ivory soap was pure and mild enough for a baby. 'Seven days and you'll have that Ivory look,' she promised. Tipped off by fellow-viewer to the right that sets were two by two to permit contrast between color and black-and-white. 'Color's coming up light green,' he informed me. Looked more on the sepia side to me; decided companion was color-blind. Felt pretty sheepish when it developed we were looking at black-and-white. Anyhow, demonstration finally got under way, with Ed Sullivan in black-and-white on three sets and multicolored as dawn on three others. On color screens, in midst of sets running to pale blues and pinks, Sullivan rather like a manly bonbon. Very sincere. Said development was extremely hot stuff, big cultural contribution to America, and introduced Carmen Miranda. Miss Miranda waggled about and sang of having fun on the bayou. Color quite impressive, must say. Next cultural item: Gene Autry. Let loose in Central Park with some other cowhands, Autry not as sharply focussed as Miss Miranda, and why should he be? Rode brown horse called Champion, sang songs, introduced trick riders. At end of his act, Sullivan said show had passed acid test. 'Imagine our embarrassment if Champion turned out to be a horse of another color,' he said. 'When they getting this grub up?' man behind us inquired. Sullivan presented Gwen Verdon (who did can-can), a prestidigitator, another dancer, and some dolls created by lad named Keating Donahoe, which represented various opera stars. Dolls well done. 'This,' lady sitting near me ob-





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served, 'may be the last bright nail in the coffin of the movies.' 'Why don't you, for once in your life, pipe down?' said her escort.

"Television over, Stanton back on podium. 'I don't know whether you have any questions or whether this thing has overwhelmed you,' he said. Barely got off observation before questions began raining on him. Man asked if fifteen-inch tube used for the display would be superseded by larger one. 'In the initial stages of color we will probably work with fifteen-inch tubes,' said Stanton, 'but we are already working with twenty-one-inch. I happen to have here a twenty-one-inch front for the larger tube.' From under podium, Stanton produced glass television screen and revolved it around his head. It stared blindly into space. 'That's one way to kill an appetite,' said the hungry man behind me. Another man asked if vertical bands and blurred color he'd noticed in outdoor shots of Autry would be eliminated in future. 'Ultimately—absolutely,' Stanton said. Inquirer then developed question in terms incomprehensible to me. Demonstration almost hour and a half old, crowd growing restive. Stanton, by this time flanked by four other C.B.S. big wheels, holding on gamely. Grilled on whether color film would function on color television. Said he'd let Dr. Peter Goldmark, C.B.S. television wizard, answer that. 'I don't know,' said Dr. Goldmark. 'This will end with all hands down with pellagra from lack of nourishment,' said hungry man. With dramatic flourish, Stanton announced that red curtain to left was about to be pulled back to give us view of television color camera and other such interesting devices. Baffling-looking stuff indeed. Low thrum of incipient mob violence now evident. Hunger stalking Jade and Basildon Rooms. Stanton peering around anxiously. Questioner, attempting to rise, pulled back to seat by grim friend. 'I guess that concludes this demonstration,' said Stanton in a relieved tone. Rush for cold chicken, cold ham, and potato salad."

Premature

WE recently mentioned a rather surly old savings bank that declined, until cornered, to let a depositor who dropped in without his passbook make a modest withdrawal. Thank goodness *some* banks are a darned sight more thoughtful. The East River Savings Bank, for instance. It apparently makes a point of knowing its customers' birthdays—though not, possibly, their precise ages. Look at the letter its president wrote, not so long ago, to a customer on the occasion of his first birthday:

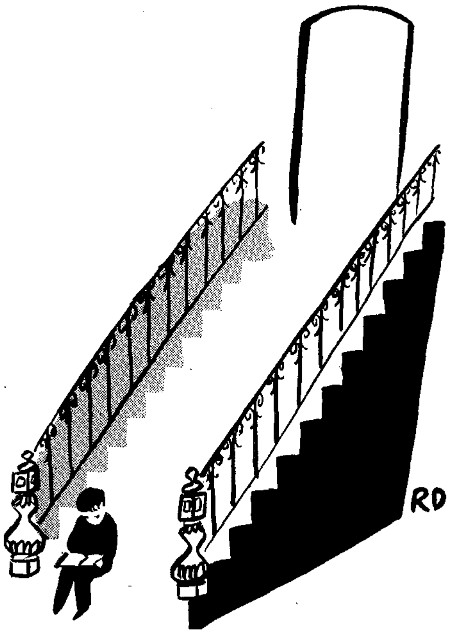
> DEAR MATTHEW:
>
> Happy Birthday—and many happy returns of the day! You must be glowing with excitement! And I don't wonder at all, for you are a fortunate child and have a great American heritage. Among the many good things of life, you live in a country where every person has the opportunity to realize his ambitions through his own efforts.
>
> Remember the story of the ant and the grasshopper? The ant saved its food and worked all summer long, while the grasshopper played and foolishly wasted his time. When winter came, the grasshopper was hungry, but the ant had plenty to eat.
>
> I hope you will be like Mr. Ant and through the years, by storing funds for the future, will always have plenty of everything.
>
> Have a happy and exciting Birthday.
>
> Sincerely,
> G. O. NODYNE

Well, according to Matthew's mother, who let us keep this document long enough to copy it, Matthew was glowing with excitement, all right, and the boy is not without ambition, but damned if he remembers the story of the ant and the grasshopper.

On the Move

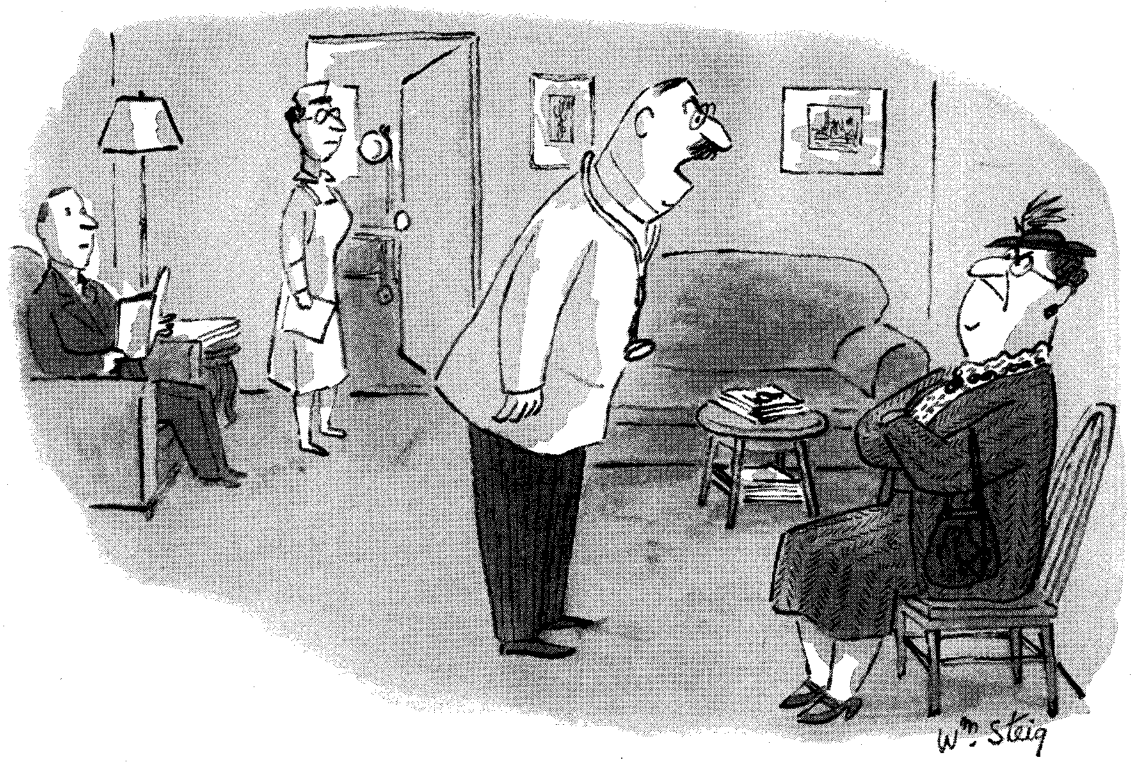
IN the papers a while back, we noticed an advertisement with scareheads reading, "TORRID ZONE MOVING NORTH" and "ANIMALS ALREADY MOVING OUT." The astounding crisis the scareheads referred to was, we learned farther along in the ad, the subject of a new book called "Today's Revolution in Weather," written by William J. Baxter, and available at a dollar in the paper-bound edition, three dollars in cloth. Naturally, we wanted a clothbound copy of a book all that important. We also wanted a talk with Mr. Baxter. We've since had both. Remarkable book, remarkable man. Ruddy-faced and in his early fifties, Baxter is head of the Baxter International Economic Research Bureau, a large and prosperous firm down on William Street, and of its not quite identical twin, the International Economic Research Bureau, which published his book. On the occasion of our visit, we detected nothing markedly meteorological about Baxter except a barometer hanging on the wall beside his desk. "That barometer's two hundred years old," Baxter said, seeing that it had attracted our attention. "I got it from Percy Webster, watchmaker to the late King George." We felt that the landscape was moving past us at a terrible rate. Here we'd meant merely to put a quiet question or two to Baxter and already we were deep in watchmakers and kings. Then Baxter went on, "I make my living at economics. Weather has always been my hobby. For years I've subscribed to the London *Sunday Times*, in order to study a little column called 'Weather Round the World.' Finest reading I know."

"That word 'revolution'—" we began. Baxter said at once that he could think of no better word to describe what is happening to the weather. "The Eskimo has had to raise the entrance to his igloo," he said, with the air of a man delivering a crusher. "Why? Because he's getting taller. Why is he getting taller? Because he has begun to eat green vegetables. And he's eating green vegetables because the climate up there has grown warm enough for him to cultivate them. Why, it's as plain as can be that warm weather's moving north and driving animal and vegetable life before it! The armadillo is up to northern Oklahoma, there are possum in New England, and the corn line has moved north five hundred miles in the past twenty years." We ducked our head in recognition of all this, but Baxter wasn't letting us off so easy. "Steamer clams are dying out along the New England coast," he said. "Why? Because the green crab is moving up from the tropics and killing them off. Check with fur-storage people across the country, as I have, and you'll find that women are getting their furs out of storage later all the time." Baxter's face grew ruddier. His eyes sparkled. "Take the sardine!" he proposed, as one man to another. "Gone from the coasts of California and Spain, and flourishing off Norway as never before. Or take iceberg insurance rates— Do you happen to be familiar with them?" Shamefaced, we said we weren't. "Down practically to the vanishing point," Baxter said. "And birds! The turkey vulture, the blue-winged warbler, the tufted titmouse, and the whippoorwill are all moving north. The long and short of it is that a very large percentage of the human population is either going to have to resettle itself in the next few years or air-condition."



Baxter estimates that it cost him over thirty thousand dollars to prepare his book. Some of the portentous statistics in it he gathered in the course of travel in this country, Europe, and North Africa; the rest were obtained by researchers in the Baxter Bureau, who interviewed plant pathologists, oceanographers, officials of fisheries, and practically everyone else who could throw light on weather trends. Baxter asked subscribers to his weekly economic bulletin to send in whatever information they might have, and got fifteen hundred replies, from all over the world. "Surprising how interested in nature businessmen seem to be," Baxter said. "An executive of Union Carbide wrote me in the spring that Lake Wononskopomuc, in Connecticut, failed to freeze over last winter, for the first time in history. We brought out my book shortly before the August heat wave. I'd figured in June that we'd be having a heat wave in August and might as well get some good out of it. The response has been terrific. We had a first printing of a hundred thousand copies and it's half gone already. I've ordered a second printing of a hundred thousand copies. If that isn't a best-seller, what is?"

Baxter, who lives at Nassau Point, on Peconic Bay, considers New York one of the least favored areas in the weather revolution. He predicts that we will get hotter and hotter summers, milder and milder winters, and no springs



"I've told you a thousand times, Mrs. Willoughby—there's nothing wrong with you!"

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whatever, and he advises alert young people to make tracks for the Pacific Northwest. He told us he had sent a copy of his book to the Police Commissioner. A rise of a few degrees in temperature will cause a rise in our crime rate, Baxter says, and the Commissioner had better be ready for it. Professional meteorologists, by the way, have paid no attention to Baxter.

Water Route

A RESOURCEFUL Brooklynite who lives in Bay Ridge and works near the Battery has found a way to beat the fifteen-cent subway fare. From his house, he walks down Sixty-ninth Street to the Electric Ferry, which takes him to Staten Island for five cents. A short stroll, and he's on the Municipal Ferry, which deposits him at the Battery for another nickel. Running time: something less than twice as long as the B.-M.T. ride from Bay Ridge to Manhattan.

Unbossed

ONE day last week, in a vigorously non-partisan search for political enlightenment, we paid calls on the campaign headquarters of the four chief candidates for Mayor. Our first stop was the Biltmore, where the Democrats plumping for the election of Robert F. Wagner have taken over some thirty rooms. We found both rooms and corridors awash with shirtsleeved, hither-and-thithering Democrats, and a wan receptionist told us that she had clocked in no fewer than three hundred and twenty-two visitors the day before. "Where do they come from?" she inquired of Bill Peer, publicity director of the Wagner campaign.

"The world must be full of lonely people, dear," said Peer. "I've worked in hundreds of campaigns and these people always turn up to chew the fat and slow down work. The day after election, they vanish like Good Humor men at the end of summer."

A squat man in a pin-stripe suit came up and plucked at Peer's sleeve. "Listen!" he cried, and we all did. "We're going to win!"

"A piece of cake," said Peer to Pin Stripe. "Angel-food cake, with icing. We were scared chartreuse about the primary, and that was a piece of cake if there ever was one."

"The Republicans have all the money, but for *what?*" asked the man. "To put Riegelman on a mechanical elephant and ride him around Times Square! Wagner has too much dignity for such capers, and the people honor him for it. Dignified and unbossed, that's Wagner." He shook hands all around and darted off into the crowd.

Watching the stranger go, Peer remarked with relief that he hadn't said a word about outdoor posters, known in the trade as snipes. "Now that we got TV," Peer said in a single, prodigious breath, "the last thing we need is snipes, but some of these jokers, they got big results with snipes in '88 and nothing will do but we got to put up snipes in '53. There's Mrs. Wagner." He led us to the elevators, where a good-looking blond lady was waiting. "See much of your husband any more?" Peer prompted her.

Mrs. Wagner was right on cue. "Why, I hardly see *any*thing of Bob any more," she said. "I suppose it'll be worse after the election."

"Good girl," said Peer, with one hand ushering Mrs. Wagner into an elevator and with the other arresting in mid-flight a spry, gray-haired gentleman, who proved to be Louis Tangredi, Wagner's expert on veteran relations.

"More veterans have appeared here at Wagner headquarters than I can remember in twenty years of being involved in these political messes," Tangredi said.

"Messes!" Peer exclaimed, and a universal groan went up.

In no time at all, Tangredi was explaining to us that his name was a very distinguished one in Italian history and dated back to 1058. A Democrat who may have caught the Tangredi pedigree before interjected "A.D. or B.C.?," and on that bitter note we repaired to the Hotel Shelton, headquarters of Mayor Impellitteri and the Experience Party. There, on the mezzanine floor, we found a suite of rooms marked off in sections for Irish-American Committees, Italian-American Committees, and just plain Nationality Committees. Other signs read, starkly, "Labor," "Business," "Professions," and "Women." Nary an Irish-American, businessman, or woman was in sight, and we pushed on to the fourth floor, where, in a dimly lit hall hung with bunting and placards reading "Reëlect *Your* Mayor, a Man Who Cannot Be Bought, Bossed, or Bribed," two elderly men with hats on sat perfectly silent in a cloud of cigar smoke. We touched one of them and his eyes opened reassuringly. At this juncture, a man named Larry Bendiner caught up with us, took us in hand, and showed us through sixteen or eighteen small rooms, mostly unoccupied. "Things are pretty quiet around here," he said. "We got into the race late and, another thing, we haven't all those millions to spend that the other candidates have. We got the people on our side, though. Remember what happened in 1950?"

In a room labelled "Research," we came upon a man crouched at a typewriter. "Speech writing," he volunteered. "Takes me back to when I was writing for the Little Flower. Matter of fact, he still owes me for one speech."

"You been paid for this one?" Bendiner asked, and the speech writer nodded, "x"ing hard. Out in the hall, an old man's voice was saying, "I don't care where you dig up the money, we got to have more snipes."

As we left the Experience Party headquarters, we met Mrs. Impellitteri, who told us that her husband was bound to win. "I was a little discouraged the night of the primary, but then the campaign got under way and I began to feel the pulse of the people and it was like being given fresh wind," she said. "Before Vince's last campaign, I'd never made a speech in my life, but I just got up there on the platform—my mother said I had the valor of ignorance—and told the people what a wonderful man my husband is."

"And look what happened," Bendiner said.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Impellitteri.

We crossed town to the Astor, headquarters of the Republican candidate, Harold Riegelman. The Republicans occupy about as much space as the Democrats, but make less of a racket in it. A pretty girl started past us with half a dozen bright flannel skirts over one arm, and the skirts were excuse enough for us to stop her. What were they for? Costumes for the girls. What girls? Why, the girls that ride on Wendy with Colonel Riegelman. And Wendy? Wendy, the mechanical elephant. "Ten feet high," our informant said, rolling her violet eyes. "Carries eight people, moves all four legs as well as her trunk, sways to music, and has a cruising speed of six miles an hour."

The girl had no sooner hurried away than an energetic, bald-headed man stepped up, shook our hand, and introduced himself as Tom Barry, publicity. "Wendy is the only female in the city who can stroll the streets without fear of the muggers and other low characters who have multiplied here under eight years of Democratic control of City Hall," he said. "Press Release Number Ninety-two. How I like to write about Wendy! Most of the speeches we have to work on are so heavy that if they fell off the table they'd kill the cat."

"Well, but being Mayor of New York is a serious business," put in a lady who identified herself as Lillian Weinberg, Colonel Riegelman's administrative assistant. "Oh, if we only had the money the Democrats have!"

"And honest!" said Barry, following a train of thought not altogether clear to us. "Is Riegelman honest! The other day he said that the cops of New York should be put back to pounding beats. They should, too, but there are nineteen thousand seven hundred cops in New York. Counting families, there go fifty thousand votes."

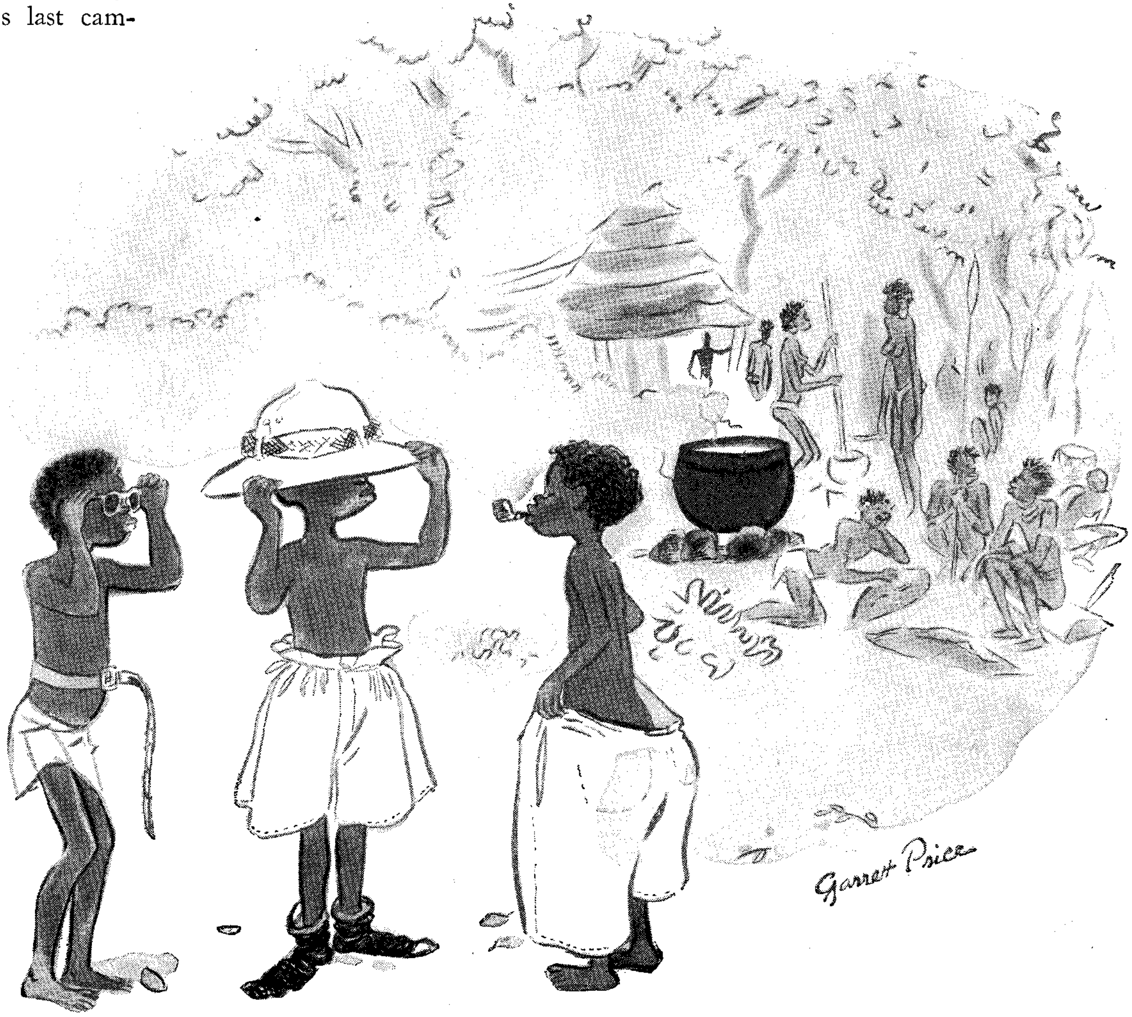
"That's what I mean—unbossed!" said Miss Weinberg, triumphant.

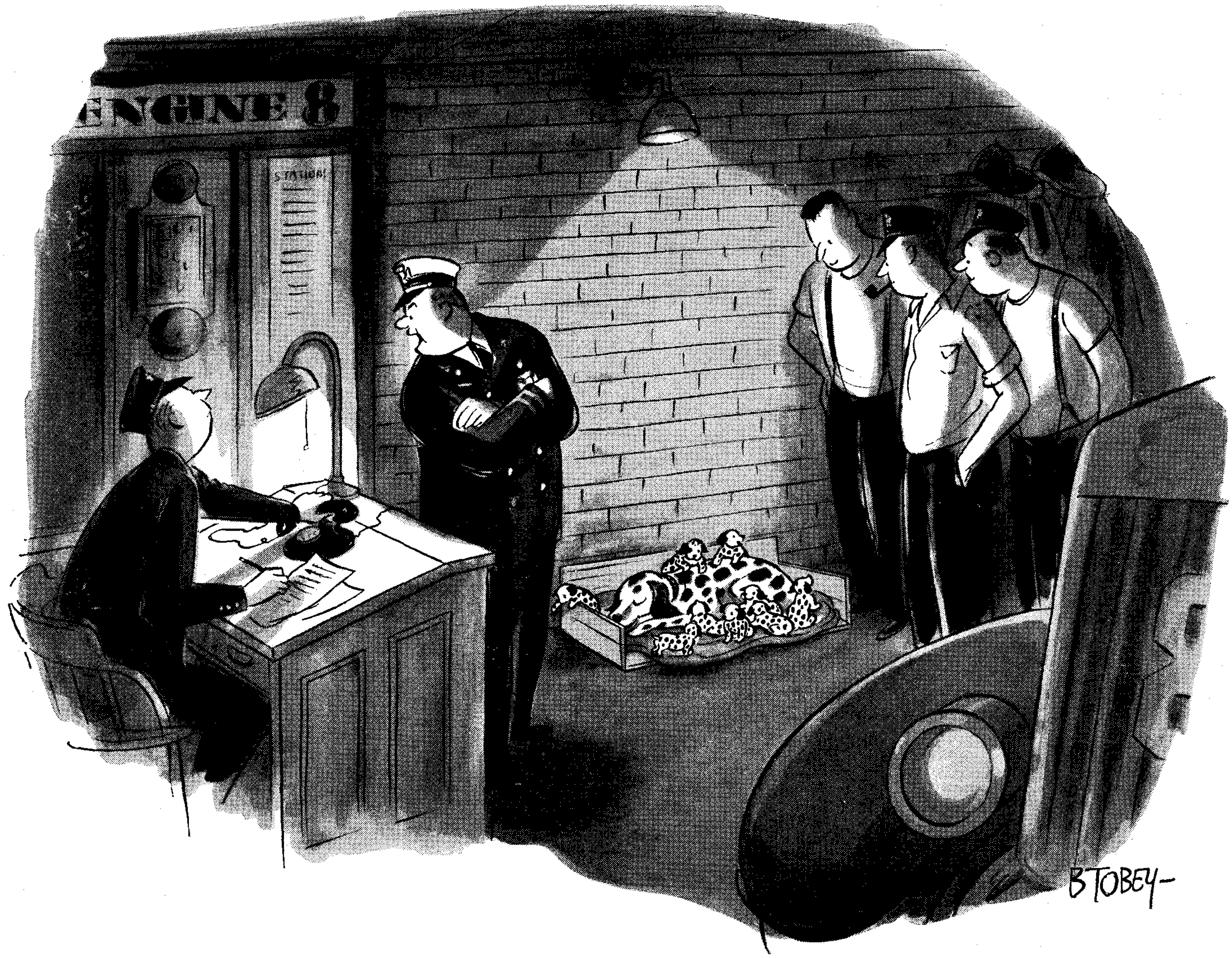
Riegelman himself, tall, broadshouldered, and looking rather bewildered, was chatting with a reporter from the *Times*. We overheard him saying, "Impy called me a reactionary the other day. In 1926, I was responsible for the passing of the first state housing law in the history of New York. Reactionary! I don't believe in pinning labels on people."

"You mean that during this campaign you've no intention of referring to your opponents as left of center, or anything like that?" inquired the *Times* man.

"Well, now, I could be goaded into it," Riegelman said. "Sooner or later, I could be goaded into it."

On our way to the McAlpin, headquarters of the Liberal Party candidate, Rudolph Halley, we picked up an afternoon paper. In it Riegelman was quoted as calling Wagner and Halley Leftists. We asked Richard Maher, Halley's campaign manager, what *he* thought of labels. "Don't pay any at-





"Then try some out-of-town companies."

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tention to them," he said. "Poor Riegelman, I guess he just reads whatever they put in front of him, like all the rest of the candidates. Except ours, that is. Halley doesn't take orders, you know. He's unbossed. Thinks for himself."

Stuart Scheftel, campaign coördinator, added, "We're not afraid of admitting that Rudy has brains. Graduated from college at eighteen. Better an egghead than a knucklehead, wouldn't you say?"

"Stuart was sort of a boy wonder himself," said Martin Kivel, publicity director. "Won the Junior Golf Championship of England at seventeen."

"No, but I mean the whole motorcade idea was Rudy's," Scheftel said modestly. "Fifty thousand people turned out to see our motorcade in the Bronx the other day. They all know Rudy. They'd know him anywhere."

"One fellow ran out of his house and offered Rudy a glass of beer," Kivel said, then led us on a tour of some fifty neatly placarded offices—Research, Writers, TV, Stenographic Pool, Messenger Room, Sound Truck Room, and so on. Nearly all of them were crowded with earnest, hard-working, and extremely young-looking people. The boy in charge of the Sound Truck Division informed us that he had eight trucks in daily operation and that Halley went out on a truck at least once a day. Then he sang the first verse of the "Halley Victory Song," which the sound trucks play as loud as the law permits and which, to the tune of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," goes, we fear, as follows:

Tammany and Impy ruled us lo these eight
long years,
Dewey up in Albany has caused us many
tears,
But now they feel the people's wrath as
our victory nears
And Halley leads the way.

"Come and say hello to the candidate," Kivel said. We found him in a private suite several floors removed from the turmoil of headquarters proper, and, like the voters in the Bronx, we would have known him anywhere. White-faced, with black-rimmed glasses, he stood limply shaking hands with a delegation from Queens. He limply shook hands with us. "I am confident," he said. "Naturally, we don't have the money or the organizational resources of the Republican and Democratic machines. All we have on our side is the people." He limply shook hands with us again, and we made our way downstairs and out.

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OBSERVED in Baltimore on the Saturday of the crucial fourth game of the World Series, near an abandoned house on the Johns Hopkins campus, immobile for an hour and a half, its radio tuned in on Ebbets Field: a police van containing two cops and one prisoner.

SHADWELL

At Hyde Park Corner, Robert Laidlaw halted his taxi, telling the driver that he had changed his mind and would walk the rest of the way. "Don't trouble about the change," he added.

"Thank you, sir! *And* I don't blame you. It's a wonderful afternoon. We shan't see many more like it, this year."

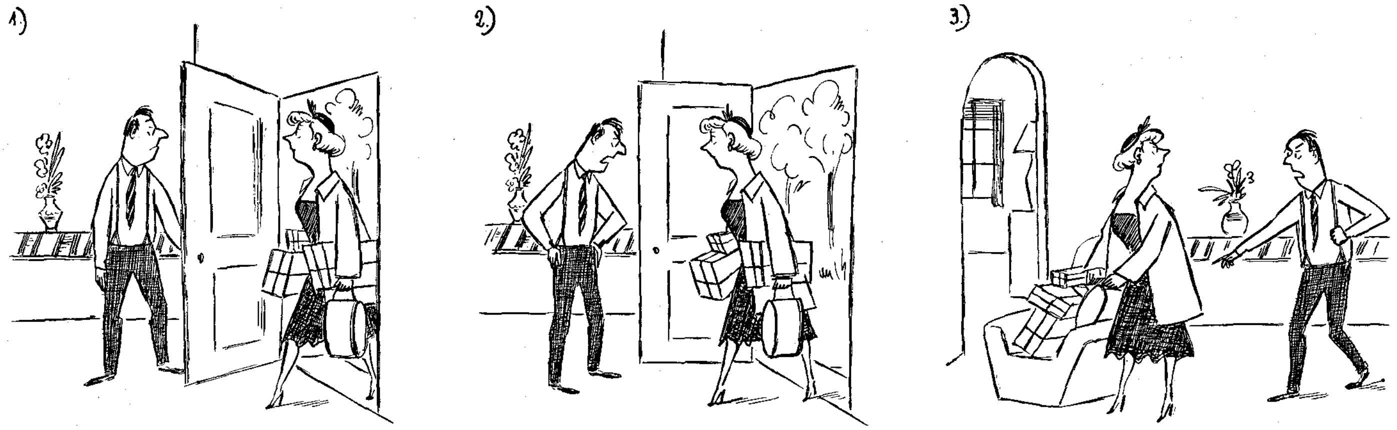
To bestow such an ample tip, and to be assured that the taxi-driver did not blame him, gave Mr. Laidlaw's self-respect a fillip it badly needed, for he was bound on a painful errand. That was why he had decided to walk the rest of the way through the park. Not because walking would postpone the moment of climactic painfulness—he was only too anxious to get that over—but he hoped that by immersing himself in the serenity of the autumn afternoon he might achieve a corresponding peace of mind, and a larger outlook on the disagreeable. It was late October; the trees had already shed most of their leaves, which were quietly consuming in bonfires. Those that remained hung motionless, their colors burning against the deep blue of the sky. All the shabbiness of late summer was gone. The grass had renewed its green, the plane trees had stripped off their sooty bark, the picnicking parties contained no inelegant nudes or panting dogs. It was as though summer, after a purgatory of equinoctial rain and gales, had come back ensainted. And in spite of the taxi-driver's Cockney mistrust of good fortune, there seemed no reason why this spell of Indian summer should not continue for some while yet. For in autumn there is a steadfastness lacking in the other seasons. Autumn is an apple, it is a keeping fruit. The park keepers thought so, at any rate, for they had brought out the canvas chairs again.

He was quick to notice the chairs, but not quick enough. The current of his thoughts swept on, tossing them aside. Mrs. Probus had also been a keeping fruit, persisting in a timeless suspension of old age, gently shrewd, subacidly kindly. Early that morning she had died in her sleep, the death that with an unimpassioned confidence she had proposed for herself. As her lawyer and executor, he had been rung up with the news by Shadwell, her servant. After an interval of grief and recollection—quite apart from her wealth and her hospitality, Mr. Laidlaw had been attached to the old lady—he told his clerk to bring him Mrs. Probus's will. And now it was too late to do anything about it. Unchangeably, unanswerably, Mrs. Probus had left her aging servant an annuity of one pound a week.

He was more than halfway across the park, and the noise of traffic along the Bayswater Road swelled in his ears. As though it were a challenge to which he must retort, he said aloud, "But what could I have done about it?" He had not drawn up the will. That had been done, nineteen years earlier, by his Uncle James. At his uncle's death he had inherited Mrs. Probus and the ripe remains of their long friendship, and had been appointed executor in his uncle's stead. At the same time many other executorships and trusteeships had devolved on him, for Laidlaw, Larpent, & Laidlaw was essentially a testamentary firm. Mrs. Probus's will was one among dozens of documents fetched out, and no doubt he had read it through, since that was part of the routine. It was no part of the routine to query or suggest; the obligation of an executor is but to execute. In fact, he was already going outside his obligation in the matter by thus walking across the park to break the news to poor old Shadwell.

Even in 1934, a pound a week was less than Shadwell's due; now it was a mockery. One could not keep a cat on it. At the time when the will was made, Mrs. Probus was newly a rich widow, and, as such, she would naturally consider herself on the verge of starvation. But there had been time to revise that opinion since, and though she had continued to live luxuriously secluded from the life around her ("As far as I am concerned, Mr. Laidlaw, there has not *been* a coloratura singer since Tetrazzini. If you want to listen to little English-squeaking kittens, you must go without me. Leave the old woman to her memories, you know." "Flying bombs, Mr. Laidlaw? I have forbidden Shadwell to go out, in case she should be killed and I left. I really don't see what more I can do about them"), she had been sufficiently cognizant of the changes taking place to give up her house and servants, and move into a small flat that Shadwell could run singlehanded. She was capable of that much revision, and if the rise in the cost of living had been tactfully pressed home . . . There should be a law compelling people of property to bring their wills up to date every five years. There should also be a law compelling people of property to have their personal estate inventoried; Mrs. Probus had refused to have this done, alleging that all professional valuers creaked like mutes, so after he had told Shadwell about the annuity he would have to rub salt into the wound by asking her to have the jewelry and silver ready for him to list the next morning.

He was now out of the park, and a bus went by him with disgusting speed, as though enforcing the fact that this is a rough world—woe to the vanquished! No doubt wills more unjust, more ungrateful, were made every day, and Shadwell was not the only old woman, rendered semi-imbecile by devoted service, to be thrown into the gutter. But they were not this particular will, and



did not oblige him to go on this painful errand. Callous—or careless—which? Summarized in the *Times* (for Mrs. Probus's fortune was of the dimensions to be summarized in the *Times*), the will would present a rather noble ancient Roman appearance. Five thousand pounds to a family in Belgium whose parents had befriended her son, killed during the First World War; to him, her portrait by Wilson Steer, and to his coexecutor, a diamond ring; these were the only legacies, and the rest was to be divided between the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the National Portrait Gallery, subject to an annuity to her servant, Bertha Shadwell. If the amount of the annuity was not disclosed (and he was in honor bound to see what he could do about that), it would seem an exemplary will. But the amount of the annuity must be disclosed to the annuitant, and in less than five minutes he would be doing it. He had no option, the coexecutor of the diamond ring being engaged in archeological research in Sicily, confound her!

The block of flats rose up before him, dowdily sumptuous. "Twenty years younger than I," she had remarked when he incautiously commented on the marbleness of its halls. He entered, and the smell of steam heating and brass polish obliterated any sense of the autumn afternoon. The porter got into the lift with him (it was that kind of lift), saying as he pressed the button, "A wonderful old lady, sir. A great loss." He agreed, and the lift was stopped at the third floor with a condoling smoothness and exactitude. He got out, the doors clanged to behind him, the lift went down into its pit unblamed. There he was, on the same level of air as Shadwell and only four doors away—21, 22, 23, 24. He rang the bell.

Shadwell opened the door, looking just as usual, rubbed unobtrusive as stones are rubbed smooth. She wore her afternoon uniform of black cashmere, and a short black apron, a form of vestment denoting superior servitude. Her eyes, which that morning had looked on death, retained their shallow brightness, her anteroom appearance was unchanged, her air of being a preliminary to Mrs. Probus. So she still considered herself, for her words were "You would wish to see Mrs. Probus, sir," and she preceded him to a door and opened it, standing back for him to enter. But it was a different door.

Death is a leveller. Irene Probus, lying wrapped in fine linen on her Louis Seize bed, looked like an old peasant woman, or, even more, like a masterpiece of peasant art, as though some village craftsman with only skill of hand and the truth to guide him had carved her, with every wrinkle, every blemish of age, and the over-all plain statement of death, superlatively rendered in some smooth yellowish wood. This is equal to anything at Chartres, he thought, scarcely able to restrain himself from exclaiming in delighted admiration at the way the heavy wrinkles of the cheek enfolded the plane of the cheekbone and threw into relief the pure, sailing arch of the aquiline nose.

"I hope you approve, sir. Mrs. Probus did not wish anyone but me to touch her."

He turned to Shadwell, saying, "Did *you* do it?" And it was as though he had turned away from the imperious vitality of the work of art to the inadequacy of real life, for Shadwell seemed extinguished, a shabby and negligible dummy, not very firm on its legs. "It is beautiful, it could not be done better," he added.

She replied, "I am glad you approve, sir. And I am glad that someone has come to see her."

It was inevitable, Mr. Laidlaw's errand being what it was, that Shadwell should wring his heart, but he could not have foreseen this particular pathos of the neglected artist. He said, before any more assaults could be made on his feelings, "Shadwell, we must talk a little business."

With her exact sense of what was befitting, she showed him into the dining room, and pulled forward a chair.

"Sit down, Shadwell. The business is this. As you know, I am one of Mrs. Probus's executors. The other is Miss Grainger, but she is in Italy, so for the present I shall do all that needs to be done. This morning I looked over Mrs. Probus's will, which is in our office. I found that she has left you an annuity. 'To Bertha Shadwell, if still in my service at the time of my death, an annuity of fifty-two pounds per annum.' In other words, for the rest of your life you will have an income of a pound a week."

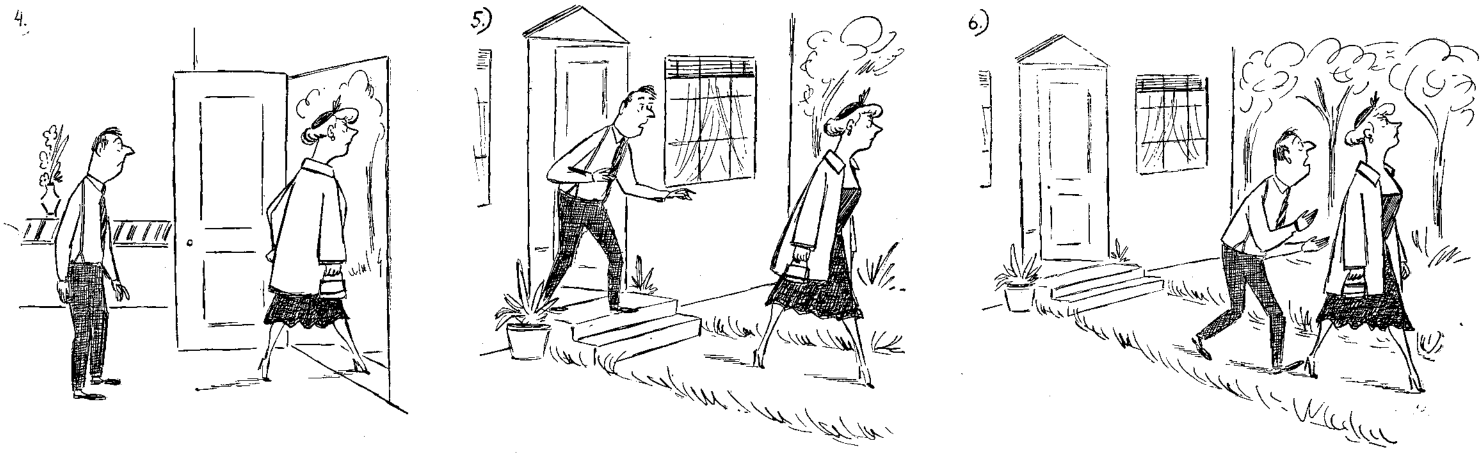
"Thank you, sir."

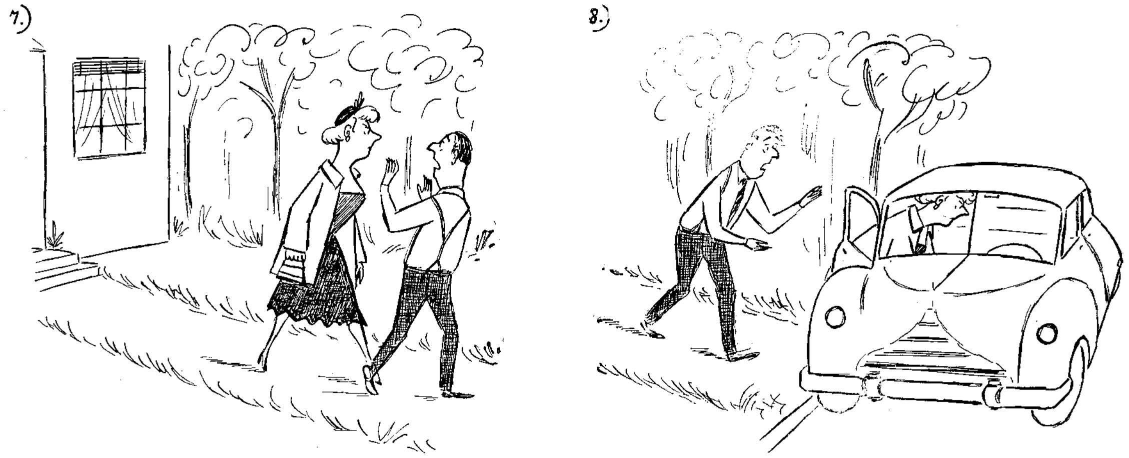
Preparing himself for what he had to say, he had taken into account what he might have to say next, and how best to reply to shock, to wounded feelings, to resentment, to fear of the future. To this, he could find no answer. Yet he lifted his gaze—it had been resting on Shadwell's long, flat, neatly shod feet—and looked at her searchingly. Perhaps there had been irony in that reply. A woman who could lay out a corpse with such majestic insight must be an artist, and, as such, capable of irony, scorching irony. Gladly would he have been scorched. A trifle of unmerited suffering would have been positively welcome to him. But the hope was vain. Realizing that he had come on purpose to tell her of the annuity, she was thanking him for his trouble.

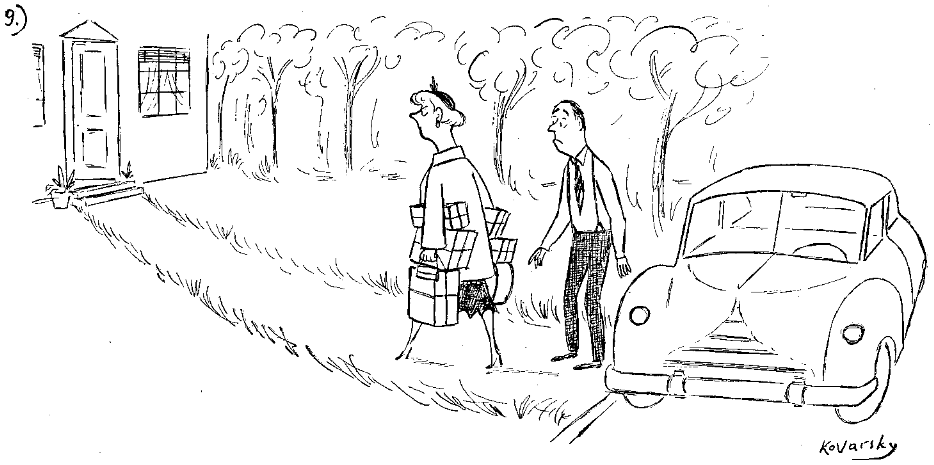
"Have you any plans, Shadwell?"

"No, sir, I have no plans yet."

"Then I hope you will be able to stay on here for the next week or so, at any rate till we are through with the probate, and Miss Grainger has come back and seen to the disposal of Mrs.







Probus's clothes, and so forth. The executors will pay your wages and your expenses. What are your wages, by the way?"

"A pound a week, sir."

His last sneaking defense, that Shadwell must have salted away some useful savings, went down. He got up from Mrs. Probus's table, where he had enjoyed so many tête-à-tête dallyings from clear soup to port, and said, gobbling his words a little, "Well, well, now of course, you will be on board wages. They are always rather higher. You will be paid ten pounds a week."

"It's too much, Mr. Laidlaw. I wouldn't take it."

Feeling as though he were a fishmonger who had asked Shadwell to pay ten shillings for a lemon sole, he climbed down. "Seven pounds, then. A pound a day. You'll need it. Now, Shadwell, don't argue with me. I won't hear another word from you."

He heard himself echoing the imperious familiarity with which Shadwell's mistress had been wont to utter such words. Possibly Shadwell heard it, too. Her face flickeringly escaped from its respectful composure, and she replied, obliquely quitting the contest, "May I make you a cup of tea, sir?"

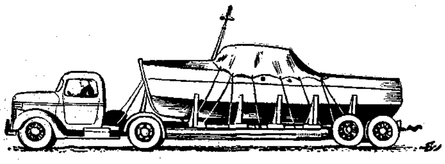
"No, thank you, no, thank you! I must get back to the office."

She showed him out, and rang the lift bell for him. It was not till then that he remembered he had not mentioned the inventory. But the lift had ascended, and he hurried into it; a telephone call that evening would do as well, and all he wanted now was to get away. As he emerged from the seasonless opulence of the hall, the plenitude and calm of the autumnal sky overwhelmed him, for he was obliged to compare it with the prospect of Shadwell's wintry decline. He stooped his head, as if under a reproach, and hurried toward the nearest underground.

RETURNING to the dining room, Shadwell straightened the two chairs and removed a few withering blossoms from a potted cineraria. These she took off to the trash bin in the kitchen. Dropping them in, and hearing the lid fall to with its usual tinny exclamation, she put by her thoughts for the moment and began looking briskly into canisters, ascertaining which stores would last out for Mr. Laidlaw's next week or so and which would need replenishing. This roused the old canary. He searched himself for lice, and then broke into an abrupt flourish of song. There was a black bow tied to his cage. He had been Mrs. Probus's canary until age harshened his coloratura, when he had been retired to the kitchen. It was not too harsh for Shadwell. She listened admiringly till he grew tired and gave over. Now there were only the clocks to listen to. The clock on the kitchen dresser rattled on at a cheap gait, and was counterpointed by the soft whir-whir, whir-whir of the French clock in the dining room. From the street below, the noise of traffic rose up like steam from a caldron. She laid out a cup and saucer, and clasped a spoonful of tea in the infuser, and put on the kettle. Then she left the kitchen and went into the bedroom, her feet suddenly noiseless on the thick carpet, so that she entered like a ghost.

At the foot of the bed, she paused, and looked appraisingly at the brief masterpiece that in a few hours would be hidden in a coffin. "He didn't think to bring any flowers," she said to herself, and shook her head disapprovingly. Old Mr. Laidlaw would not have omitted that due courtesy. Her bunch of white carnations, bought that morning, was all that Mrs. Probus had. But so it was to be.

From the foot of the bed she went with her ghost's footfall to the dressing table, massive and ornate as a shrine. Pulling out a drawer, she pressed a hidden spring. The looking glass slid aside and disclosed the doors of a little cabinet, which in their turn opened at the twirling of an ivory pillar. There were the jewels, the rings, the brooches, the bracelets. She knew them as well as she knew the contents of her kitchen. She had always taken care of them, cleaning them once a fortnight with jewellers' rouge and putting them back in their velvet lair. Now she took them out for the last time, holding them to the light, watching the colored flashes leap from the diamonds, feeling the sharp facets of the emeralds and the faint greasiness of the rubies. But they did not tempt her. She examined them only for the pleasure of admiring them, and for a sentimentality of farewell. She laid them back, one by one, and took out the thing she had in mind, a long gold chain on which, at wide intervals, diamonds were set like dewdrops. It was an ornament that Mrs. Probus had not worn during her memory, but, like the rest, it had been cleaned once a fortnight, and once, years ago, while she was polishing it, Mrs. Probus had glanced at it, calling it by some foreign name and saying that it was an old-fashioned thing, she would never wear it again, and had a mind to sell it—for the stones, though not large, were of a fine water, and Asprey would certainly give a thousand for it. Sold one by one—and it would not be difficult to tweak them out of their light claw settings—they would not bring so much, Shadwell supposed, for part of the beauty of the ornament was the exact matching of gem to gem. But by taking a diamond, from time to time, to this or that jeweller, and always attired in her indelible appearance of respectability, she would be able to dispose of them with very little risk. Even if she had been sure of selling one of the more valuable pieces without being detected, she would not have done so. She wanted no more than her due—enough to insure that she would end her days still retaining her independence and self-respect. As it had not been granted, she had taken it.



She closed the cabinet, pressed the spring. The looking glass slid into place, offering her the image of her narrow bust and dull, dutiful face and, behind her, the bed, and Mrs. Probus lying there, her hands, with no ornament now but the gold wedding ring, folded under the single bunch of white carnations. Reflecting again, with censure, on Mr. Laidlaw's omission—what could he have been thinking of to forget the flowers? He brought them regular enough while Mrs. Probus was alive—Shadwell walked over to the bedside and, after consideration, slightly adjusted one of the carnations. Then she went back to the kitchen, where the kettle was now boiling, and made herself a cup of tea. —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

SATURDAY STORM

This flooded morning is no time to be
Abroad on any business of mankind.
The rain has lost its casual charity;
It falls and falls and falls and would not mind
Were all the world washed blind.

No creature out of doors goes weatherproof.
Birds cower in their nests. The beast that can
Has found himself a roof.
This hour's for man
To waken late in, putter by his fire,
Leaf through old books or tear old letters up,
Mend household things with bits of thrifty wire,
Refill his coffee cup,
And, thus enclosed in comfort like a shell,
Give thought to, wish them well
Who must this day
On customary errands take their way:

The glistening policemen in the street,
For instance, blowing their whistles through the welter
And stamping their wet feet;
And grocery boys flung in and out of shelter
But faithful to their loads;
And people changing tires beside the roads;
Doormen with colds and doctors in damp suits;
And milkmen on their routes,
Scuttling like squirrels; and men with cleated boots
Aloft on telephone poles in the rough gale;
But chiefly trudging men with sacks of mail
Slung over shoulder,
Who slog from door to door and cannot rest
Till they've delivered the last government folder,
The final scribbled postcard, misaddressed.

Oh, all at ease
Should say a prayer for these—
That they come, healthy, homeward before night,
Safer than beasts or birds,
To no dark welcome but an earned delight
Of pleasant words,
Known walls, accustomed love, fires burning steady,
And a good dinner ready. —PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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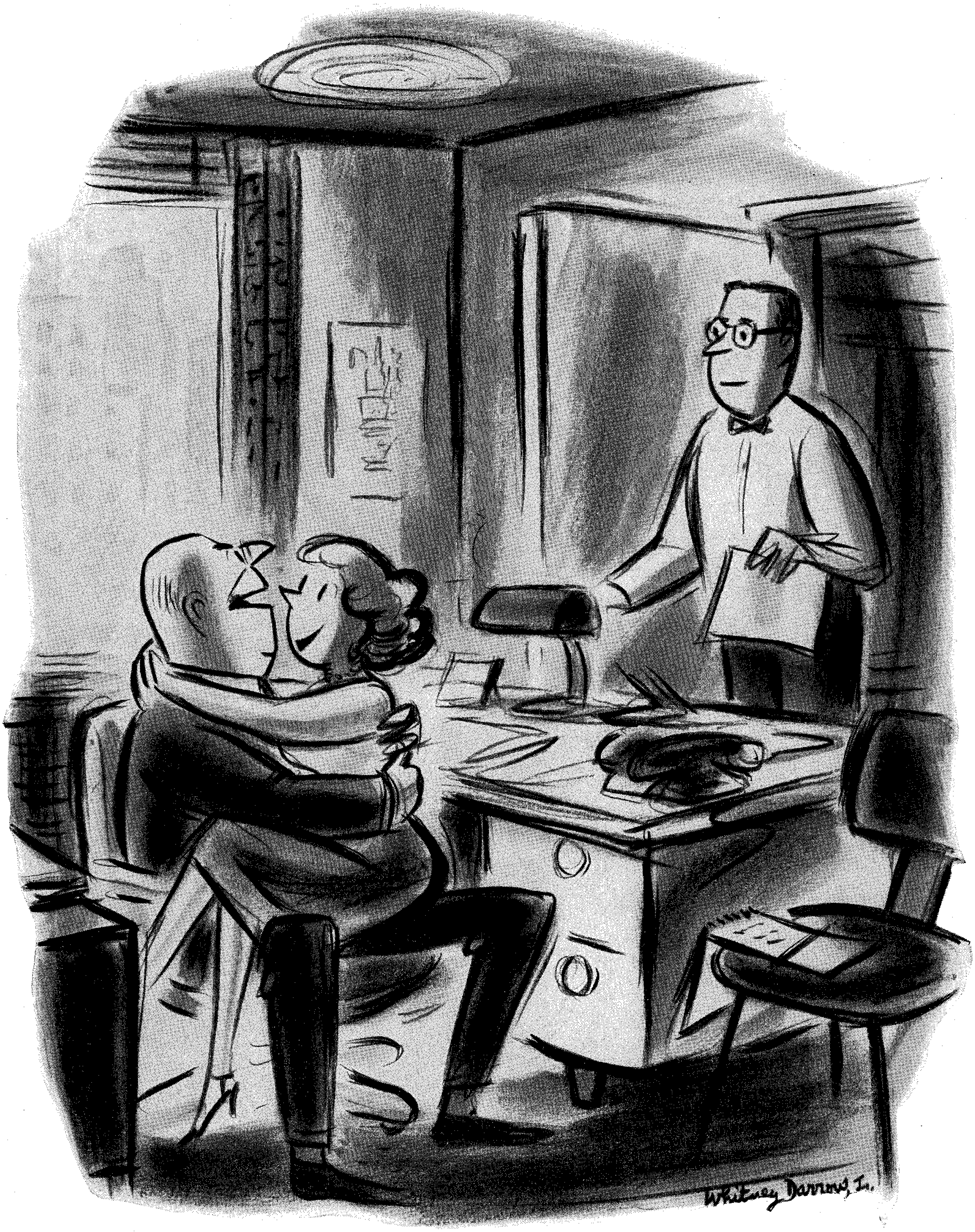

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Well, what is it, Fuller—and I warn you it had better be something very, very important!"

SWELL EGG

ONE evening last spring, while waiting in a convenient bar across from the Westport station for my wife to pick me up, I scraped acquaintance with a chap who turned out to live on the same road I do. I'll call him Augie Poole. An immediate camaraderie sprang up between Augie and me, and was later carried forward at intervals in the same establishment. I described him to my wife as "a hell of a swell egg," and wished we might get together with him and his wife (who had once smiled at me—from the roadster in which she fetched him—in a way that gave me faith that I had been comparably reported on). Well, our social orbits crossed presently, at a Sunday cocktail party at the home of neighbors, and, an arm looped through Augie's, I led him up to my wife to be introduced.

"How did you like him?" I asked her later.

"I didn't," she said. "Something about him that's—" She broke off, and finished simply, "It's just a feeling I have about him."

"Intuition?" I asked, with a tolerant smile.

"Maybe," she said. "I like his wife a lot better. I think she's awfully nice."

That left the door open to the acquaintance, which proceeded to further itself. We had had one another to dinner once apiece, and had seen one another twice in other homes, when the four of us met at a lawn party on a Saturday night toward the end of summer, midway of the recent historic heat wave.

At that rather oversized party, Augie attached himself to a spectacularly hewn blond bit actress who had just been divorced. The gregarious warmth that had made him so easy to get to know in the bar served him in equal stead here till, at last, in a dim corner of the garden, he made some gesture of bibulous admiration that was met with a smart—and audible—clap on the cheek. There were several witnesses to the incident (earwitnesses, so to speak), none of whom, fortunately, was Augie's wife, but one of whom was mine. She couldn't wait to get into our car when the party broke up, about an hour later.

"Well, what did I tell you?" she said before I had the car quite in second.

"Hmm?" I said, being concerned with a stuck window on my side, and also mentally engaged in weighing the merits of garrotting, strangulation, and poison for Augie. "How's that?"

"You know what I mean. About your fine friend. I told you so." She sighed and shook her head. "I'm surprised at him."

"You told me so, but you're surprised at him," I said.

"That's just an expression," she said. "I'm really not surprised at all. Really! Making a pass at another woman. Well, what do you think of him now?"

I steered the car around a large hole in the road. "It goes on all the time," I said.

"You certainly don't sound as if you disapproved of it."

"I'm no censor of other people," I said. "The trouble with you is you don't take people as they are."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome," I said, with as much air of repartee as the nature of the exchange permitted.

We rode on for a while in silence. I could sense that she was a pod bursting with contention. At last, she said, "That's the male viewpoint, all right. Sticking up for each other like— union members!"

"I don't think it was the male sex that started what went on tonight," I answered. "Not when you think of that dress of hers—designed to show off her excellent recreational facilities." My wife made a repressed, grinding noise. "We're the victims of our morality as much as of our sins," I continued acutely, guiding the car around another pock in the road. "If marriage wasn't made so much a corral in which to confine us, we'd be more content to stay inside it. All you have to do to make a guy like Augie forget that bag of sachet is make her available. As it is, he'll probably spend the night tossing and turning."

"I see. Free spirits," my wife said.

"Oh, for God's sake!"

"Maybe you wish you were just dropping me off instead of going home with me," she said.

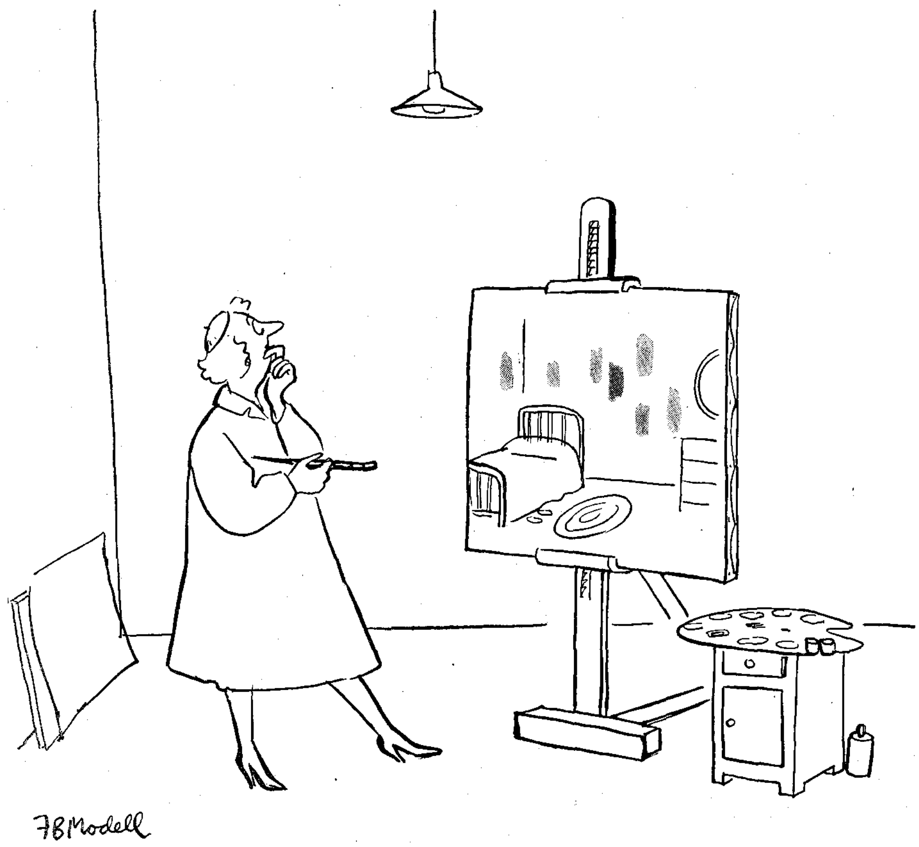
"Make no mistake about that!" I said, piloting the car into the garage, for we had reached the house.

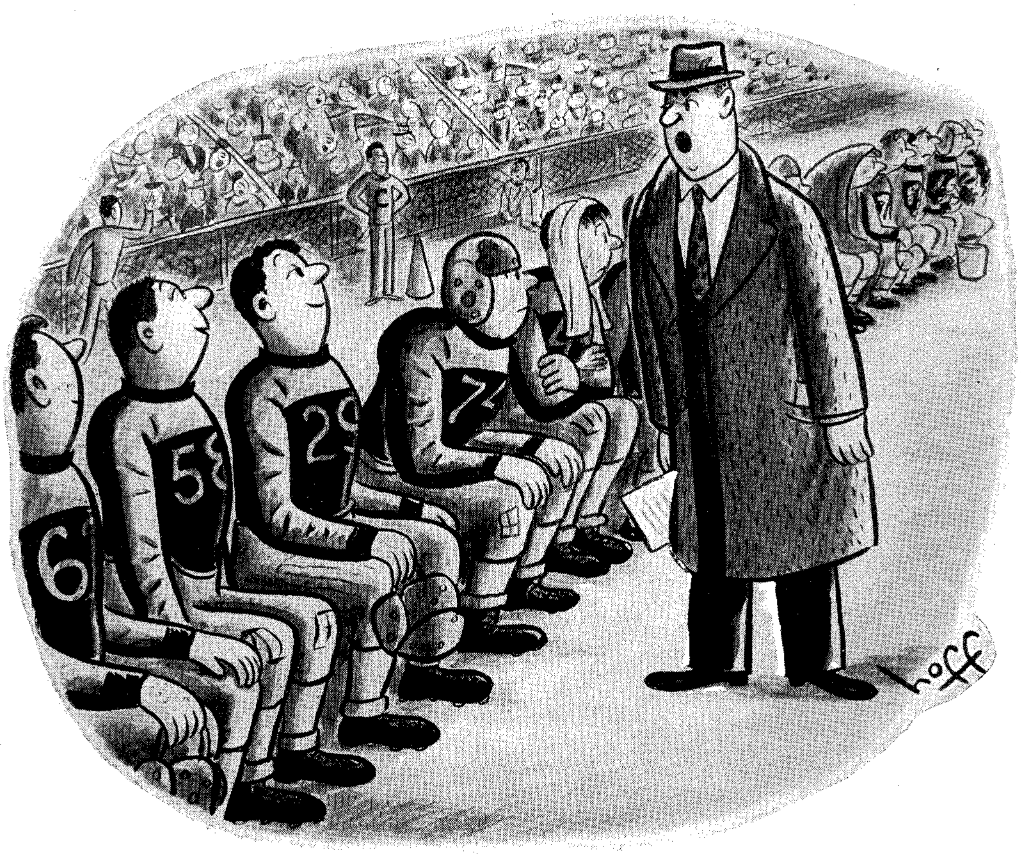
Our sitter, a teen-age youth, was given his money. He summarized the evening, and I watched him drive off in the jalopy in which he had come.

When I entered the bedroom, my wife said, from inside the closet, "Any time you want to hole up in town with some flea bag, go right ahead. If that's what you want."

"Hole up *in* a flea bag," I corrected her. "*With* a floozy, *in* a flea bag. I wish you'd get expressions like that straight. It reflects on me."

I SPENT the night tossing and turning. When I arose the next morning, Sunday, about ten o'clock, I found my wife alone at the breakfast table, behind the *Times*. The children were downstairs in the cellar, already, at that hour,





"Who hasn't appeared on television yet?"

seeking the cool. I poured myself some coffee, slipped a slice of bread into the toaster, and sat nervously waiting for it to pop. My wife cleared her throat. "I see Reverend Bonniwell—that's that minister Mother went to school with in Cleveland, you know—died," she said.

"Death is no respecter of parsons," I said.

But it was no good. Her silence sharpened the constraint and worsened the mood between us, though she seemed not to notice this. She folded the paper, laid it aside, and said, "I've decided to forgive you."

Now, that had the misfortune of being precisely what I had planned to do to her. "Oh, you'll forgive me, will you?" I said. "And suppose I refuse to *be* forgiven. For an argument that's been made a logical female hash of, like every other—"

"Don't give me any more to overlook," she advised me, buttering a fragment of toast.

"Overlook, forgive. If there's any forgiving to do around here, I'll do it," I said. "What have you got to say to that?"

"Nothing," she said, rising and setting her napkin on the table. "I doubt whether I want to talk to you, or even see you, today."

"That's easily enough arranged," I snapped, rising and chucking my own napkin down. Since she had taken the dramatic offensive by sailing out of the room, there was no way for me to top it except by sailing out of the house, which I accordingly did—out the front, slamming the screen door behind me.

It can be imagined how little placated I was by the sight that greeted my eye—that of Augie and his wife, Lenore, approaching down the road, walking hand in hand under the arching trees. They smiled and waved, but awkwardly, for the report of the screen door had echoed like a rifleshot through half of Westport. I waved tersely back and made for the garage with an air of purpose. I climbed into the car and, when the Pooles had passed my driveway, backed out and made off up the road in the opposite direction. I could see them, in the rearview mirror, looking disconcertedly after me.

I had breakfast in a village diner, roosting on an end stool, perusing some fat metropolitan tabloid, and sipping infamous coffee. After about forty-five minutes, I went back home. Augie and his wife were in the living room, talking with mine.

"Hi," Lenore and Augie greeted me, with some reserve.

"Good morning," I said.

A few words about the hot spell were exchanged. "It's hard on a person. It gets everyone," Augie's wife said, smoothing out a crease in her skirt.

Augie said, "Your good lady, here, has been telling us you haven't had a vacation in four years. That's bad. Everybody needs a holiday now and then. Off the old reservation, you know."

"I know," I said, glancing out the window.

When they had gone (looking fresh as daisies), I said to my wife, "Well, that was fine and dandy. How much did you go and tell them?"

"*Tell* them?" she said. "What was there left to tell them after that fancy exit of yours? I was in the doorway when they came back by, and they waved and stopped, and I told them we had a little spat, to play it down. That at least was better than letting them speculate and build it up. By God, I won't have the neighbors thinking we're a couple of brawlers!"

I realized that I had suddenly lost a great deal of ground in the quarrel. Since I had no one but myself to blame, I became twice as hostile toward my wife, and did not want to lose any more time than was necessary before attempting to get even. I spotted a chance to do so the very next day—by walking the three miles from the station in the broiling heat, under circumstances that I saw a way of pinning on her.

THAT Monday, the temperature reached ninety-six, and it was well on its way toward that when my wife drove me to the station in the morning. My regular train home is the five-thirty. I told her I was going to try to clean up my work at the office in time to catch the three-thirty, or at least the four-thirty, but that I couldn't be sure. I would phone her from the station when I arrived.

I caught the three-thirty, got to Westport a little after four-thirty, and entered the telephone booth in the station, sooty and clammy, and hoping that when I rang my number, the line would be busy. I needed a grievance of at least that size (the implication that my wife was thoughtlessly chatting on the phone when I might be trying to get through to her) to recover the ground I had lost and get back in the running. Presenting a footsore and bedraggled spectacle at the front door, as a consequence of being unable to reach her, would put her at a distinct disadvantage. I dropped my nickel and dialled the number tremulously. I got the busy signal. I clapped the phone on the hook, and, murmuring "Yackety-yack!" gratifiedly, folded my crumpled seersucker coat over my arm and began the three-mile trek that was to punish her.

The sun was still high in the sky and beating mercilessly down. I hadn't gone a tenth of a mile before my shirt felt like a poultice. I crossed from side to side of the road, in quest of any shade that appeared (not to be too vindictive with her), but this was a technique that I presently realized offset any respite from the sun by adding a marked percentage to my mileage. So after that I stuck to one side of the road.

I lifted a wet cuff to consult my wristwatch. Five-twenty. I was not a fifth of the way. At that rate, I wouldn't be home before eight o'clock, for much of the journey from there on lay uphill, and it had become increasingly necessary to pause for rest even on the levels. It would be mad to proceed faster than a stroll; a mile an hour was plenty. At that pace, when would my wife begin to wonder? When worry? When grow alarmed? Well before home was in sight, I'd be bound. Two or three motorists slowed to offer me rides, but I shook my head and plodded on.

My clothes were not only soaked now but steaming; at least it seemed so to me. I threw my coat away—or didn't throw it away, exactly, but chucked it under a culvert from which I could retrieve it when next I drove by. A wallet I had taken from it made a disagreeable bulge in a hind trouser pocket. I hit a long open stretch where exposure to the sun had rendered the tar in the road so soft that I had the feeling of slogging through rarebit.

I sat down on a large stone to take a small one out of my shoe. Nursing my foot a moment, I forlornly compared the trite hassle of which this was the fruit with those bright, deftly negotiated spats by which marriage is idealized in drawing-room comedies. I mentally revised parts of our spat with some better dialogue. In my breather, there by the wayside, I imagined it as an adroit exchange conducted before dinner guests, which, uncorking a wine or dishevelling a salad, I would crown with "Marriage, my dear, has driven more than one man to sex."

I put my shoe on and rose, and, after pausing to draw fabric away from my person at various points, resumed my march. I sensed the birth of a blister on one foot. Presently, too, I began to have moments of vertigo in which I wondered whether I hadn't perhaps punished my wife enough. I had neglected to water myself at the waiting-room drinking fountain before setting out, and now a great thirst, which a little thought amplified into panic, parched my throat. My general condition, plus heat shimmers in the road and blinding flashes from the chrome of passing cars, resulted at last in a fogging of my vision. "Fogging" may not be precisely the word, for the change took the form of rendering commonplace objects adventurous, and objects visible that may very well not have been there. Thus distant elms and willows appeared for fleeting

SYLVANDER AND CLORINDA

Sylvander on a black, black horse,
Clorinda peeking from the winda—
Here is a tale we all endorse:
Hooray! Sylvander loves Clorinda.

He drowns her with a look of love;
The ruffian's boldness stirs her dander,
And, by mistake, she drops a glove:
Hooray! Clorinda loves Sylvander.

She's gowned in white, he's cap-a-pie;
His eyes like coals and hers like tinda,
He leaps upon the balcony:
Hooray! Sylvander loves Clorinda.

Her red, red mouth opens to scream,
But whiz, his hands and arms have spanned her!
His burning mouth is mild as cream:
Hooray! Clorinda loves Sylvander.

He shovels flowers on her lap,
And sings, and plucks a mandolinda;
She blushes, forfeiting a slap:
Hooray! Sylvander loves Clorinda.

He seeks her sire's and brothers' hall
With tread of iron to demand her;
They all object; he slays them all:
Hooray! Clorinda loves Sylvander.

He loads her fingers tenderly
With rings of gold and diaminda
And whisks her to his far countree:
Hooray! Sylvander loves Clorinda.

The King and Queen, charmed, ratify
His princely choice; then with true splendor,
By all regretted, promptly die:
Hooray! Clorinda loves Sylvander.

And ever after he and she
Rule with an easy disciplinda
And, dandling princes on their knee,
Grow ever handsomer and grander:
Hooray! Sylvander loves Clorinda!
Hooray! Clorinda loves Sylvander!

—PETER HANKE

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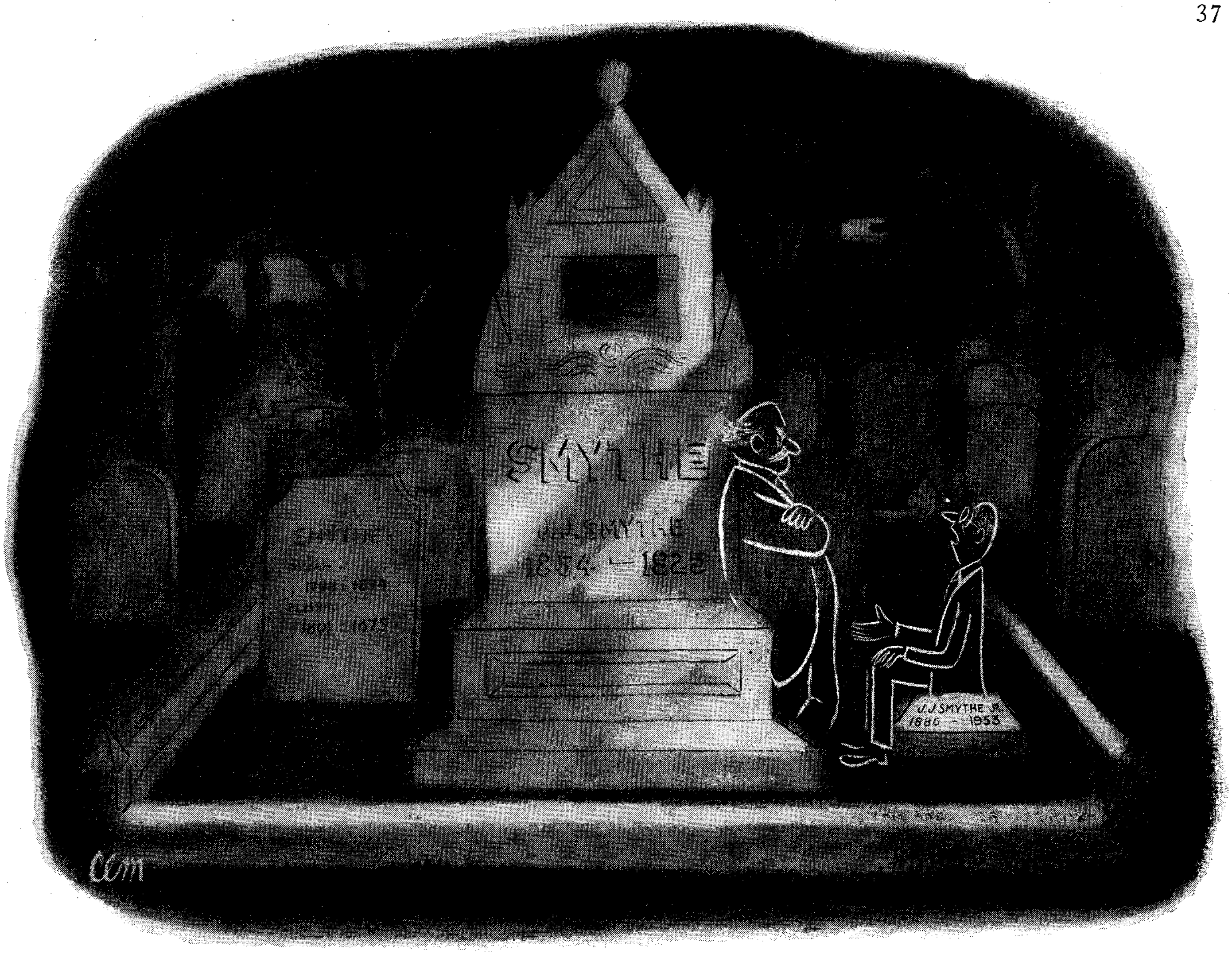

"You don't understand, Dad. It isn't the business itself—that's going great. But you can't imagine what taxes do to you today."

• •

moments to have the look of date palms, and once I thought I saw a camel on the horizon.

I STEPPED off the road, crossed a ditch, and sat down on another rock. I ran my finger over my forehead in the manner of a squeegee. I noticed several burs on the cuffs of my trousers. I was breathing heavily and feeling a dense throbbing inside my head when a car approaching down the hill ahead of me slowed and came to a stop on the other side of the road. My wife was behind the wheel. I waited for her to speak, prepared to consolidate my gains.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked, through the open window.

"I'll be all right," I said, plucking at my shirt buttons. "It's just my heart."

She put her head out of the window and looked back up the road to make sure nothing was coming. Then she turned the car around and drew up near me. She reached over and opened the door on my side. I got to my feet, made my way across the intervening ditch, and climbed in. I pulled the door shut, and she put the car in gear. I made sure my window was all the way down, and adjusted the wing glass so the draft would strike me the instant we got under way. "I tried to call you a couple of times but you were busy talking," I said as we did. "So I had to walk. What brings you out this way now?"

"I tried to call the butcher several times—the cold cuts I ordered didn't come—and our party line was busy," my wife said. "That meant you couldn't reach me, and I got to worrying. I figured you might have been on that three-thirty. I couldn't be sure, but rather than risk keeping you waiting in the hot station, I thought I'd take a chance on a trip for nothing." We drove in silence for a stretch, and then she said abruptly, "Lenore Poole called just as I was leaving. She suggested we all have dinner out together."

"Well?"

"An air-conditioned restaurant sounds good," she said.

"I thought you didn't like Augie," I said.

She heaved a long sigh of resignation. "Well, it comes down to what you said," she answered. And, glancing off across the frazzled fields, she added, "You've got to take people as they are."

—PETER DE VRIES

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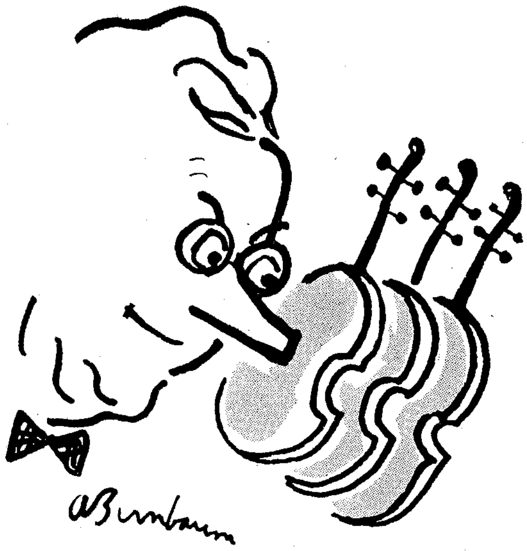
GARDEN CITY, L.I., Aug. 15—Miss Mildred Ann Wagner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wolfe Wagner of Garden City and Shelter Island, was carried to Thomas Raymond Nolan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond T. Nolan of Garden City, this afternoon in the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of the Incarnation.—*The Times.*

Screaming?

PROFILES

TRUSTEE IN FIDDLEDALE—I



Emil Herrmann

LIKE a good many other people who play the violin, as well as a few who don't, I have always wanted to own a rare old Italian fiddle, and the fact that I own one now is the result of a fortunate combination of circumstances a few years back—a sudden burst of affluence and a visit I paid to a dealer named Emil Herrmann. I had never met Herrmann, but I knew that he had sold Jascha Heifetz and Yehudi Menuhin, among many other distinguished musicians, their violins, and I figured that what was good enough for them was certainly more than good enough for me. His office at the time was at 130 West Fifty-seventh Street, and when I walked in and told him of my interest, his response was at once courteous and lukewarm—characteristically, I have since learned, for he has had much experience with wistful violin lovers whose desire to gaze at and handle the prizes he keeps on hand far exceeds their ability to pay for them. Persuaded at last that I was a full-fledged customer, Herrmann, who can play a violin as well as sell one, questioned me closely about my tastes and musical experience, and presently recommended a violin made by the brothers Antonio and Girolamo Amati, in Cremona, in 1608. Then followed several weeks of excitement and indecision for me—weeks during which I spent many hours in Herrmann's office trying out fiddles. Sometimes I would take friends along and ask their advice about this violin or that one, or have them play various violins for me; sometimes I would take a violin home and ask my wife what she thought of it. When I finally settled on an instrument, it was the one Herrmann had recommended to me in the first place. It is one of the oldest violins in existence. With it came one of Herrmann's certificates of authenticity, which reliable violin dealers everywhere accept implicitly. My certificate includes full-size photographic reproductions of the violin's f-holes and scroll, and reduced photographs of its front, back, and sides, and reads, in part, "The back is of handsome curly maple, the sides to match, the scroll plain. The top is of choice spruce of medium grain. The varnish is of a golden orange brownish color. A fine and characteristic specimen of the maker's work in a high state of preservation, and of excellent tonal qualities."

Nowadays, a person wanting to call on Herrmann in his office has to journey to Easton, Connecticut, some fifty-five miles from Manhattan, where, on a hundred-and-twenty-acre estate called Fiddledale, he lives and conducts his business. In 1938, Herrmann and his wife, Kira, bought for sixty-five hundred dollars an old farmhouse and a few acres of swampland in Easton, as a place to spend weekends. As the years went by, they added acreage to the grounds and wings to the farmhouse until by 1951, when they decided to make it their year-round home, they had a hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar property, which included a large workshop, a pavilion for outdoor chamber-music concerts, a swimming pool, several natural lakes, a cocktail terrace, a barbecue terrace, parking space for twenty cars, and a bombproof vault for Herrmann's violins with a combined office and study adjoining it. The Herrmanns have a daughter, Tatjana, who is married to Sergei Sikorsky, a son of Igor Sikorsky, and lives in Cologne, where her husband is a representative of United Aircraft, but her parents are far from lonely without her. Herrmann was born in Germany and his wife in Russia, and conditions being what they are in those two countries, they have plenty of relatives over here to keep them company. Living with them at Easton are their adopted daughter, Natascha, whose parents, distantly related to Mrs. Herrmann, died during the Battle of Berlin and who graduated from high school in Bridgeport in June; two brothers of Mrs. Herrmann's, Michael and Vladimir Yurkevich, and Vladimir's wife; and Mrs. Herrmann's sister Gala Turchanovich and her husband. Also present much of the time are Mrs. Herrmann's aunt, Mrs. Helena Memnonoff, and Herrmann's secretary, Mrs. Margaret Popoff, who has been working for him for nearly a quarter of a century. In fact, as an opera-loving friend of Herrmann's remarked recently, the roster of the Fiddledale household sounds like the dramatis personae of Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin."

Another of Herrmann's friends, who is nonmusical himself but spends a good deal of time in musical company, is fond of expatiating on a theory he holds about musicians—that they vary temperamentally according to the type of instrument they play. He maintains that violinists are sensitive and intense, bull-fiddlers placid, oboists nervous, bass-tuba players relaxed and fond of beer, and so on. Herrmann he unhesitatingly puts down as the violinist type. Whatever the truth of this may be, Herrmann, at sixty-five, is a spry man of medium size, energetic and given to quick gestures, with a preference for bow ties, of which he owns close to a hundred. His thick gray hair falls down over his forehead, and his roughly angular face and twinkling gray eyes behind heavy glasses are suggestive of a Bavarian woodcut. His voice is soft and his laughter youthful, but in business matters he has a shrewd and realistic outlook, born of his fifty years at his trade. Since 1925, when he really began to hit his stride, he has sold over five million dollars' worth of rare musical instruments, eighty per cent of them violins and the rest violas and violoncellos (except for one double bass, made by Francesco Ruggieri). The total number of important Italian stringed instruments in the world today has been estimated at from five to six thousand, and Herrmann not only is familiar with almost all the great ones but can recognize them no less surely than most people recognize their friends. On the other hand, he cannot place the faces of men and women he knows, and he frequently embarrasses his wife by asking her to introduce him to someone he has only recently met.

Herrmann has spent a great many hours of his life, both here and in Europe, listening to people play violins as they try to make up their minds which one to buy. This experimental process can become rather cacophonous, for even the world's great violinists don't always sound as brilliant when they are shopping around as they do on the concert stage. Few players are able to make all violins sound right, even all good ones. Herrmann has found that his customers have an almost universal weakness for bringing several friends and fellow-fiddlers along to his office when they are in a buying mood, and the result can be acoustic pandemonium, with two, three, or more people wandering around and playing violins. As Herrmann continues to bring violins out of his vault, the air becomes as filled with discordant opinions as with dissonant sounds. One of the visitors may prefer the sweet, nightingale tones of an Amati; another, the robust, clarinet tones of a Guarnieri del Gesù; and a third the rich, oboe sound of a Stradivari. Despite Herrmann's skill at sizing up a customer and correctly deciding which violin is the right one for him, his advice is often not appreciated. As I have reason to know, his customers and their friends usually insist on trying out other violins and soliciting opinions from everybody within earshot. Often Herrmann's study, a museumlike place lined with showcases containing rare instruments, is filled with men and women milling about with fiddles under their chin, trying frantically to outplay one another. In no time, they get so confused that no one knows who is playing what violin.

Frequently, the situation is further complicated by the economic facts of life. In most cases, the prospective buyer has only a limited amount of money to spend. Decades of witnessing the struggle between desire and the pocketbook have taught Herrmann how to deal with the problem. "I always ask a customer how much he wants to spend," he says. "There is no sense in showing a person a thirty-thousand-dollar Stradivari when he has only three thousand dollars. After playing the better fiddle, he won't like the cheaper one, and consequently he buys none at all and you've lost a customer. As for experimenting with different violins, I try to persuade people to do it for no more than a quarter of an hour at a time. After fifteen minutes, even musicians with an expert ear lose their ability to discriminate. As a rule, the last violin they play always sounds best. A man who wants to buy a violin should never let someone else play it for him; you just can't judge one when it's played by someone else. You have to play it yourself and get the feel of it. Violin players disagree about violins as much as men disagree about women."

Herrmann tries to dissuade his customers from taking violins home to test them, although he concedes that a man who is thinking of putting thousands, or tens of thousands, of dollars into an instrument should be permitted to try it out in any reasonable way he sees fit. Sometimes when a customer takes home a fiddle he likes and plays it for his relatives and friends, they find fault with it. Many a sale has been lost in this way, and there are many dealers who refuse to sanction the practice at all. When a customer who has taken a violin home returns to Herrmann with a list of objections raised by kibitzers, Herrmann, provided he is convinced that the violin is the right one for the prospect, patiently tries to answer the criticisms, one by one. He usually succeeds in bringing the customer around to his point of view, since he generally knows more about the subject than the customer and all his relatives and friends put together. Herrmann is far from being a high-pressure salesman, however. He thinks a good dealer's most important job is not to sell an instrument—any instrument—but to help the customer find the one that is best suited to him, and to his means.

"A man testing violins gives himself away without knowing it," Herrmann says. "He takes one in his hands, puts it under his chin, plays it, puts it down, and tries another, and so on. Soon it becomes apparent that there's one violin he instinctively likes best—whether he's aware of it or not. In nine cases out of ten, that's the violin for him. Sometimes young boys come to my office with their teachers. Often the pupil has an instinctive preference for a cer-

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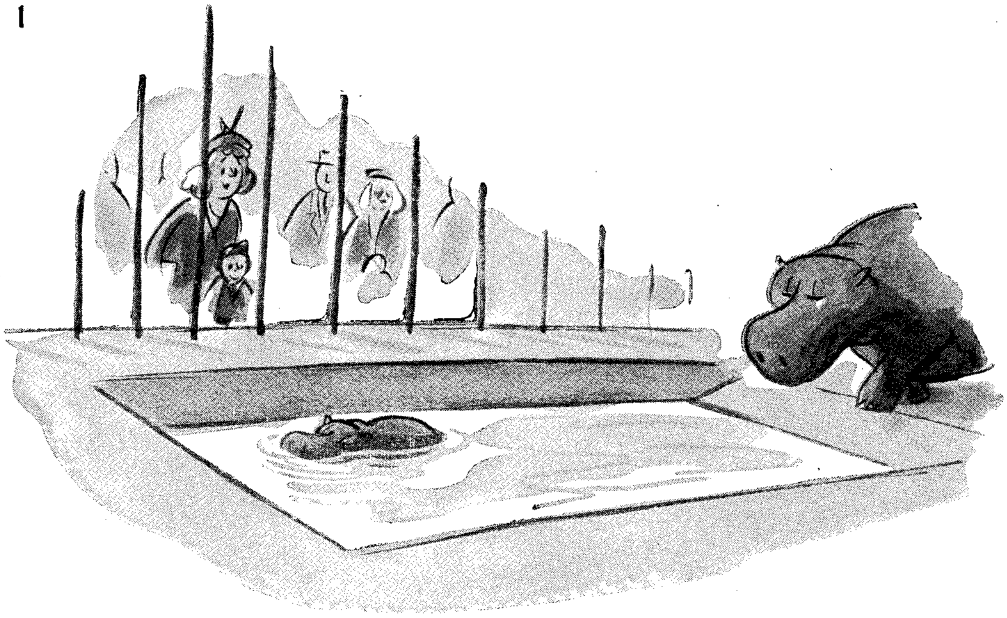

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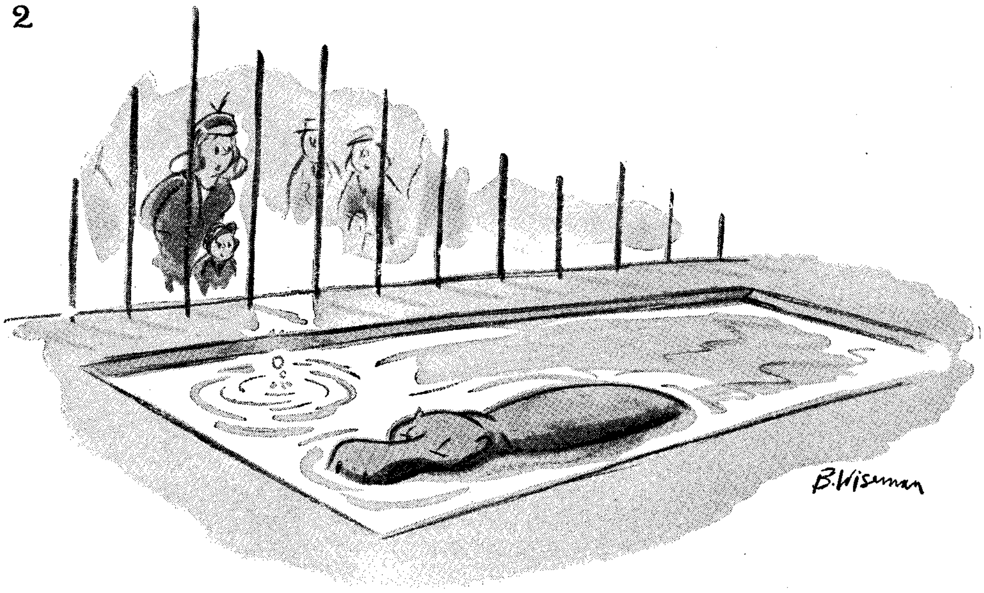

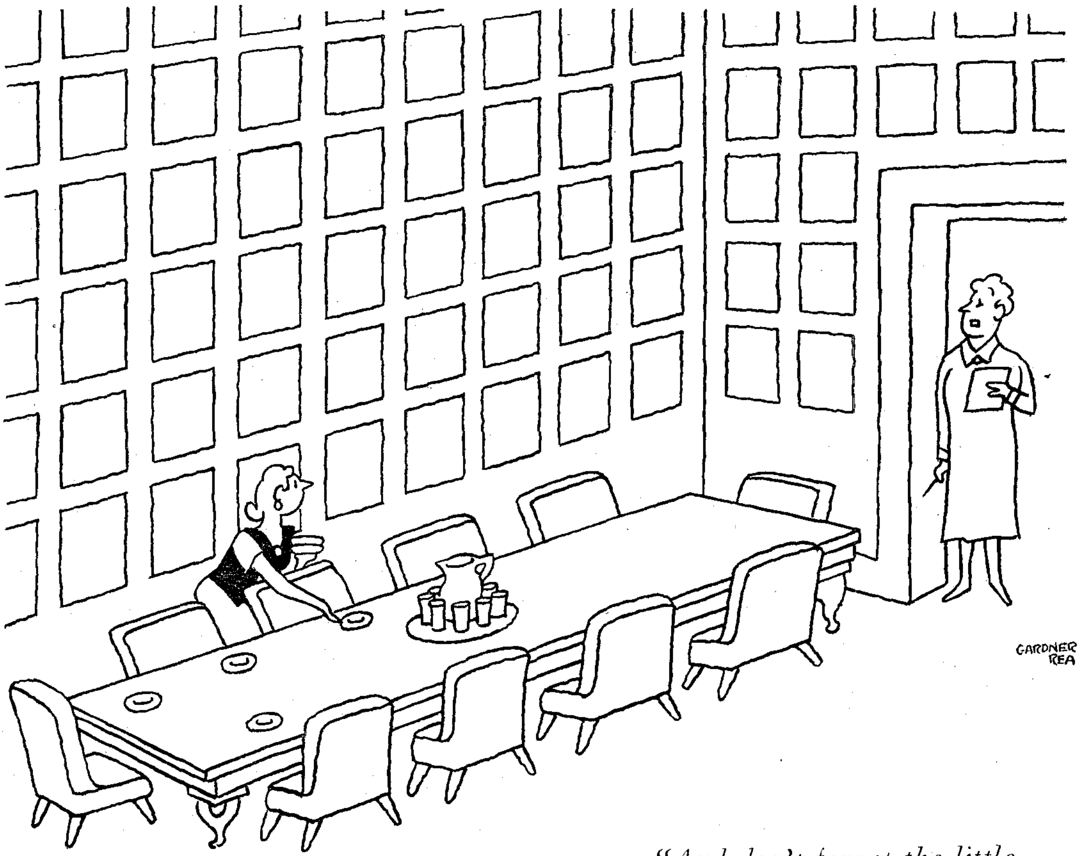

"And don't forget the little pads, in case one of them has an idea."

• •

tain instrument, but the teacher—being the teacher, of course—knows best, and I have to convince him tactfully that his pupil may be right. After all, it's the boy, and not the teacher, who's got to live with the violin. Another problem is the customer who buys an expensive instrument and after a while begins to think he's made a mistake. He's paid thirty-five thousand dollars, perhaps, and suddenly, for no particular reason, he starts complaining that the violin doesn't sound the way it should. I ask him to bring it to my office and try it out in comparison with some equally good instruments, and just as suddenly it sounds all right to him again."

People act in a variety of ways when they pick up a valuable violin. Some are so afraid of dropping it that they can hardly put a bow to it. Some are awed by the thought that the small piece of varnished wood in their hands is worth more than, say, a town house in Manhattan. Some get an acquisitive gleam in their eyes of the sort familiar to croupiers at Monte Carlo, to bookies, and to salesmen at Cartier. Like every other violin dealer, Herrmann has had some painful experiences with people who get that gleam. In 1938, a man took a violin at random from Herrmann's vault and walked out with it under his jacket. There were plenty of Stradivaris and Guarnieris del Gesù in the vault that day, but the untutored thief happened to grab the least expensive violin of the lot—a Giuseppe Gagliano, worth fifteen hundred dollars. It was soon recovered; the thief sold it to an instrument dealer for sixty-five dollars, and the police discovered it while making a check of music shops. Last year, a fine G. B. Guadagnini viola belonging to Herrmann was stolen on Sixty-seventh Street from a locked car owned by Walter Trampler, a member of the New Music String Quartet, who had borrowed it from Herrmann. It has not been found, and because the ownership and whereabouts of every really important instrument are well known in the violin dealers' fraternity, it can never be sold for anything like its real value; it can only be passed off as a cheap factory fiddle. Most of the best violins have long had names, which has helped to preserve their identities. Some are named for former owners of prominence (there are Stradivaris called "Paganini," "Auer," "Récamier," "Morgan," "Joachim," and "King Maximilian"); other names refer to the violin's physical or tonal characteristics ("Titian," "Apollo," "Red Diamond," and "Nightingale"), or to a place or event connected with the instrument ("Irish," "Siberian," "Rochester," "Berliner," and "Swan Song," which is the name of Stradivari's last known violin, made in 1737). Sometimes the names have almost no significance; there is a violin called "Lord Nelson," for instance, simply because it was found in an officer's stateroom on Lord Nelson's flagship after the Battle of Trafalgar. Lord Nelson never played a violin and never owned one. Dealers are not above giving a violin an arresting name in the hope of enhancing its value; Herrmann once christened a Stradivari of 1727 "Venus" as a tribute to its beautiful shape and varnish. One of the most famous violin thefts took place at the Maryinski Theatre, in St. Petersburg, one night in 1908; the Belgian violinist Eugène Ysaye's "Hercules" Stradivari, made in 1732, was stolen from the artist's dressing room while he was onstage playing his Guarnieri del Gesù. It has never been seen since. In 1919, Bronislaw Huberman's celebrated "Gibson" Stradivari, of 1713, was taken from his hotel room in Vienna. Within a few hours, it was offered to a dealer. The dealer notified a detective agency, and the thief was caught. Then in February, 1936, the same violin disappeared from Huberman's dressing room in Carnegie Hall; no trace of it has ever been found, and Huberman collected thirty thousand dollars' insurance on it. Herrmann believes that Huberman's Stradivari is hidden somewhere in this country, watched over by a fanatic who has no intention of putting it on the market.

NO one has ever dropped in at Herrmann's place to buy a Stradivari as a weekend present for a host, but once, when Herrmann was still in New York, a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy New York banker, bought a violin from him almost as impetuously as that. She appeared in the front room of his shop—where strings and other trifling paraphernalia were sold—and told the clerk

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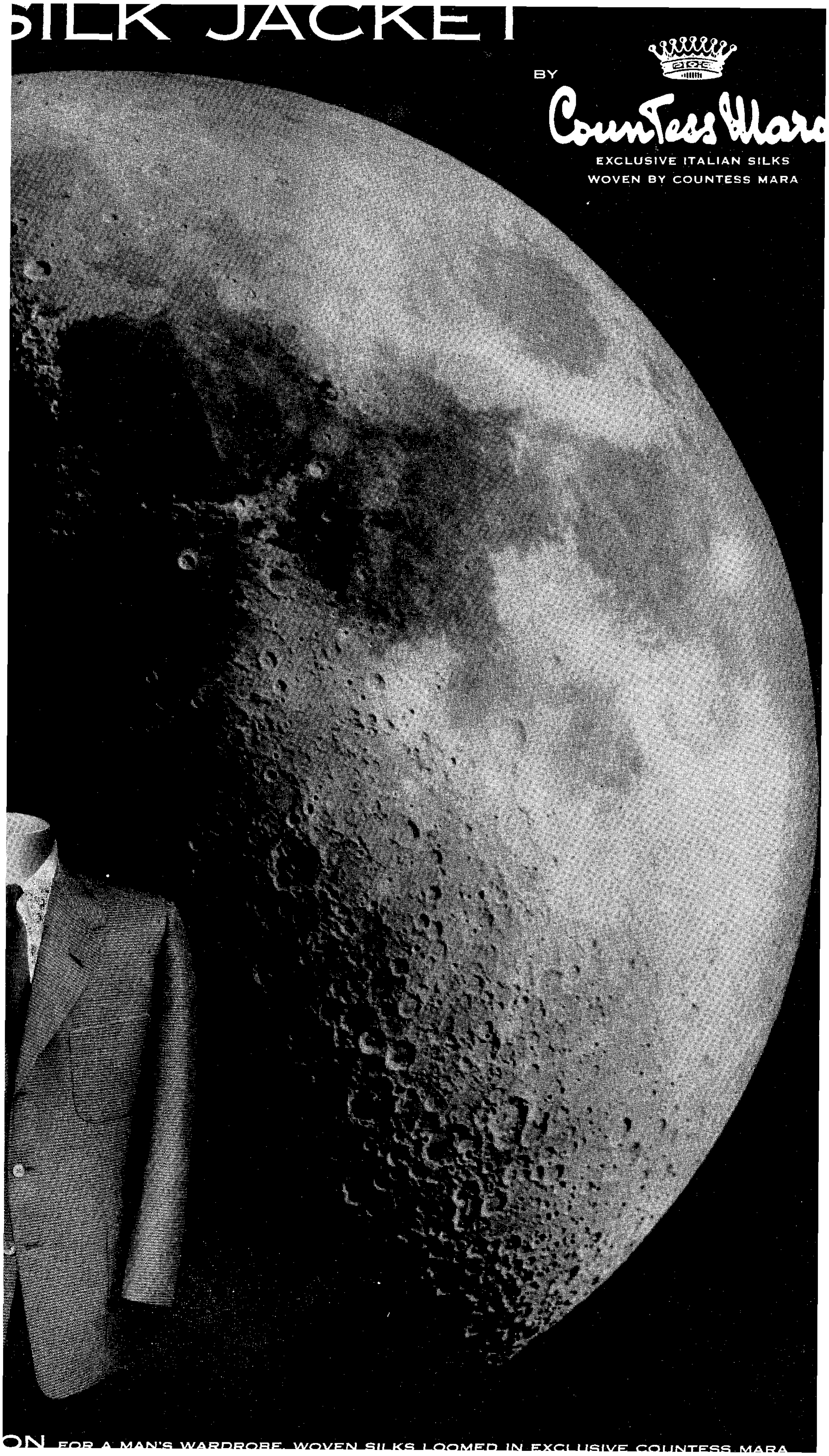
on duty that she wanted to learn to play the violin, and would like to have a Stradivari for her lessons. The clerk refused to take her seriously, but the girl persisted, and finally made her way into Herrmann's inner office, where she gazed in rapture at one of the beautiful instruments lying around there. Herrmann, with his air of polite indifference, told her that it was not for her; it was the "Bavarian" Stradivari, of 1720, a violin that had been in the possession of Bavarian royalty for many years. But if she cared to see a less expensive fiddle . . . "Ah, Bavaria!" said the young lady. "What a lovely country! I had the best time of my life there. I want to buy that violin." She wrote out a check for thirty-two thousand dollars for it on the spot. Two years later, she abandoned her studies, but she still has the violin.

If all violin buyers were as cavalier as that, Herrmann's life would be easy, though perhaps rather dizzying. Usually, however, he has to wait months, and sometimes years, for a customer to make up his mind. Some of his biggest sales have been made after ten or fifteen years of waiting. In the majority of cases, people approach the purchase of a violin with as much thought as the average man devotes to buying a house. As a rule, the kind of violin prospective customers are interested in depends upon their position in the musical world. Orchestra players generally want an instrument with a strong, powerful tone that will enable them to make themselves heard over the din raised by their fellow-players. For them, Herrmann may select a Guadagnini or a Gagliano—instruments that are distinguished by their power rather than by their delicacy. Amateurs and chamber-music players prefer beauty of tone; for them there will be a sweet Amati or a mellow Ruggieri in Herrmann's vault. (His own favorites are the Amatis; if he had to choose one violin from all the treasures he has ever handled, he would pick a grand-pattern Nicolò Amati, made in 1656, with double purfling and tiny rubies and emeralds inlaid in the wood. When, being first of all a businessman, he sold it a few years ago, he felt as if he had lost a dear friend.) Collectors are likely to be more interested in the appearance and condition of an instrument than in its tonal qualities; Herrmann recommends to them a violin that hasn't been played much—one with a tone that may even be still a little "hard." And, finally, soloists and great concert virtuosos need instruments that respond easily and combine beauty of tone with carrying power. The choice for them is a Stradivari or a Guarnieri del Gesù.

Unfortunately, good violinists cannot always afford the instruments they ought to have. In other days, the ratio between a concert artist's earnings and the price of fine violins was more in the artist's favor. For instance, when Nicolò Paganini gave a series of fourteen concerts in London's Covent Garden in the summer of 1832, he collected eight thousand pounds in ten weeks—almost three thousand dollars a concert. Yet Paganini paid the equivalent of only a thousand dollars for his famous viola, made by Stradivari in 1731—the viola that led Hector Berlioz to compose "Harold in Italy." Describing how this came about, Berlioz later wrote, "Paganini came to me and said, 'I have a marvellous viola, an admirable Stradivari, and I wish to play it in public but I have no music *ad hoc*. Will you write a solo piece for me? You are the only one I can trust for such a work.' " To be sure, after Berlioz had completed "Harold in Italy," Paganini was displeased with it, because "it contained too many rests for the viola." Today the "Paganini" viola is worth close to sixty thousand dollars. It is now owned by Mrs. Anna E. Clark, of New York.

Gifted but impecunious young violinists occasionally ask Herrmann to lend them an instrument. If his estimate of their abilities is as high as their own, he is likely to acquiesce, and not entirely for altruistic reasons; there is always a chance that the young artist may find a benefactor who will lend him the money to buy the violin or even pay for it outright. In 1929, when Yehudi Menuhin was thirteen years old, Herrmann decided that the "Prince Khevenhüller" Stradivari, of 1733, was the ideal instrument for the boy. It is a famous violin. Its label bears the notation, in Stradivari's own hand, "*d'anni 90*" ("at the age of ninety"); the old man took a justifiable pride in producing such a masterpiece at that age. Herrmann lent Menuhin the violin for a concert at Carnegie Hall. In the audience was the late Henry Goldman, the blind New York banker and art collector. He was enchanted by Menuhin and the violin, and thought it would be a fine thing to bring them together permanently. He asked Adolf Busch and Fritz Kreisler about Herrmann, and on being assured that the dealer's judgment could be trusted, he bought the "Prince Khevenhüller" for Menuhin. In 1939, Menuhin bought a Guarnieri del Gesù, of 1742, from Herrmann, and later wrote to him, "You can well imagine how happy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In 1914, Herrmann chose for Jascha Heifetz a Carlo Tononi, of 1735, on which Heifetz, then thirteen, made a great success. Seven years later, when Herrmann was offered the magnificent Guarnieri del Gesù of 1742—called "Ferdinand David," after the concertmaster of the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, who once owned it—he decided that this was the violin Heifetz really ought to have. Heifetz was on tour at the time, so Herrmann got in touch with the violinist's father, who came to see him and bought the violin solely on the dealer's recommendation; Jascha Heifetz had never even seen it. Later he wrote Herrmann, "I have wanted to tell you how much joy my 'David' Guarnieri is giving me. It is a most wonderful violin under any kind of playing conditions and I am continually delighted with it. . . . I feel warmly toward you for bringing 'us' together." Among other concert artists who have bought their instruments from Herrmann are, or were, Richard Burgin, Willy Burmester, Adolf Busch, John Corigliano, Benar Heifetz, Louis Krasner, William Kroll, Edith Lorand, Frances Magnes, Nathan Milstein, Mischa Mischakoff, Jeanne Mitchell, Charles Münch, Ricardo Odnoposoff, Louis Persinger, Gregor Piatigorsky, Ossi Renardi, Joseph Rabushka, Ruggiero Ricci, Josef Roismann, Alexander Schneider, Toscha Seidel, Oscar Shumsky, Miriam Solovieff, and Helen Teschner-Tass.

Among Herrmann's most rewarding customers are wealthy collectors, but the species is dying out fast. In Europe, they have declined steadily since the First World War. Today the only nation where an appreciation of fine instruments is backed up by adequate cash is

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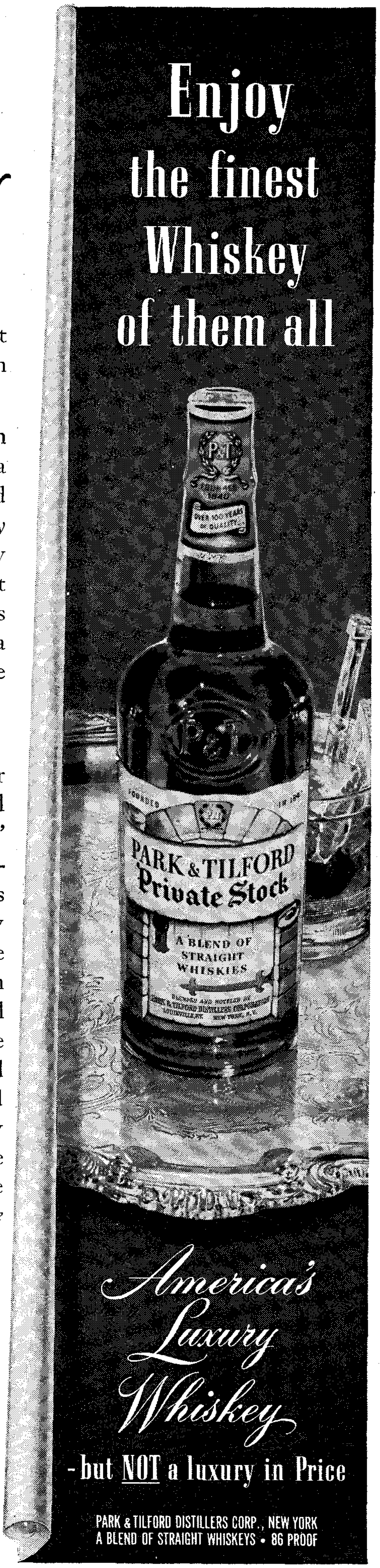
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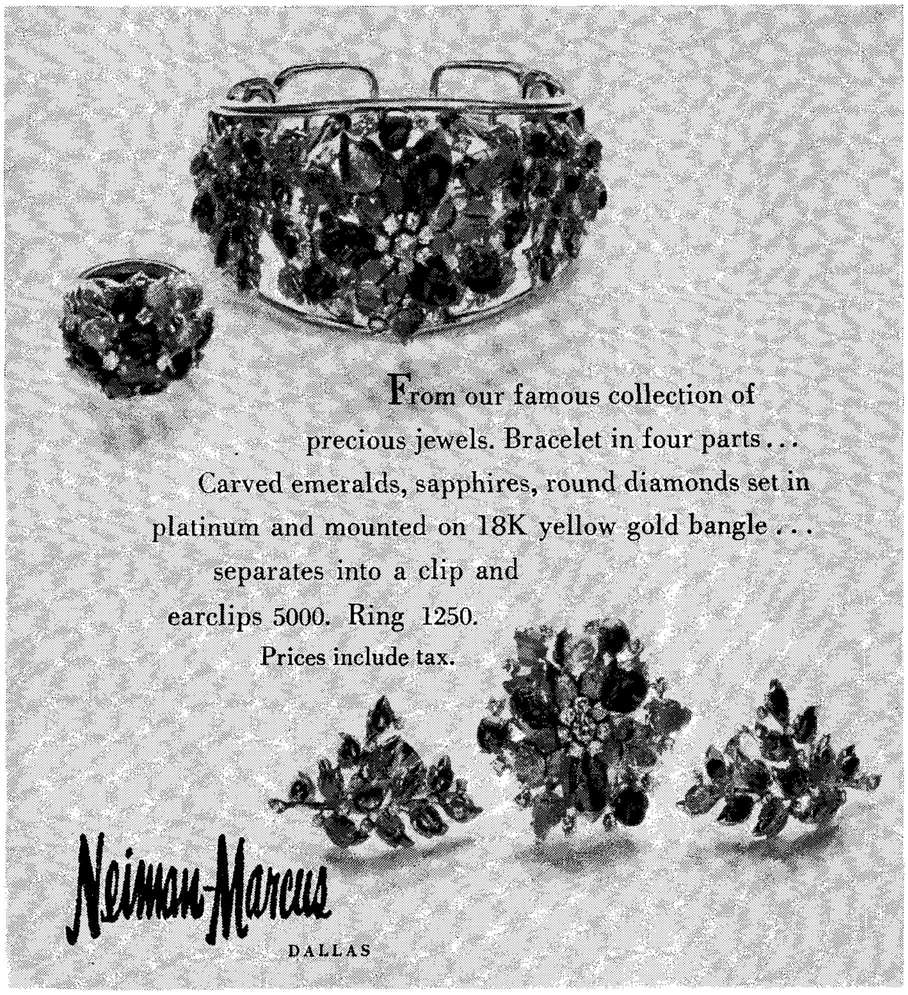

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the United States. When Herrmann first came here, in 1923, there were about fifteen Stradivaris in America; now there are over two hundred and fifty. At present, about half the world's important instruments are in this country, where they change hands much faster than they used to in Europe. The first important collector in the United States was Royal De Forest Hawley, of Hartford, a dealer in hardware and agricultural supplies; at the time of his death, in 1893, he had twelve excellent violins, among them two Stradivaris. Other early collectors in this country were D. J. Partello, a State Department official who started his career under President Cleveland; and J. W. Coggeshall, of Providence, a textile manufacturer. Herrmann's prize customer today is a partner in a downtown investment firm who played the violin as a young man but never owned a really fine instrument until he met Herrmann. Under Herrmann's guidance, he has built up what is believed to be the foremost private collection of violins in the world. He currently owns six outstanding Stradivaris, covering the Master's finest period—the "Harrison," of 1693; the "Rubino," of 1708; the "Parke-Kreisler," of 1711; the "Cessole," of 1716, which is one of the greatest of all; the "De Chaponay," of 1722; and the Herrmann-christened "Venus," of 1727. He also owns two exceptional Guarnieris del Gesù (the "Soil," of 1733, and the "Joachim," of 1737); a Nicolò Amati, a Carlo Bergonzi, and an Alessandro Gagliano; and the Andrea Amati of 1566, which is probably the oldest violin in this country. Herrmann sold him all but one of them.

There are musicians who bitterly object to collectors, maintaining that they buy up fine violins and put them away where they do no one any good. Herrmann, as might be expected, strongly dissents, and he has forceful arguments for backing up his position. In his opinion, the world is indebted to collectors for the preservation of many fine instruments that would otherwise have deteriorated. If all the fine instruments had always been in the hands of professionals, he says, there would be fewer of them today. Some great artists—notably Heifetz, Menuhin, Milstein, Kreisler, and Francescatti—keep theirs in perfect condition; they always clean them carefully and "put them to bed" after using them. But quite a few musicians take shocking care of their instruments—exposing them unnecessarily to the rigors of climate, getting them scratched, and neglecting to remove rosin dust, which eats into the varnish. (A drop of olive oil will safely remove the dust, but some people use alcohol, which destroys the varnish altogether.) It is true that a violin becomes less responsive in its vibration and tonal qualities if it is seldom played over a period of ten or twenty years, but after a few months of expert playing it sounds as good as before, and sometimes better. Herrmann has an especially low estimate of anyone who feels that it is his privilege to mistreat a violin simply because "I paid for it." "People who have fine violins in their possession are merely trustees for future generations," he says. "Their ownership is temporary. They have the duty of preserving their instruments for posterity." He was also pained by the conduct of one prominent violinist who, thinking something was wrong with his Stradivari, had it taken apart so many times that it lost much of its quality. "Any time a man thinks something is wrong with his Stradivari, he ought to start wondering whether something isn't wrong with himself," Herrmann says.

HERRMANN became associated with violins at an early age. His father, August Herrmann, started out in life, during the eighteen-seventies, as a music teacher in Tauberbischofsheim, Germany, and worked on the side as an apprentice to Carl Adam Hörlein, a violinmaker in nearby Würzburg. Gradually he gave up teaching and began to deal in violins and pianos in Tauberbischofsheim. In 1890, he moved to Frankfurt am Main, where he set himself up as both a dealer in and a manufacturer of violins, with a workshop presided over by Theodor Schrage, a well-known violinmaker. Before long, the senior Herrmann had eight violinmakers on his payroll, all busily turning out instruments that were called Herrmann's Neue Solo Violinen. However, being basically an old-violin man, he closed down his Solo Violinen plant in 1902 and established himself in Berlin as a dealer in rare stringed instruments.

August Herrmann had three children—August, Jr.; Emil; and Bianca. Emil was born in Tauberbischofsheim, on February 2, 1888. (It has since been pointed out to him more than once that February 2nd is also the birthday of Fritz Kreisler and Jascha Heifetz.) Father Herrmann made each of his sons take up the violin at the age of six. Emil liked the violin all right, but he hated to practice. Nevertheless, he ground away at his studies, for his father was not well disposed toward disobedience, and today he is glad that he did, if only because it is

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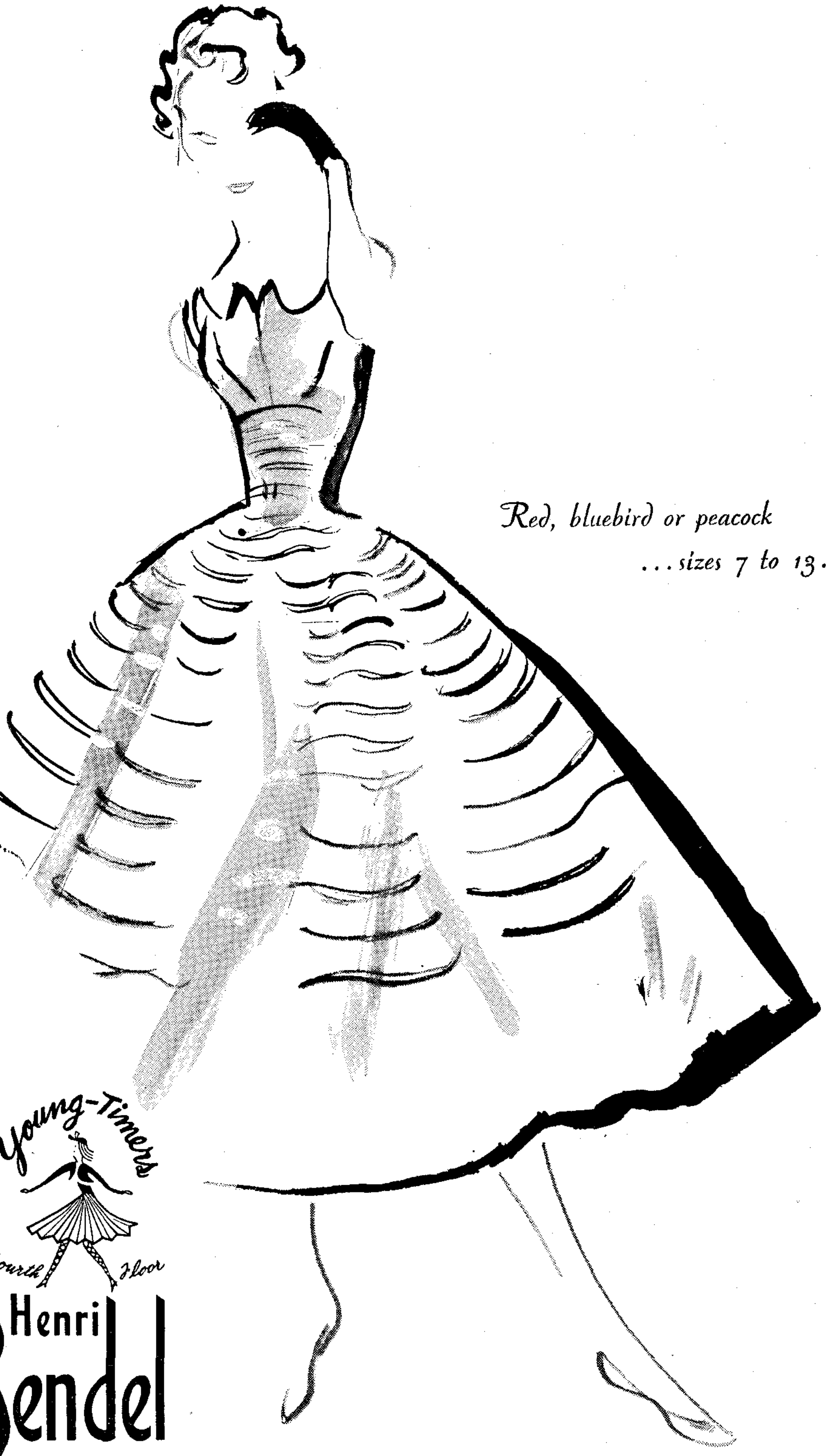

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all but impossible to sell violins without knowing how to play one. As he grew up, he went on studying, but he continued to be a far from ardent pupil.

Life in the Herrmann family revolved around violins. The father had a repair shop, where his instruments were put in order, and the boys spent much of their time there, watching the craftsmen at work and getting the feel of violins, but they didn't become apprentices; their father wanted them to be dealers and experts rather than makers. When Emil was eight, his father began explaining the intricacies of violins to him and his brother. For a year, the boys were shown a different, undistinguished German violin every day and ordered to write a one-page analysis of it. The second year, their father gave them better French violins to study and report on, and finally they advanced to the unequalled Italian violins. At the dinner table, violins were discussed much as wine is discussed at the tables of French *viticulteurs*. Every time an old violin was brought into the shop, Father Herrmann would ask his sons to describe its characteristics in writing and try to deduce the country it came from and its maker. It was hard, unexciting work, but it paid off. By 1906, when Emil was eighteen, his father had enough confidence in his judgment to send him out on the road as a buyer and seller. In Wiesbaden, Emil sold a fine Nicolò Amati for twenty-one thousand marks—which was then five thousand dollars and a high price. His father was delighted. Emil spent the greater part of the next few years buying and selling violins in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Holland, and Belgium.

Nowadays, Herrmann looks back fondly at those times. In Budapest, he met Jenö Hubay, who was the head of the Music Academy there, and his pupils, three of whom were Franz von Veczey, Joseph Szigeti, and Steffi Geyer; in Brussels, the great violinists Eugène Ysaye and César Thomson; in Prague and Vienna, respectively, Otokar Ševčík and Arnold Rosé, who conducted classes for aspiring violinists from all over the world. There was much demand for the young salesman's rare Italian wares, particularly in Vienna, where a number of wealthy men, among them Theodor Hämmerle, Wilhelm Kux, Oskar Bondy, the Rothschilds, and the Barons Gutmann and Wittgenstein, were notable collectors. During the slack warm-weather months, Emil continued to study the violin, part of the time at a summer school that the great Ševčík conducted

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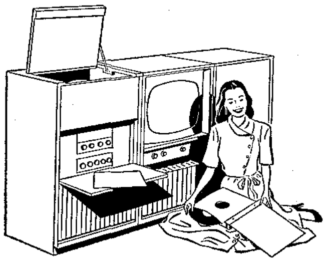

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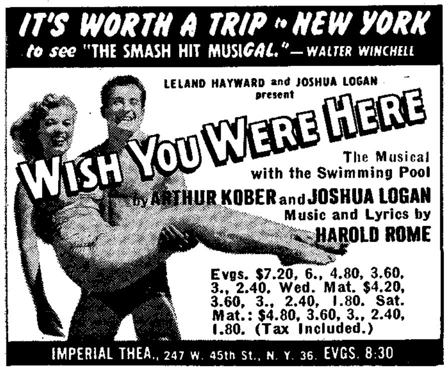
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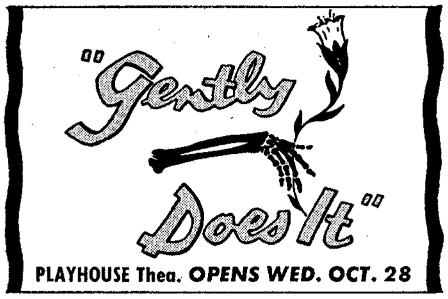
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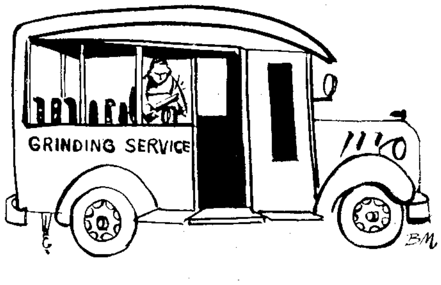
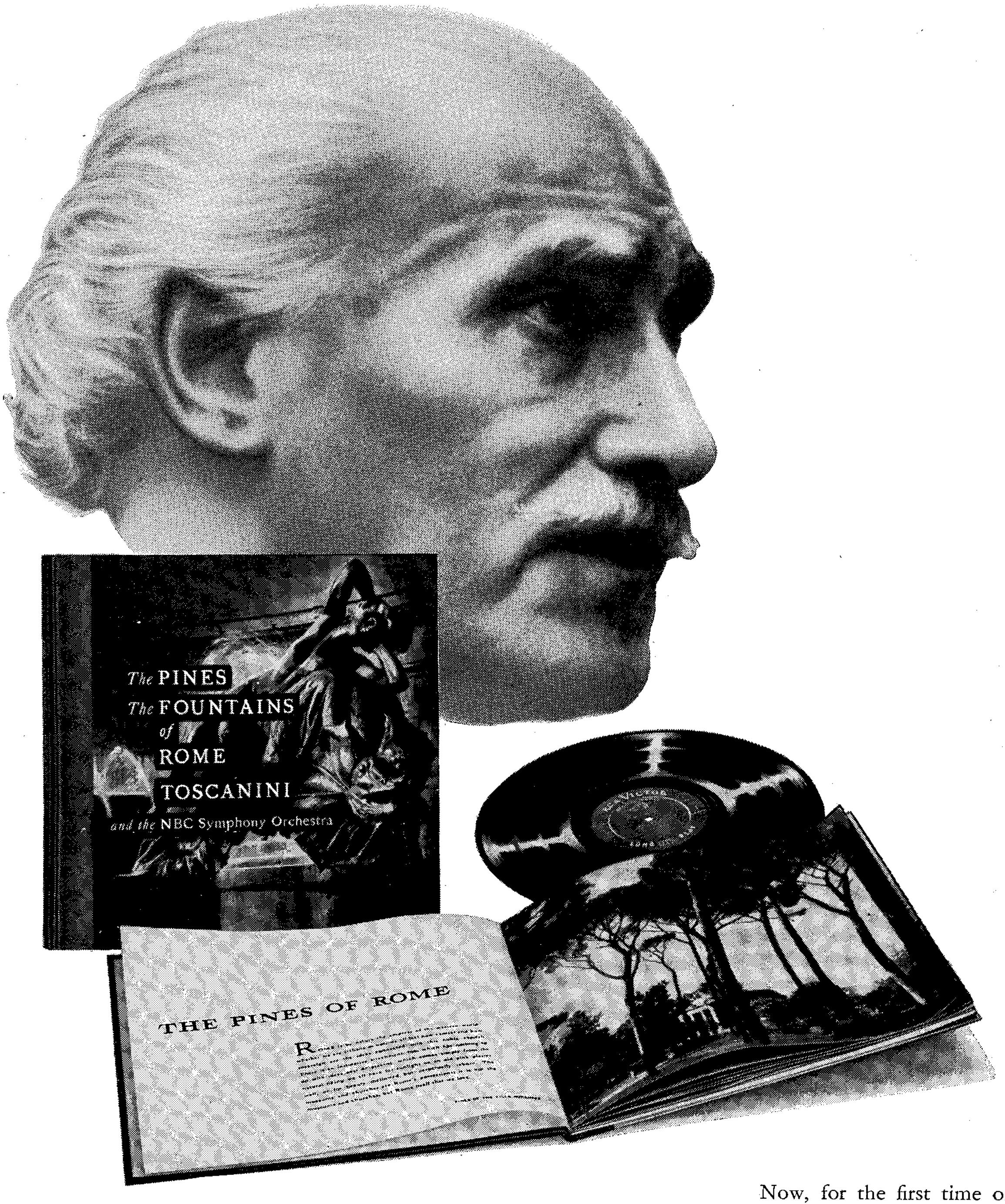
in the small Czech town of Písek. Sevčík's fame had just been enhanced by the success of his star pupil, Jan Kubelik. "Sevčik would tell you how to break up the most difficult violin concerto into workable scales and passages," Herrmann recalls. "After a while, even the Brahms and Tchaikovsky concertos ceased to frighten you." Herrmann spent one summer in Loschwitz, near Dresden, at a camp run by Leopold Auer, of St. Petersburg, who was perhaps the most successful teacher of the day. Among Auer's pupils were Heifetz, Efrem Zimbalist, Mischa Elman, Kathleen Parlow, David Hochstein, and Cecilia Hansen. Herrmann's summers proved to be a good investment, for in the course of them he made friends with many young violinists who have since become great soloists, noted orchestra players, or prominent teachers in various parts of the world, and many of them are now loyal customers of his.

While on the road during the winter, Herrmann did business in an old-fashioned way, putting on cutaway and top hat and paying formal visits to eminent teachers and collectors to invite them to inspect his stock. "It's hard to realize now that such a life did exist—and only forty years ago," he says wistfully. In the evening, he would attend a concert, and afterward there might be a party that would last through the night. Herrmann remembers one such blowout in the fall of 1911, when he and his brother, who also spent much time on the road, were showing a collection in Vienna. Among their visitors were Eugène Ysaye, who was giving a concert in town, and his son Gabriel. Ysaye invited everybody to a party after the concert. Emil got back to the hotel at dawn, but his brother didn't return until the following afternoon, and Gabriel Ysaye wasn't heard from until two weeks later, when he turned up in Berlin, just in time for one of his father's concerts.

One of Herrmann's best friends in those days was Albert Benois, the son of the famous Russian water-colorist and an artist himself. After a wild career in the Czarist Army, Albert had abruptly decided to become a violin virtuoso. A tall, handsome man of the grand-seigneur school, much given to eating, drinking, and talking, he was contemptuous of anyone who practiced on the violin. As far as he was concerned, he boasted, he would attain his goal through sheer genius. One summer when he and Herrmann were studying under Ysaye in Godinne, Belgium, he told Herrmann about the high life in St. Petersburg and invited him to come to Russia, where he would be sure to meet a lot of good customers. Benois returned to Russia in the spring of 1914, and Herrmann promised to get in touch with him later. He kept his promise, but with no violins to sell and with no prospect whatever of sampling St. Petersburg high life, for the First World War intervened between the promise and the fulfillment. Herrmann was drafted into the German Army in 1915. After eight weeks of training, he was sent to the Belgian front, and then switched to the Russian front. His company, consisting of inexperienced draftees like himself and led by green reserve officers, was daily diminished by Russian bullets. Before long, he was taken prisoner when, ignoring orders, he advanced instead of retreating and found himself surrounded by hordes of Russians. After a long ride east in a cattle car, Herrmann was interned in a prisoner-of-war camp in Dauria, close to Manchuria, in the vicinity of the Gobi Desert.

All things considered, life in Dauria was not bad. The prisoners were allowed to organize string quartets and orchestras, and Herrmann was much in demand as a violinist. Toward the end of the war, all but the most basic restrictions were lifted, and he was often invited to play in the homes of Russian officers. One night, Herrmann was invited to the home of Colonel Vassily Yurkevich, a retired regimental commander who was chairman of a local building commission. The Yurkevich house was popular with the prisoners of war, because of the excellent food, the damask tablecloths on which it was served, and the Colonel's three pretty daughters. Herrmann especially liked the *bœuf Stroganoff* and Kira, the Colonel's second daughter. For her benefit, he outdid himself in putting on a concert in the Yurkevich music room, winding up with a dazzling performance of a mazurka by Wieniawski. Eventually, Herrmann proposed to Kira and was accepted. There were mutterings among the local Russian social arbiters about a misalliance, but Colonel Yurkevich was pleased. Actually, the engagement turned out to be

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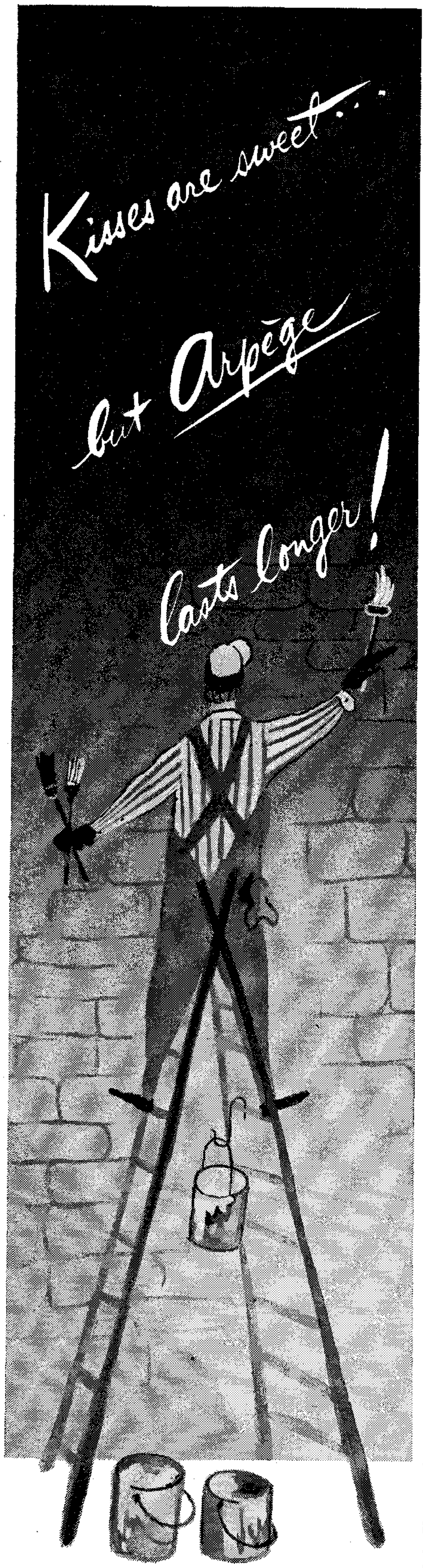
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a lucky thing for all concerned, for when the Revolution erupted in 1917 and the Red Russians took out after the gentry and the Czarist officers, Herrmann arranged to conceal the Yurkevich family in the prisoner-of-war camp. The family returned the favor a few months later, when the White Russians temporarily regained control and put Herrmann in jail as a German spy. It was Colonel Yurkevich who liberated him.

Herrmann and Kira were married in November, 1919, in Chita, a town in the Transbaikalia region of Siberia. To support his bride and himself, Herrmann played the violin in a Chita cinema, sitting behind the screen and barging into "Ave Maria" when the heroine was in distress or the "William Tell" Overture when the villain took to his heels. A competitor for the job was Alexander Hilsberg, who later became the concertmaster of the Philadelphia Orchestra and is now conductor of the New Orleans Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. After a few months of this, the Herrmanns left Chita and headed east. Herrmann was eager to return to Germany, and about the best route at that time was via Shanghai, Singapore, and Suez. On the way, in Harbin, Herrmann was able to keep his prewar date with his friend Albert Benois, who had not become a violin virtuoso through sheer genius but was aide-de-camp to the Russian military governor of Manchuria, and thus a person of considerable influence. Benois invited the Herrmanns to the governor's mansion and then gave them a pass on the Manchurian State Railroad to Dairen, where Herrmann gave two concerts and made enough money to get to Tsingtao. After spending six pleasant weeks with members of the German colony in that city, and raising more money, he and his wife got aboard a steamer bound for Europe and arrived in Hamburg in May, 1920. A few months later, their daughter Tatjana was born in Berlin.

IT was not a happy homecoming. Herrmann's brother had been killed in the war, and his father, depressed by the loss of one son, showed little pleasure at learning that his other son had married what he continued to regard as an enemy alien. In 1922, Herrmann left his father's business and started his own violin firm in Berlin. His initial stock was small—a G. B. Guadagnini and sixty minor instruments. After a few weeks, he was commissioned to sell a fine Guarnieri del Gesù and a Stradivari.

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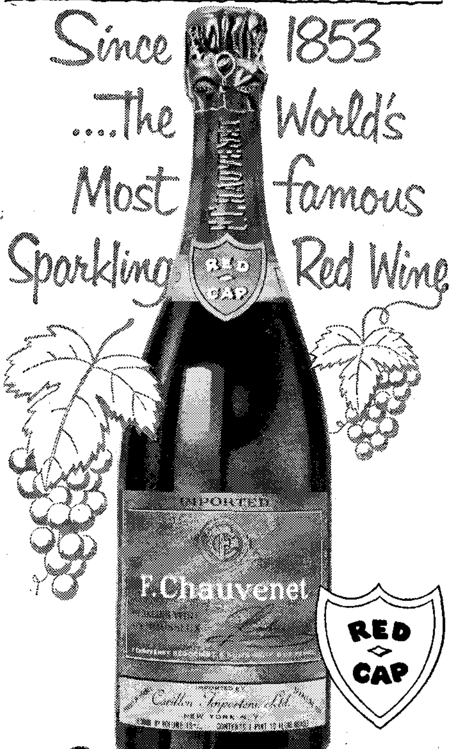

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He went to London, where he sold the Stradivari for nine hundred pounds, or forty-five hundred dollars, and then to Amsterdam, where he made an excellent deal on the Guarnieri. The possibilities for a violin dealer in the United States were said to be enormous—plenty of money and few good instruments—and in January, 1923, he made his first trip here. Visiting New York, Rochester, and Chicago, Herrmann sold a Nicolò Amati cello, a Stradivari, and several other violins. He went home two months later with fifteen thousand American dollars in cash, which was a fortune in inflation-ridden Germany. He became Germany's most generous employer by paying the men in his workshop five dollars a week. They would spend one dollar and save the rest.

In Germany, the violin business was at a standstill. No one there wanted to sell violins, since the price brought by a Stradivari might not even pay for a streetcar ride a week later. In October, 1923, Herrmann returned to New York, bringing with him his wife and another collection of violins. After staying for a while at the Hotel Wellington, which was the headquarters of Fritz Kreisler and other musicians, Herrmann went into partnership with Oswald Schilbach, a German violinmaker who was working in a tiny room on Madison Avenue. The two men rented office space at 148 West Fifty-seventh Street, as close to Carnegie Hall as they could get. They painted a picture of a violin on the window, which they kept lighted during the evening, and were in business. Theirs was the first music shop on Fifty-seventh Street. It wasn't much of a place—just a salesroom and office in front, containing a desk, a vault, and three cello cases; a middle room that Schilbach used as a workshop; and a back room, where the Herrmanns ate, slept, and frequently entertained. Business was good, and three years later Herrmann left Schilbach and moved into larger quarters across the street. He called his one-man enterprise "Emil Herrmann, Rare Violins," and that is still its name.

During the next ten years, Herrmann divided his time between Germany and the United States, crossing the ocean with a specially constructed trunk lined with compartments for twelve violins; on many occasions, the instruments it contained were worth half a million dollars. He was an enthusiastic air traveller until one day in October, 1926, when, with four Stradivaris, he boarded a small Junkers monoplane bound from Helsinki to Berlin. Over the North Sea,

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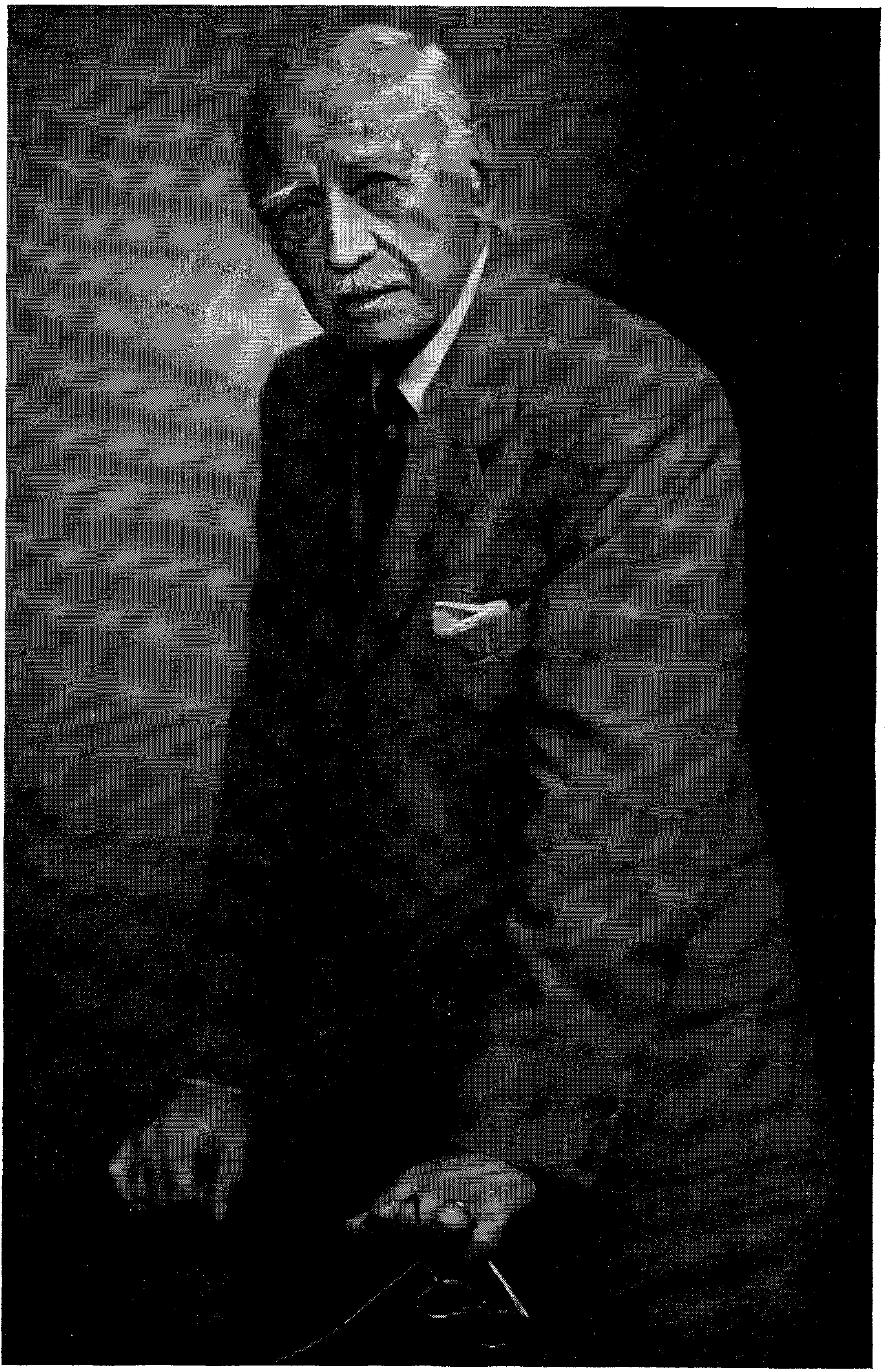

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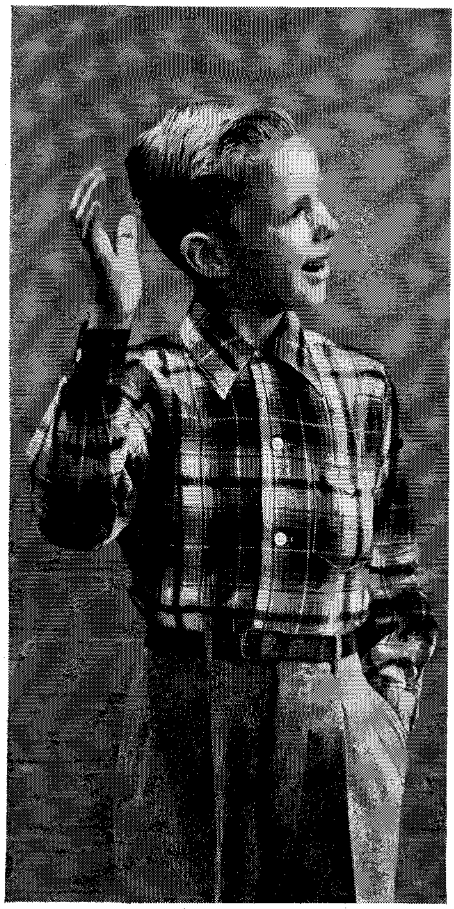

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the lone engine started to cough and the plane settled on the sea. The four Stradivaris (and the pilot and the plane's two passengers) were picked up and landed on a tiny Finnish island. The experience made Herrmann slightly leery of flying, particularly when he is travelling in the company of several Stradivaris.

In the late twenties, Herrmann decided to expand his business in this country, and in the spring of 1929, he opened branch offices in Chicago and San Francisco. A few months later, when the crash came, the demand for violins, rare and otherwise, subsided abruptly. Herrmann was stuck with four offices (including one in Berlin), a payroll that took in office managers with long-term contracts, and practically no business. At this point, it would have been easy to buy up violins at bargain prices, but Herrmann had put most of his surplus cash into expanding his business; in fact, the firm's financial situation became so precarious that he was reduced to pawning the family silver. The Herrmanns managed to scrape along until 1933, when Hitler came to power and Germany's armament drive got under way. Then things got better for a while, as Herrmann, reversing his usual procedure, imported instruments into Germany from the United States. Not for long, however; the Nazis soon decreed that no valuable instruments could be taken out of the country, and people didn't want to buy in the face of such restrictions. Moreover, the mark began to fall.

Early in 1937, Herrmann moved his New York headquarters into a cathedral-like duplex office at 130 West Fifty-seventh Street, where the acoustics were superb and where he installed three vaults big enough to store a hundred and ten instruments. After the war, what with his large number of relatives and violins—both irreplaceable—he grew increasingly apprehensive over the constant talk of New York's vulnerability to an atomic-bomb attack. (His Berlin office had been bombed out in 1942.) Besides, his Fifty-seventh Street setup was extremely costly, and the noise of the city was getting him down. Finally, he moved everybody and everything to Easton, where he is prepared to withstand a long siege by either man or nature. There, in addition to his subterranean study and vault, he has put in three furnaces, in case two should break down; an emergency generator, to provide electric current; a filling-station pump, to provide the gasoline to keep the generator going; and a couple of wells. Mrs. Herr-

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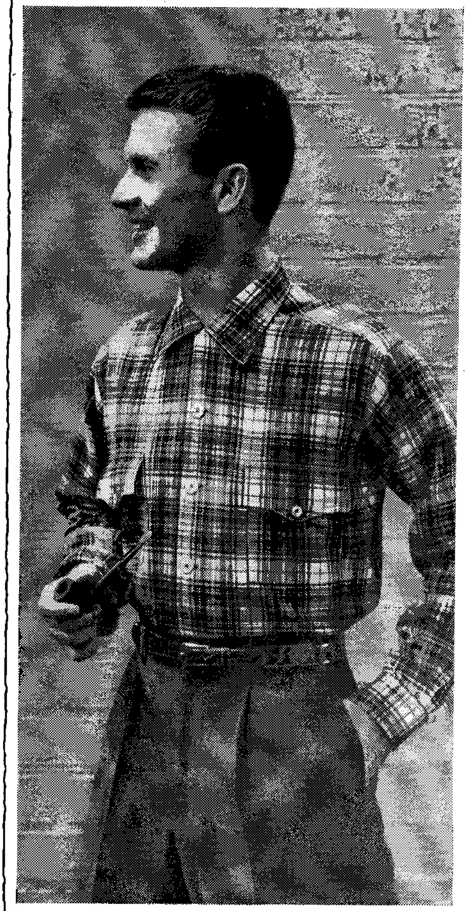

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mann keeps a deep freeze bountifully stocked with Russian delicacies, and Herrmann's wine cellar is well provisioned. He believes that fine food and fine wines go well with fine fiddles, and points out that Brillat-Savarin once owned the beautiful reddish-brown Stradivari, of 1721, later called the "Macmillen" Strad, after the American violinist Francis Macmillen, of Marietta, Ohio. Last year, Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann became American citizens.

ONE afternoon not long ago, Herrmann and I drove out to Easton from the city. Upon arriving, we went down to his bombproof study, where we found the young American concert violinist Jeanne Mitchell examining a violin with the ecstatic expression of a Moslem pilgrim gazing for the first time on the minarets of Mecca. Miss Mitchell bought a Guarnieri del Gesù, of 1729, from Herrmann last year, after she had borrowed it for two years, and, like all good customers, she has the run of the place. Herrmann complimented her on her performance of the Bruch Concerto with the Connecticut Symphony Orchestra at a concert he had attended the night before in Bridgeport. Miss Mitchell smiled modestly and said it wasn't she, it was Herrmann's wonderful Guarnieri that deserved the praise. Herrmann shook his head. "You played it, Jeanne. And your tone was big and beautiful."

"I love my violin," she said. "During the time you lent it to me, I'd sometimes get up at night and turn on the light to see whether it was still there. The very thought of having to part with it made me so nervous that my hands would start to tremble."

"Well, you've got it now, so relax," Herrmann said. "What's this I hear about your bow?"

"Yes, my bow," Miss Mitchell said. "That's why I came. I'm afraid it's had it. Look."

Herrmann pushed up his glasses and inspected the bow she held toward him. "Do you always play it so tight?" he asked.

"I'm used to it that way," she said. "It's bad, I know."

"Kreisler would have tightened it even more, and he did fine," Herrmann said. "But you're right, it's almost finished." He went to a glass-covered cabinet, took out another bow, and asked her to try it. "Here, take one of these," he added, pointing at several violins lying on a table.

Miss Mitchell picked up the violin that she'd been looking at when we

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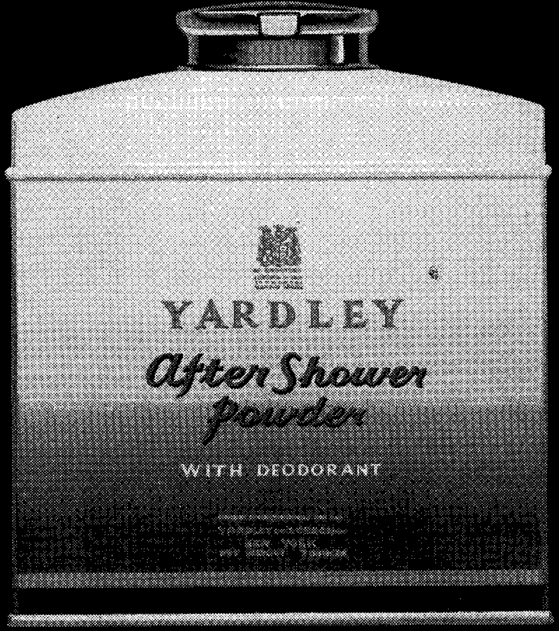

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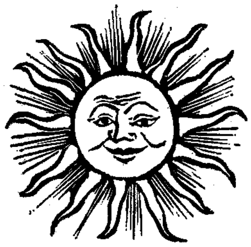

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came in and drew the bow across it. It had a sweet, strong sound.

"Gosh!" she said.

"It's the bow you're trying, Jeanne, not the fiddle," Herrmann said dryly.

"Sure, sure," said Miss Mitchell. "But what fiddle is it, just the same?"

"The 'Monasterio' Stradivari, of 1719," Herrmann told her, and explained that it was named for Jesús Monasterio, a famous nineteenth-century Spanish violinist.

"Oh dear!" Miss Mitchell said, and sighed. She drew a few more notes. "It has that ventriloquist quality. It throws its tone. What shall I play? I never know what to play on one of your violins. They make me nervous."

"Play some scales," Herrmann said.

Miss Mitchell put down the violin and laughed. "You sound like Heifetz," she said. "I remember once, three years ago, when I played for him, he listened through a sonata and a whole concerto without saying anything, and then when I finished, he said, 'And now play some scales.' What a letdown it was!"

"Well, play the Bruch," Herrmann said.

Miss Mitchell played the beginning of the Bruch Concerto, but soon switched to some staccato and spiccato passages to test the bow. "This is a wonderful bow," she said. "Look, you didn't give me a Tourte, did you? I can't afford one." François Tourte, who lived in Paris between 1750 and 1835, is the Stradivari of bowmakers. Originally a watchmaker, he brought a jeweller's precision to the making of bows, improving many of their details. A good Tourte bow sells for from one thousand dollars to several times that. Herrmann assured Miss Mitchell that the bow wasn't a Tourte. "I've always wondered why not a single Cremonese bow has been preserved," he said to me while she was playing a Paganini "Caprice." "I've never seen a Stradivari bow, and yet we know he made them—along with bridges and pegs and cases and everything else."

Miss Mitchell put the violin down. "It's a great instrument," she said, and added, a bit defiantly, "But I wouldn't trade my Guarnieri for it."

"That's the way you ought to feel," Herrmann told her. He went into the vault and came out with a violin in each hand and two more under his arms. He put them on the table and handed one to Miss Mitchell. "Here, try this one," he said.

The violin produced a dark, velvety tone. "Stradivari?" Miss Mitchell asked.

"No," Herrmann replied. "It's per-

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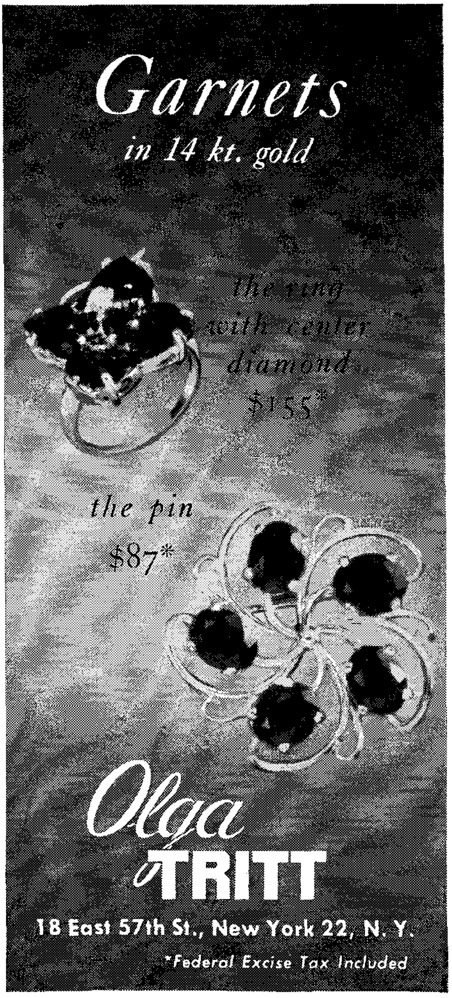

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haps the finest Pietro Guarnieri of Venice."

Miss Mitchell started to play some of the Beethoven Concerto, and I asked Herrmann whether he didn't think the importance of an instrument, any instrument, is sometimes overrated, since, after all, it's the artist who produces the tone. He nodded. "A bad violinist sounds bad even when he's playing the finest Stradivari," he said. "And a great violinist will sound good even on a mediocre violin. But there's no doubt that a good artist is helped by a good instrument." He reminded me of a well-known violinist whose musicianship is famous but whose tone isn't. "He plays a second-rate violin," Herrmann said. "People don't know it, of course, but they do know instinctively that an element of tonal beauty is missing. I had the proof one night when he borrowed a fine Stradivari from me for a Carnegie Hall concert. Several critics noted that his tone was better than usual."

Miss Mitchell put down the Guarnieri and tried another of the violins on the table. I found myself attracted to one of the others—a beautiful Stradivari, of 1702, with a handsome one-piece back and a full red varnish. Taking a bow from the table, I began to play, too. Herrmann smiled and, after a while, handed me a violin that was varnished in a lovely golden orange. "Nicolò Amati," he said, and tried the Stradivari himself. For some time, the three of us strolled about the study, playing and testing, each trying to listen to the sound of his own fiddle. Mrs. Popoff, the secretary, came in carrying a batch of letters, put them on Herrmann's desk, and, apparently not noticing the noise, walked out again. Presently, we stopped, and Herrmann showed us still another violin, played a few notes on it, and asked us to guess what it was. Miss Mitchell thought it was a Guarnieri. It sounded to me like an Amati.

"You're both wrong," Herrmann said. "It's one of the finest Francesco Ruggieris."

"Oh!" Miss Mitchell said dreamily. "All these wonderful, wonderful violins! This is what heaven must be like."

—Joseph Wechsberg

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Herrmann.*)

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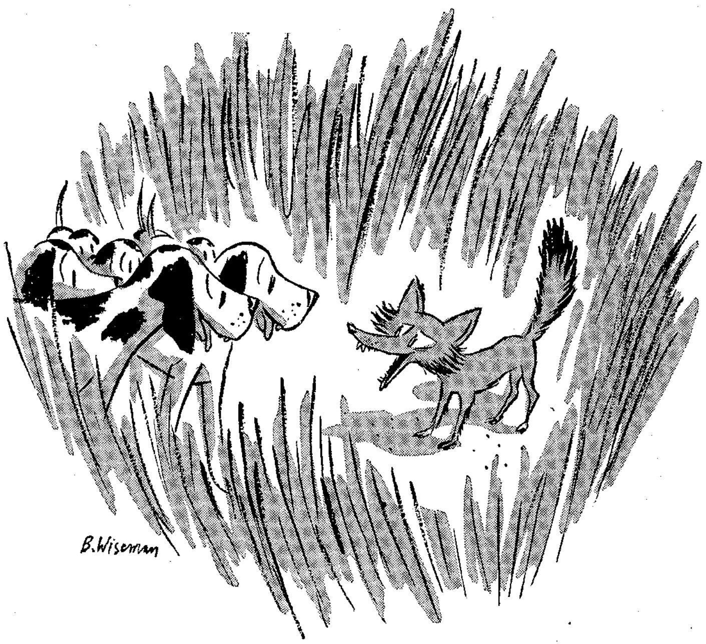

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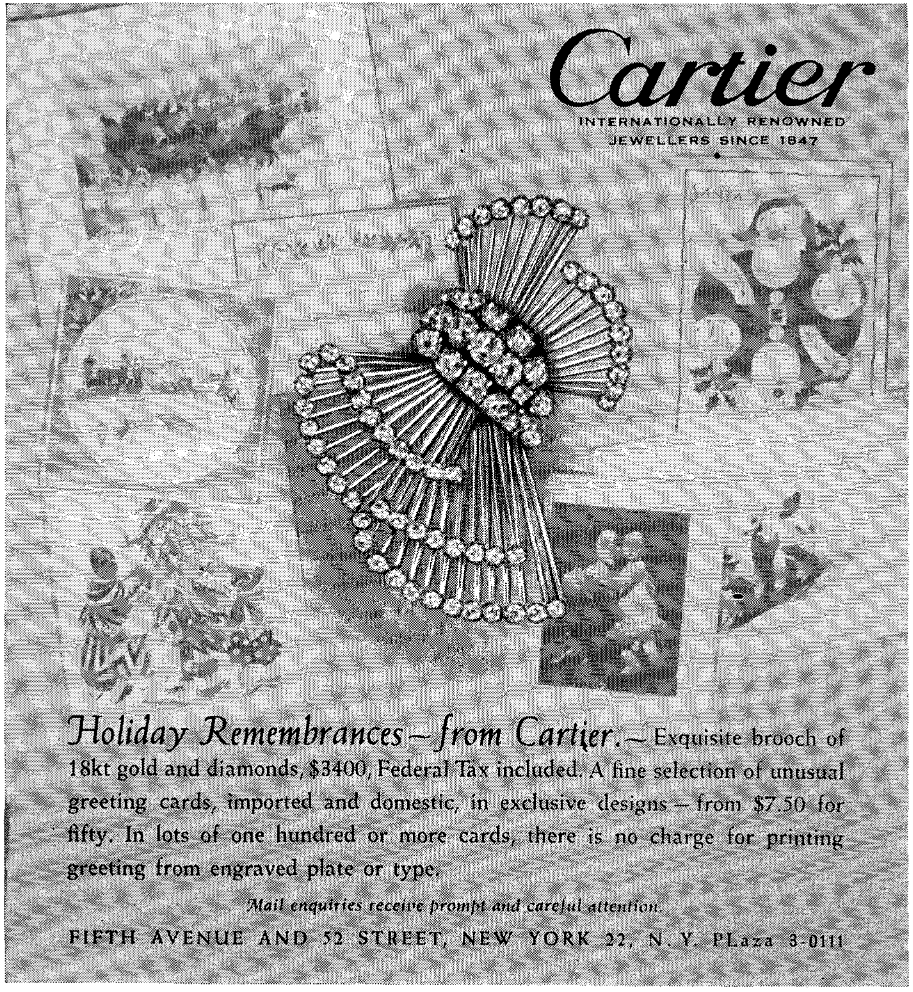

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THE THEATRE

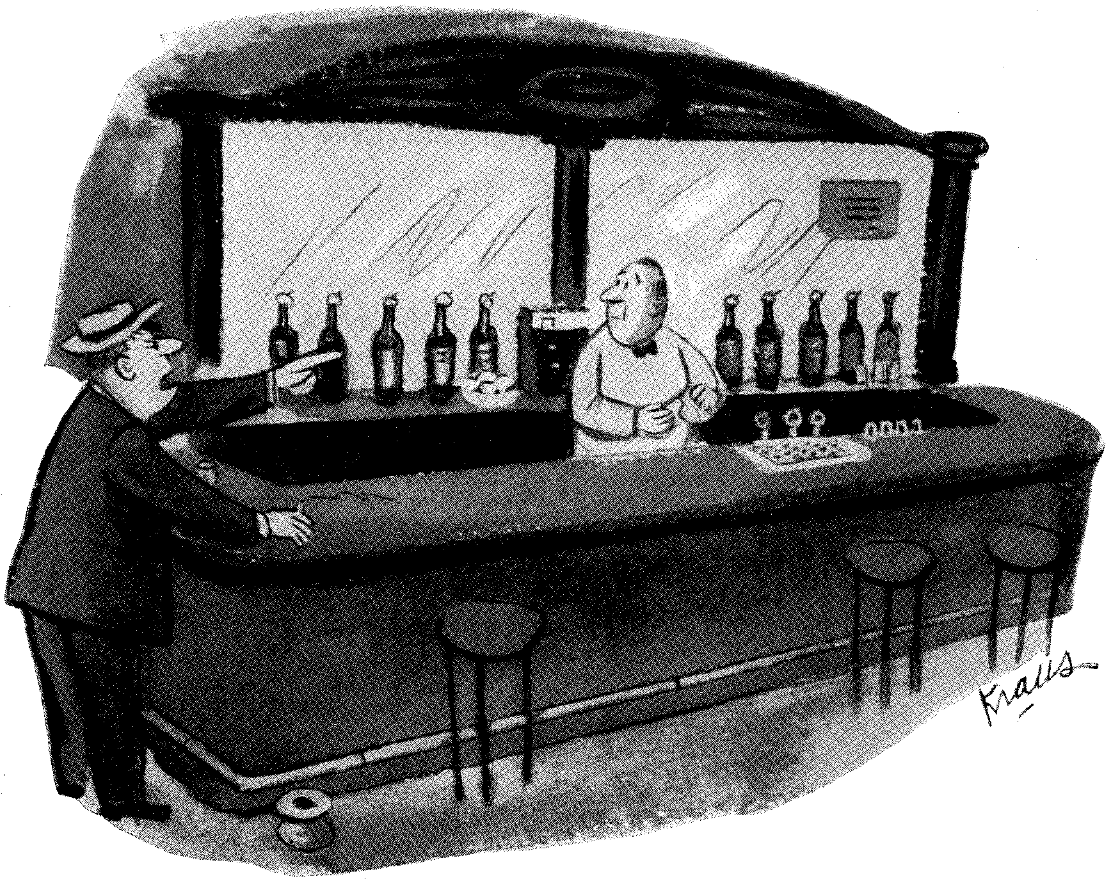
THE MOUNTAIN AND THE MOUSE

FOR about three years now, ecstatic travellers have come back from London with reports on the excellent style, wit, and charm of "The Little Hut," a comedy that Nancy Mitford had adapted from the French of André Roussin. "This is it, kid!" they have cried, still shaken with remembered merriment. "The real McCoy, the top drawer, *la vraie chose!*" America waited impatiently, putting up in the meanwhile as best it could with the native crudities, and then, last Wednesday evening at the Coronet, it got "The Little Hut." The reaction, I'm afraid, must have been somewhat numbing to John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd., who so hopefully shipped the novelty across the sea; to Anne Vernon, Roland Culver, and Colin Gordon, who so valiantly attacked its leading roles; and to the erstwhile prophets of its sure success, who now found themselves looking remarkably silly. There was some laughter here and there, occasionally at a shapely line but more often at the singular variety and abundance of the props; there was dutiful applause for the actors when they first appeared and again when they finally retired; but for the most part the audience sat restive in the dark, waiting for the miracle that never came.

There will be those, I'm sure, who will try to explain this disappointing reception by saying that the American public is not yet up to the cultivated Anglo-Gallic perversities of the script; others who will say that the current performances lack entirely the persuasiveness of those given by Robert Morley, Joan Tetzel, and David Tomlinson in the original British version; and still others who will maintain that what was once directed as high comedy is now presented as something very close to farce. Of the first of these opinions, I can only remark that the sophistication of "The Little Hut" hardly impresses me as anything likely to strike terror into many hearts outside the mountains of Tennessee; and on the other two I can't report at all, never having witnessed the splendors in question, though I might mention that I find it very hard to imagine an alchemy of production that could transmute the unpromising ore visible at the Coronet into purest gold. I say it's antimony and, to borrow a haunting phrase from an earlier issue of this magazine, I say the hell with it.

The piece, as you've probably gathered from the lavish advance publicity it received, concerns a British husband, his wife, and her lover, who are cast away on a desert island. The stage contains two huts, one suitable for two occupants, the other just big enough for one. The initial problem, of course, is which of the trio—or, rather, which combination of two of them—shall sleep in the larger shelter. This is debated, in a style that might be described as a barbless and often rather inane parody of Noel Coward's "Design for Living," for most of the first act. In the second, a plan is adopted whereby the lady will entertain each of the gentlemen on alternate weeks, but presently this sensible arrangement is threatened by the arrival of a stranger, who at first is taken to be a native chieftain bent on slaughter and whom, in the interests of the common safety, the lady is persuaded, more or less against her inclinations, to accommodate for the night. In the last act, it develops that the visitor is not a noble savage at all but a Danish cook, who has also been marooned on the island, and this leads to a discussion of caste in relation to sexual behavior that may recall "The Admirable Crichton," though not very forcibly. A rescuing ship puts an end to all these perplexities, but not before they have been even further complicated by the entrance of an ape, whose exact humorous purpose escapes me at the moment.

This anecdote is told in that queer, exhausted, twittering vernacular that Mr. Coward and his associates have led us to accept as the speech of the British upper classes ("I say, old boy, you *are* rather a cad, you know"), and, almost



"*I can lick you.*"

inevitably, the treatment of jungle adultery in terms of Lord's, Wimbledon, and Epsom Downs provides its moments of comedy, but it is a frail, mechanical humor at best, and once the formula is grasped, its impact diminishes fast. My greatest enjoyment, as I've said, was derived from the physical aspects of the production: the faultless dinner jackets on the men and the heroine's more than fetching evening gown against the barbaric grandeur of the forest; the gourds and palm leaves and shells wonderfully transformed into the likenesses of civilized conveniences; the salvaged phonograph balanced high in a tree and operated like a cuckoo clock, with coconuts for weights; the native dishes garnished and served with a flourish worthy of the Ritz—the whole atmosphere, in fact, of a fine, fantastic dream. It is a majestic effort, and the pity of it is that it serves to emphasize rather than conceal the sad inadequacy of the play.

The performances are not easy to evaluate. Mr. Culver and Mr. Gordon, as the husband and the *tertium quid*, respectively, gave us the kind of cartoon Englishmen that seemed to be stipulated in the script, but I couldn't help feeling that more forceful personalities and more varied acting styles might have added some extra dimension to these parts. Miss Vernon is certainly an alluring young woman, but she is a Parisian and her imperfect acquaintance with the English language, and especially the variety spoken in Mayfair, often robbed her lines of much of their point, while John Granger, whose conversation was limited to grunts when he was supposed to be a savage and to a hardly more comprehensible dialect when he was a Dane, was also working rather under wraps. The monkey, in the person of Ray Gil, was asked to do little except shinny up a tree, which he did with commendable spirit. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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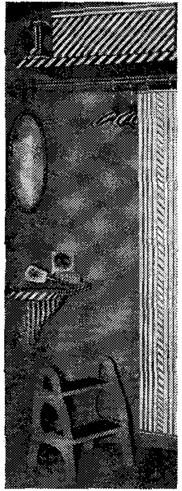

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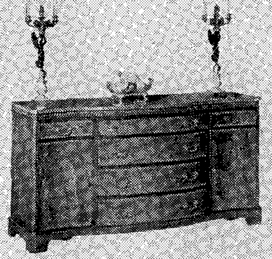

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FOOTBALL

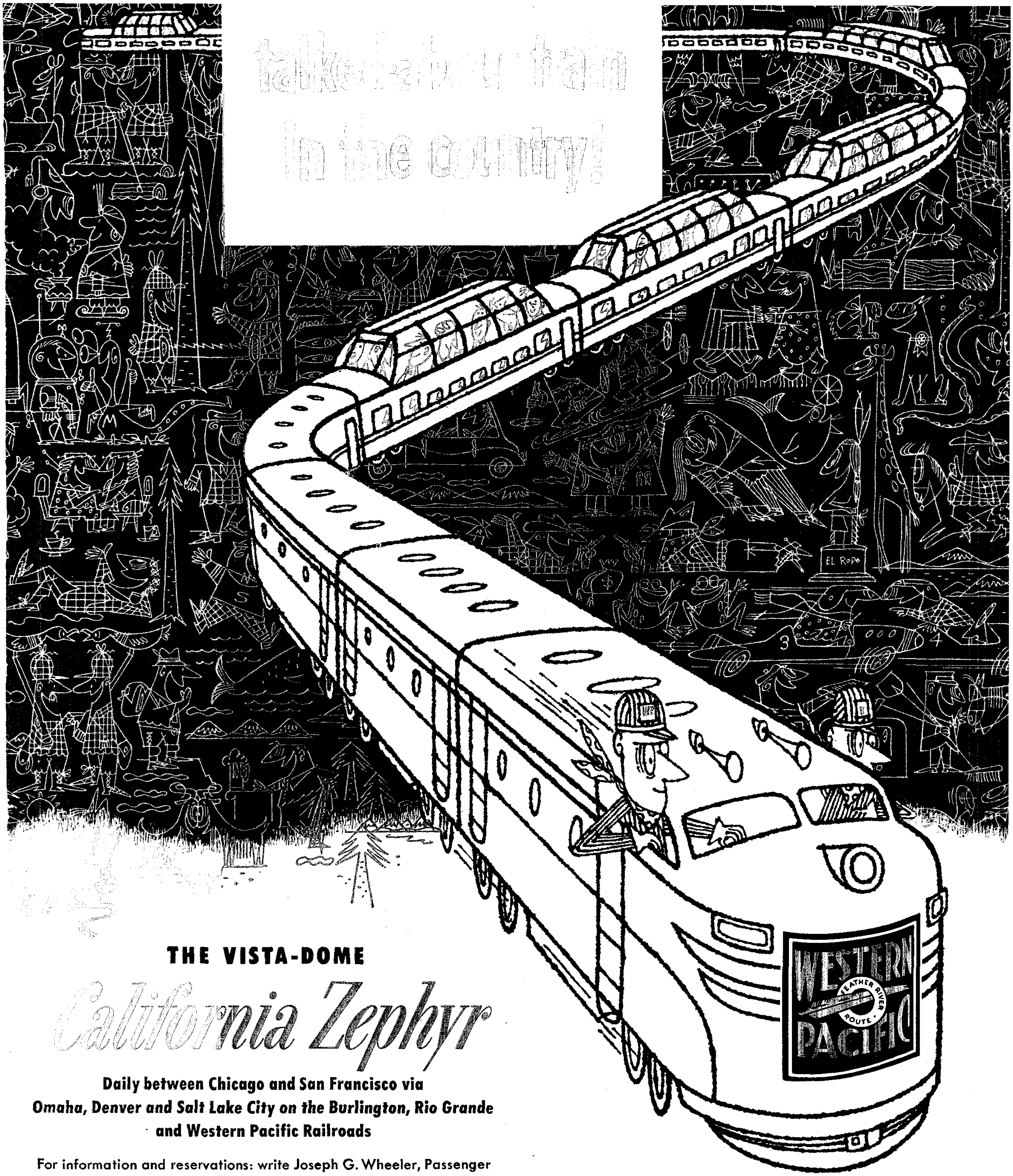
Good News, Bad News

A STUDY of the season's statistics—or at least the first three weeks' statistics — indicates that the safest guess this fall is the second guess, which is a guess that practically never goes awry. Oh, there are a few predictions that can be ventured now. One of them is that this year's new restrictions on the use of substitutes will turn out to be a vast improvement. Another (and the restriction on substitutes has a hand in this, too) is that a lot of games will be won or lost by the ability or inability of the regular players to kick points after touchdown—as witness Harvard 28, Colgate 26 last weekend, and Princeton 20, Columbia 19 a fortnight ago. A third is that since there aren't enough good substitutes to go around in the first place, any damage to a regular player is going to be damaging indeed. Princeton, though it beat Rutgers last Saturday by the score of 9–7, looked pretty wobbly without Emery at quarterback, and Yale, though it beat Columbia 13–7 the same afternoon, looked pretty wobbly without Molloy at quarterback. It is also a very fair bet that Dartmouth will follow its newly established precedent and have a bad season. Dartmouth hasn't won a game this year, and last week's disaster (Army 27, Dartmouth 0), coming on top of a series of earlier physical and spiritual wounds, suggests that the team isn't likely to do much better. The last reasonably safe opinion is that the moment to score a touchdown is the final four minutes of either half, the only time of day the rules permit you to haul one of your regulars out of the game, send in a substitute specialist to kick the point after touchdown, and then reinsert the regular on the next play.

Come to think of it, there is one more reasonably safe prediction, and that is that luck is going to be an important ingredient of most games this fall. Columbia is this department's nomination for the season's bad-luck squad. Two weeks ago, Columbia bottled up Flippin, the Princeton passer, thirty seconds before the game ended, only to see him get away a loose, erratic pass that scored the winning touchdown. Last week, in the third quarter of the match with Yale, Yale had the untrifling distance of twenty-one yards to go on second down. A pass seemed the only solution of the unpleasant problem, and Lopez, Yale's filler-in for the aforementioned Molloy, threw one. Carr, the efficient Columbia quarterback, batted the ball away from the player Lopez was aiming at, only to see it float into the hands of Fortunato, another Yale man. Since Fortunato was in full stride toward the Columbia goal and there was a rapidly moving teammate beside him to ward off any intervening tacklers, there went another winning touchdown. This is not to say that Columbia never has any luck. Earlier that afternoon, as Columbia was working its way down toward the Yale goal, Carr was stopped by the Yale line on fourth down, and Columbia was on the point of having to give up the ball to Yale. But as Carr was tackled, he fumbled the ball, and it dribbled toward the goal. At the five-yard line, Hopp, one of the best ends Columbia has had in some time, fell on it for a first down, and Columbia's touchdown came a moment later. The most alert play of the game, though, was contributed later on by Bonanno, another perfectly wonderful Columbia end. Lopez, setting sail around the left side of the Columbia line with a four-man covey of Yale blockers ahead of him, took a single misstep, and Bonanno knifed through the covey and speared him for a loss of four yards.

The armed forces give as well as take away, and occasionally a serviceable player turns up again from the wars. Both Yale and Princeton could have used a man who came back from Korea on Tuesday of last week—Arnold Galiffa, quarterback of a couple of those undefeated Army teams back in the late forties. But Galiffa was not on his way to a college campus; he was on his way to the thoroughly disintegrated professional Giants of the National Football League, who, all too obviously, have easier ways of getting around pressing quarterback problems than either Princeton or Yale.

ANOTHER Ivy Leaguer that is having its troubles is Pennsylvania. Of course, Penn is almost an ex-Ivy Leaguer this year, since its only game within the fold is with Cornell, on Thanksgiving Day. In the course of the recent schism at Pennsylvania over whether to stick to the Ivy League sort of football or strike out for the big-time, box-office brand, quite a few footballers disengaged themselves from Penn, including George Munger, the head coach, who is nevertheless finishing out the season before he departs. On Saturday, California, revealing no signs of inability to become acclimated to our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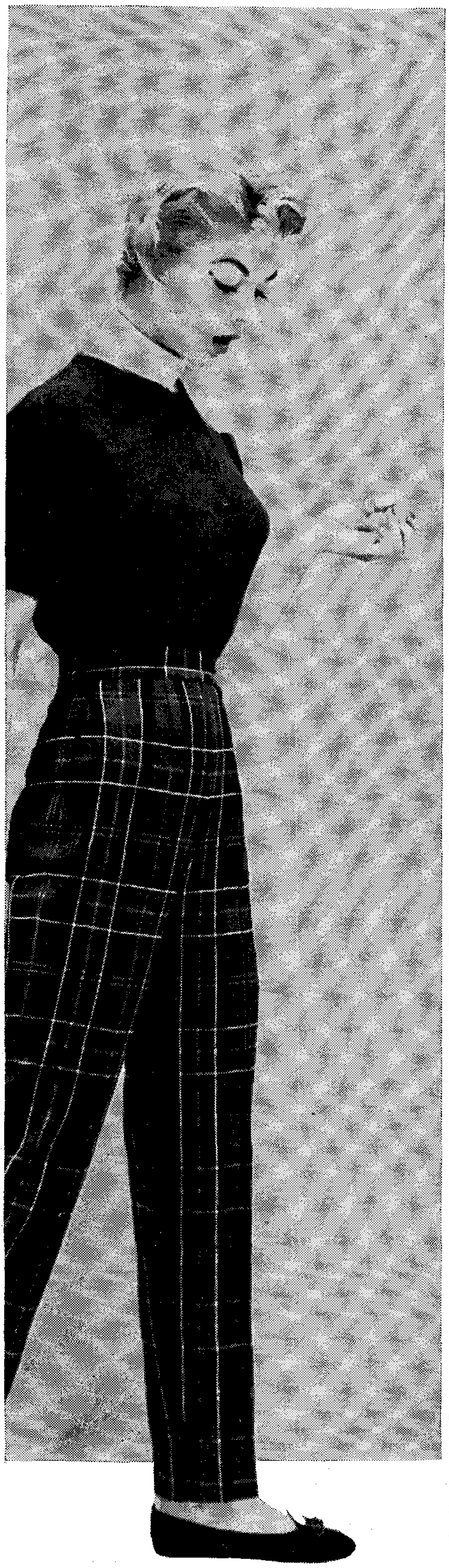

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Eastern fall weather, beat Penn 40–0. As the dissenting footballers who have remained at Penn will probably be pointing out, this is good neither for morale nor for box office.

Intersectional games, such as Penn-California, are no trouble at all in this age of the DC-6 and its overnight conquest of time. They were more trouble in the age of the special train, but they were more of an adventure, too. Who will ever forget the Pullman run from West Point to Chicago—a mixture of Lewis & Clark Expedition and New Year's Eve—in the days when Army met Navy at Soldier Field? And those trips to the Coast—who will ever forget the third or fourth morning out from the winter fastness of Hanover or Cambridge when, as the squad piled from its berths for a bit of practice on a borrowed campus en route, there was a sudden balm in the air and an unmistakable horizon of real cactus or real date palms? —J. W. L.

•

The Slave Labor Law

It is probably no secret to anyone over fifty that their sons and daughters consider them as part of a generation that really fouled up the works.

The verdict runs something like this. Daddy and Mommy engaged in World War I in too light-hearted a manner. After the war they failed to reform either themselves or the world for democracy. Instead they got married and tried to make a million which was a mistake. After 1929 we paid for it by not being able to go to the Club anymore and having to be a naval officer.

This would be funny except for the jury which was educated in the 30's when nobody, but nobody, was right, and learned the reason for the law against playing with fireworks the hard way.

Down at the corner the talk has been running something like this. In the 20's Management gave the party and Labor was invited. Now Labor is off on a spree, but the "Something For Nothing Bounce" still has the "Nothing For Something Blues" on the other side. We flip when the United Automobile Worker decides he'd rather walk than pay $3,500 for a $1,000 job. Maybe it won't be as bad as when the Cadillac salesman decided one car was plenty for his garage. Let's hope so because there'll be a war due up 10 years later and we'll have to make a big effort to avert it.

I have never read the Taft-Hartley Law, but its purpose was to make possible a working economy, and since its passage the economy has been working.

Maybe the old man of Armentieres and the Boom stuck with us during the Bust and the Bulge. Maybe that auto is worth $3,500. Could be.

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Candidate for Congress,
Republican.

—*Political adv. in the Pelham Sun.*

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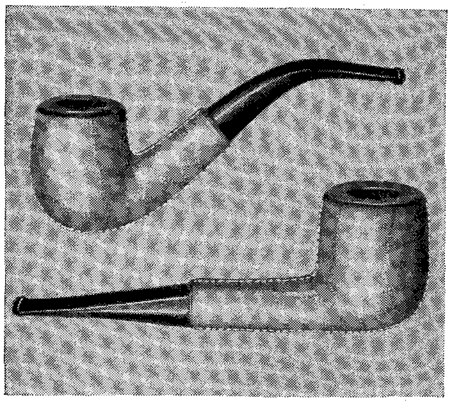

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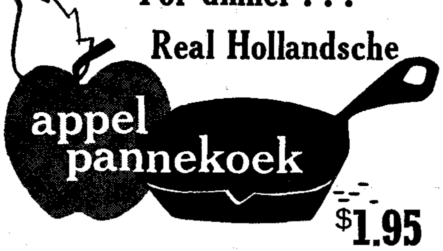

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THE RACE TRACK

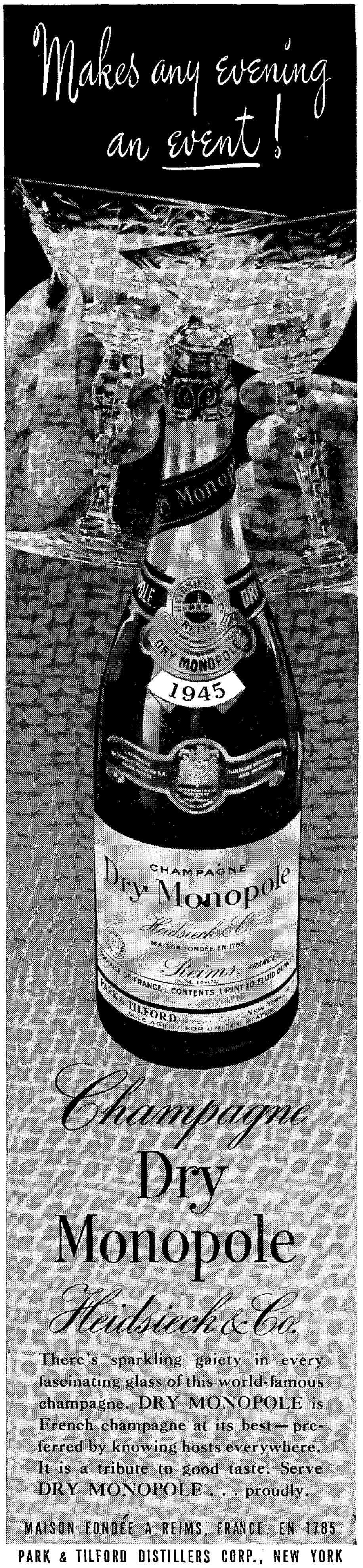
A Cup for Level Lea

NEARLY everything in the world was wrong with the Jockey Club Gold Cup, won by Level Lea at Belmont Park last weekend. It seemed to me that with one exception—Royal Vale—the runners were not up to the quality of those in previous Gold Cups, and they all did the most unexpected things. For example, who would have thought that Royal Vale, with two miles to go, would set such a fast early pace? I can't remember his ever rushing right to the front before. Maybe he was fed up with racing and wanted to get the business over with. At any rate, he ran the first mile in 1:39⅖ and then cracked, finishing last. The best any of the others could do in the second mile was 1:47⅗. Level Lea flabbergasted me. Earlier in the meeting, when he ran third in the Lawrence Realization Stakes, at a mile and five furlongs, I got the impression that he liked neither the track nor the distance. I was wrong. In the Gold Cup, he was never far behind the leaders, took command of the situation in the last half mile, and won by lengths. Platan's performance was another big surprise. After his easy victory in the Realization, a lot of people thought he was the only real stayer in the bunch. He must have looked like pennies from heaven to his backers in the Gold Cup as he zipped around the turn into the stretch and charged down on the leader. However, he ran out of speed a furlong from home, and lost second money by a neck to Alerted. Academically speaking, the most interesting starter in the Gold Cup was Camee, a French horse, who finished fourth. This fellow, a big, good-looking four-year-old, arrived by plane from Paris on Monday, spent the required two days in quarantine, and ran on Saturday with no more preparation than a jog around the course. Actually, though, Camee had been trained for more than a month on the dirt track at Maisons-Lafitte, to accustom him to the sort of footing he'd find here.

YOU can put Fisherman down as a colt who prefers racing around turns. I'd had a notion that this was the reason for his disappointing showing in the Futurity, which was run over the straight Widener course at Belmont. Apparently it was, too, for he won the Champagne Stakes, at a mile, over the main track last weekend, beating Best Years, who finished third to Porterhouse in the Futurity, and several other good colts who ran in that race. As in the Cowden Stakes at Aqueduct last month, Fisherman was slow to begin, but he stood a hard drive gamely, and unless I miss my guess, he is well worth keeping in mind for the classics next spring. I wish he had more size and substance, but there's still plenty of time for him to grow. By the way, Artismo, who I thought was the best horse in the Futurity even if he did finish second, has been retired for the season. He has a spot of knee trouble that needs treating.

TO get back to the Widener course, the smartest gallop I've seen over it in a month of Sundays was turned in last weekend in a minor race by Mister Gus, a smooth, medium-sized light bay who is owned by his namesake, Gus Ring, a Washington, D.C., building contractor. It was the colt's first appearance under colors, but he ran six furlongs down the straightaway in the remarkably fast time of 1:08⅖—only a fifth of a second slower than the track record—and won by half a dozen lengths from twenty-two other two-year-olds. Even the most attentive spectator is likely to have difficulty keeping track of what happens in those cavalry charges, but this one was easy, because Mister Gus was in front all the way. He did the first quarter in 0:22⅖ and the half in 0:44⅖—Coaltown at his best seldom stepped any faster—and yet he seemed to be merely romping along, like a yearling at play. The clockers all swear he would have broken the record to smithereens if he hadn't eased up in the last sixteenth. He passed the winning post at a hand gallop, and Atkinson, who rode him, was astonished when he learned the time of the race, for the colt had never buckled down to running. I want to be around the day he really tries. No doubt he'll start in the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore this weekend. So will Porterhouse. We'll see what happens.

STEEPLECHASING is over for the season, and the less said about most of it the better. If we could have had fewer of those sorry scrambles over hurdles, and more races like last week's Grand National at Belmont, and more horses like The Mast, perhaps I wouldn't feel this way. Although The



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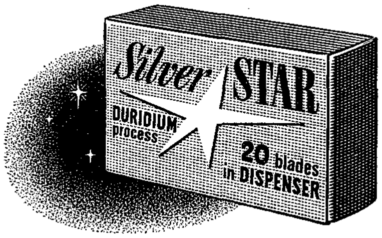

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Mast was beaten by His Boots in the Grand National, he is the best of the jumpers in my book. Remember his victories in the Broad Hollow and the Brook Handicaps? Besides, he carried top weight of a hundred and sixty pounds in the Grand National, giving nineteen pounds to His Boots, which is no small concession when a horse is going three miles. It was a gallant try.

WELL, as everybody must know, Earl Sande rode again at Belmont the other afternoon. I had the feeling that the clock had been turned back thirty years, or that I was watching an old newsreel. As he popped a horse named Honest Bread to the front in the first furlong, everything seemed exactly the way it was when he and the Rancocas Stable were top of the list. He had the same old Sande style, and the same old Sande tricks. Turning into the stretch, he was still in front, and I hoped he'd stay there. Then he drew his whip and hit his mount once, and I knew he was beaten, for even at his best Sande was never a good whip rider. (He always said that he used his whip only as a last resort.) Anyway, he finished third, which was an achievement for a man of fifty-four who hadn't worn silks since 1932. This department wishes him the best of luck, and lots of winners.

COLONEL MARTINGALE, who listens to the racing results over the radio every evening (it's his bedtime story), wonders if Edward Lasker was tuned in the day his colt By Zeus won at Belmont. If he was, he must have been a little bewildered. What the announcer said sounded like "In the sixth race, *Bazuss* . . ." —AUDAX MINOR

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Lafayette (Ind.) Journal & Courier*]

LOS ANGELES (UP)—Clarence S. Williams ran out of money 47 years ago in his freshman year at the University of Minnesota and couldn't finish his university education.

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Outside, on the Place du Casino, under the whispering palm trees and a star-studded sky, luxurious cars stood rank upon rank until dawn squeezed in by a miracle of parking which, thanks to the converging avenues and expert parkers, took place without hitch or delay.—*Monte-Carlo Bulletin.*

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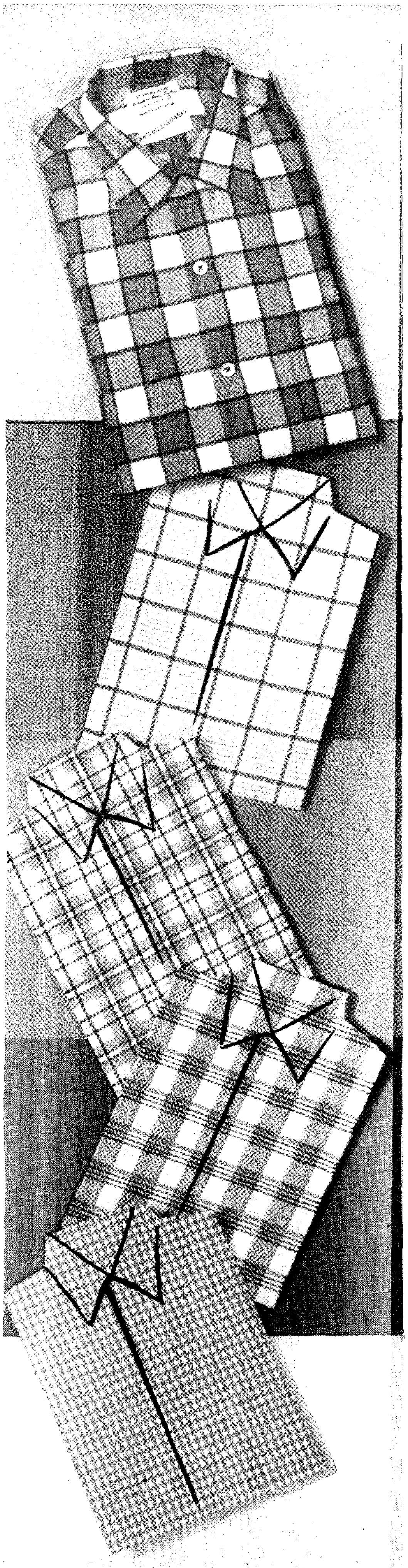

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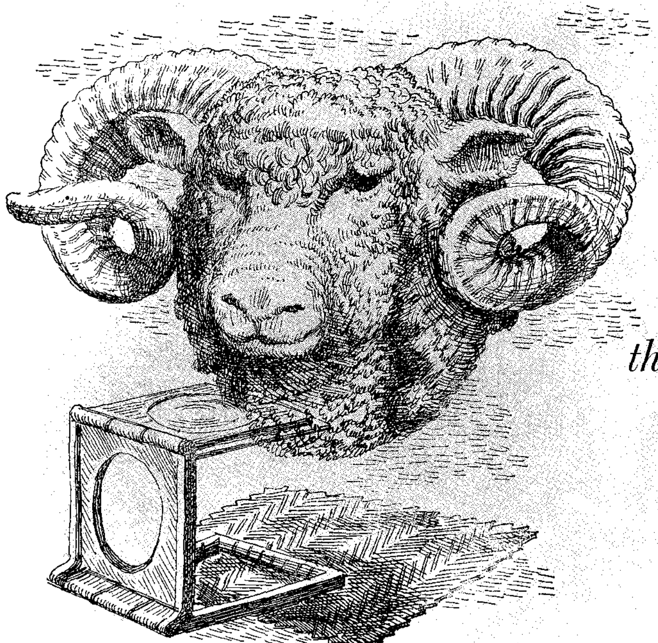

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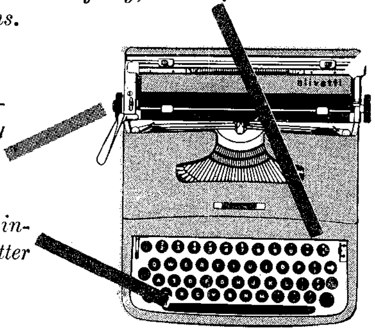

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LETTER FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

ALTHOUGH the Avenida Presidente Vargas is not the most interesting street in Rio, or the prettiest, it sums up the present character of the city better than any other. Cutting across the busy downtown part of Rio, the Avenida is a thoroughfare—three times as wide as Fifth Avenue and incalculably more dangerous—for which five of the city's old, narrow *ruas* were razed to make way. The impressiveness of its inspiration, however, has not yet been matched by its development. A number of Rio's largest and handsomest skyscrapers have been erected along it since 1943, when it was opened to traffic, and others are now in various stages of construction, but the total effect of the Avenida—an inharmonious jumble of dazzling concrete, empty lots, hole-in-the-wall tobacco shops, and clusters of small, dingy ochre-yellow houses—is likely to remind an American visitor of something left over from the Florida boom.

Much of the rest of Rio produces the same impression. All over the city, old houses are being pulled down and new buildings put up. Some of the new ones, like the Ministry of Education and Health Building, of which the people of Rio are as rightly proud as they are of the beauty of their harbor and which is as convincing a contemporary statement as Lever House in New York, help to make up for the fact that Rio has levelled just about every last evidence of its past as a Portuguese colony. If it weren't for a couple of old churches and a few other isolated remnants, such as the municipal market, near the waterfront, where everything from boa-constrictor skins to choice cuts of beef is sold, it would be hard to realize that Rio has any past much older than Le Corbusier and Frank Lloyd Wright. A few of the middle-aged and elderly cariocas, as the people of Rio are called, openly long for the relaxed city and way of life that they remember from less than forty years ago. "It was our misfortune to be the nation's capital," one of them said to me the other day. "Were it not for that, I still might be able to take the same two-hour siesta that my father did." Most cariocas, however, are willing to accept the obligation to stay awake all afternoon as part of their stake in progress. They seem to regard it as just one more chip in the ante, which also includes a nervous currency, a rising inflation, a shortage of water and electricity, a hopelessly overburdened transportation system, and one of the most fearsome accident rates in the world.

A LARGE part of Rio's high accident rate is directly traceable to the Avenida Presidente Vargas. To cross a street in any of the city's busier sections is to perform an act of courage, but to negotiate the Avenida is to live more perilously than one would ordinarily like to. The local drivers cannot be said to make a sport out of deliberately running down pedestrians, but neither do they appear to make a practice of deliberately avoiding them. As long as they get away in time and lie low for a day or so, they don't really have to, for one of the antiquities of Rio is a law that grants much more leniency to hit-and-run drivers who are not arrested within twenty-four hours after an accident than to those who are. Nobody, consequently, stops for anything. A splintering crash of two vehicles, even if one of them loses a fender—something I saw happen the other day—is generally a signal for both of them to put on new and greater bursts of speed. Not that any signal is necessary. Motorized cariocas seem always to be gripped by a passion to go faster than they are going. Even funerals are dangerous. "Watch out for the hearse," they say in Rio, "or it may be yours next."

One of the favorite topics of conversation among the American residents here is why the average carioca, who is usually as kindly and considerate a man as one could hope to meet, should be transformed into a heedless maniac the moment he finds himself in control of an automobile. Various theories have been advanced, but no conclusions have been reached. Meanwhile, to keep the subject alive, the drivers of Rio go tooling along through the city at forty, fifty, and even sixty miles an hour. Traffic lights are few and traffic policemen are fewer; there are only men, women, and children to stand in the way. The burden of safety rests on them, and they know it. So do their reflexes. I don't remember how Brazil made out in the last Olympics, but I should imagine that a team of cariocas, trained and tested on the Avenida Presidente Vargas, could carry off the hop-skip-and-jump championship of the world.

HOME life in Rio, while not so hazardous as life on the streets, is considerably more vexing. One of the consequences of the city's growth is the shortage of electricity and water. Both are now rationed. In the matter of

"I did it."

electricity, each home in Rio has been assigned a quota of kilowatt-hours—supposedly based on the size of the dwelling and the number of people who occupy it—which the householder is told not to exceed. If he does exceed it, he receives a warning, printed on the bottom of his monthly bill. If he ignores it, he gets a second warning, on his next month's bill, and then, if he persists in his outlawry, his current is cut off for three days. At least, that's the theory. Actually, a family that has been going along under the impression that it is living within its kilowatt means may suddenly find its current cut off without any advance notice whatever, while another family may go on exceeding its quota for months, receive warning after warning, and have its windows still burn bright as a Christmas tree. Why, people don't seem to know. Just Rio, they say.

Living in a city where no one can be sure at just what point the darkness will strike next tends to produce a state of mild tension. This is not eased by the knowledge that a number of households have abruptly found themselves not only without light but without water. Great though the grumbling is about the erratic method of rationing electricity, it is agreed by cariocas and foreign residents alike that at least the theory back of the rationing is understandable. Nobody even pretends to understand about water rationing.

The first thing a visitor to Rio hears about the water rationing is that there is no lack of water. Rio, one is assured, has all the water it needs. It is the distribution system—"antiquated" is the gentlest word applied to it—that is to blame. Water is not rationed by quota, like electricity, and no warnings about its use are issued. It is just that suddenly there is no water. One day a family is splashing happily, and the next day it can't even brush its teeth. Furthermore, it may be called upon to endure its predicament for an indefinite time. Not long ago, some American friends of mine had to manage with empty faucets for two weeks, hauling water from blocks away, and I know of other families who have had to depend upon the bounty of friends for two, three, and four months.

How much water you get in Rio depends in part upon where you live. Some sections of the city have little and others have more, but none have enough. It also depends upon a creature who has recently entered the carioca mythology. He is known as "the man who turns the valve." No one has ever seen him and

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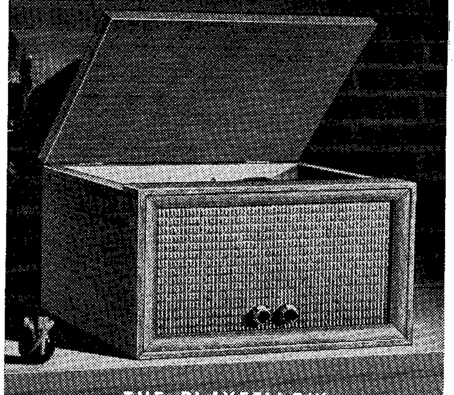

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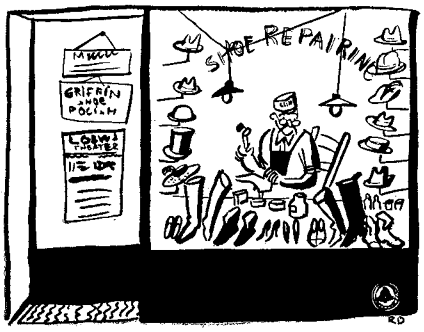
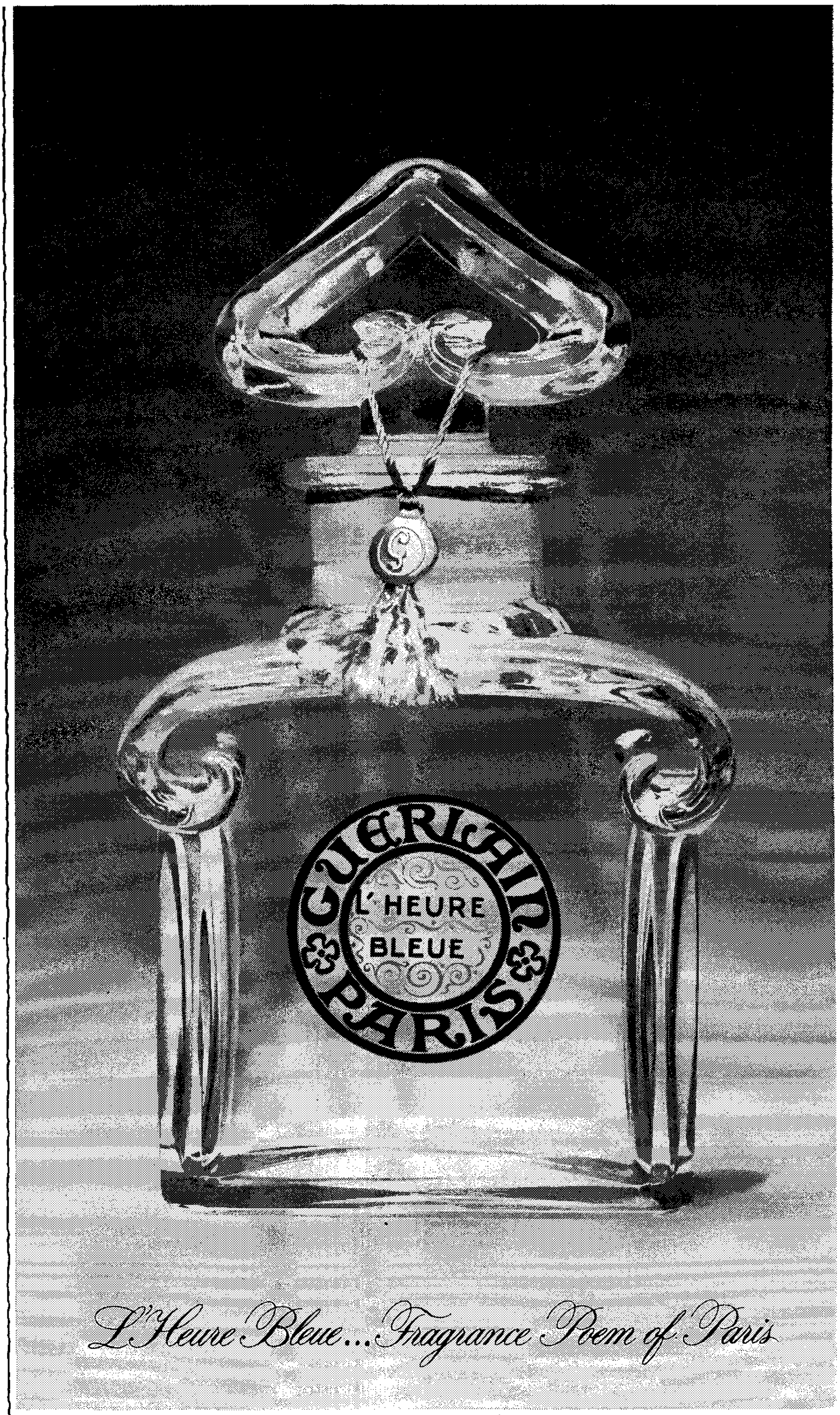
no one appears able to tell where the valve he turns is situated, although there is presumed to be one in every neighborhood. But let a household's water supply diminish to a trickle, or dry up completely, and the villain of the hour becomes the man who turns the valve. Then, days or weeks later, when the water begins to flow again, thanks are offered up to the man who turns the valve for beneficently giving it a twist in the opposite direction. Why he turns the valve on or off when he does is something that the mythology has not got around to explaining. It is just Rio, and he just does.

EVEN more puzzling than the man who turns the valve is the Rio mailman. There is no questioning *his* reality, because he can be seen making his daily rounds. He looks like a mailman, acts like a mailman, and even carries a sack like a mailman. His mystery—possibly the greatest mystery in Rio—is what happens to the mail that is entrusted to his care. To get a letter through to an address in Rio, or out of Rio to an address elsewhere, is a feat that approximates cracking the sound barrier. It has been done—indeed, it is done every day—but it is still a little too far outside the area of daily experience to be taken for granted. The Rio postal system, like the Rio water and electric systems, follows no dependable pattern of operation. For instance, just after I arrived here nearly a month ago to visit friends, I received one or more letters from the United States every morning for four days. Since then, nothing. I know that mail has been sent to me, for I have had cables saying so.

My experience is unusual only because of those first four days. The friends I was staying with couldn't believe it, and neither could *their* friends, and now that I have become partially adjusted, neither can I. In a way, though, the whimsicalities of the postal system add an extra dash of interest to living in Rio: *Today* may be the day. But most of the foreign residents could do with less interest and more communica-





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tion. One of my acquaintances here is married to a girl from the Far West, whose father and mother write her, separately, once a week. She writes home about once every ten days. If she receives two letters from beyond the Rockies in a month, she considers herself fortunate, and if she does not receive more than one cable every fortnight wanting to know whether she is all right and why she hasn't written, she feels there must be something wrong at home.

Even the big banks and business concerns in Rio have trouble with their mail. Office delivery is practically unheard of. The larger commercial establishments rent post-office boxes and send all outgoing mail to the post office by special messenger. Once there, he is supposed to wait and see that each letter is put through one of those machines that cancel stamps. This is because it is believed in certain quarters that the postal employees of Rio, being underpaid, sometimes steam the stamps off letters and resell them, pocketing the money and throwing the letters away. Other explanations for the disappearance of mail, both incoming and outgoing, are that the postmen lighten their bags by dumping some of their contents; that mail, especially parcels, is allowed to pile up in the post offices to the point of hopeless stagnation; and that a substantial proportion of the mail carriers, in order to get by at all on their salaries, have to hold down one or two other jobs on a part-time basis and get around to delivering the mail only when and if they can. Here again, though, no one seems able to speak with any authority. The official view of the matter, which is that all mail reaches its destination come rain, storm, or sunstroke, is shrugged off by even the most loyal cariocas as typical of those incantations behind which officialdom often chooses to hide. The disorganized postal system, like the murderous traffic and the shortage of water and electricity, is accepted as one of the things that you have to learn to live with in Rio. The learning process is not easy, however. A few evenings ago, I happened to be talking to one of the diplomatic representatives of a European country, a man whose twenty-seven years of foreign service have given him a working knowledge of most parts of the world. "It's the little frustrations in Rio that get you down," he said. "The city has grown too fast to keep up with itself, and it demands that you adjust to two or three different technological levels all at once. You come here, you see all these fine new skyscrapers

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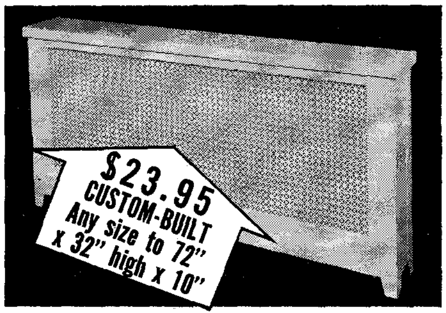

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and apartment buildings, and you imagine that you are living in a big, modern city. That's the mistake. Rio is big, all right, and its skyline *looks* modern, but the truth is that the setup just doesn't work."

THE cultural and social levels in Rio run to perhaps even greater extremes than the technological ones. An early-morning visit to any one of the city's beaches—it has a dozen or so, of which Copacabana is the most widely publicized—readily brings this home. Walking there, often in the shadow of some of the most luxurious apartment buildings in the world, one finds evidence of a most primitive kind of worship. *Macumba*, it is called, and it seems to be the chief emotional and spiritual outlet of those people who are known among the local Brazilians as *os miseraveis*, or "the miserable ones." I had my initial encounter with *macumba* the first morning I was in Rio, in the course of a stroll along the beach at Ipanema, which is one of the outlying parts of the city, almost a suburb, and is where many of the English and American residents of Rio have their homes; in its living standards, it corresponds roughly to Greenwich, Connecticut. I had not gone far when I came upon what looked like a sort of altar, put together in the shelter of a large piece of driftwood. A patch of white sand had been smoothed out, and in its center was a small white handkerchief on which was heaped a generous pinch of white powder that gave off a faint perfume. On either side of the handkerchief were two white roses. *Macumba*, I was told—a common enough occurrence along the beaches, and originating, primarily, in the nearby hills. On these hills, which are as distinctive a feature of Rio as its beaches, are clusters of houses with red tile roofs and walls of many colors, reminding one from a distance of the little hill towns that appear so often in the background of Renaissance paintings. In reality, the clusters represent some of the worst slums in the world. Known as *favelas*, or "beehives," they are the homes of the miserable ones—mostly Negroes, but not all. The miserable ones in the *favelas* constitute no less than ten per cent of Rio's population of nearly two and a half million. Theirs are the hardest and most poorly paid jobs in the city, and theirs also—though not only theirs—are the rites of *macumba*.

There are two kinds of *macumba*, I learned—one, known as *umbanda branca*, that is good, and one, known as *quimbanda negra*, that is bad. The good

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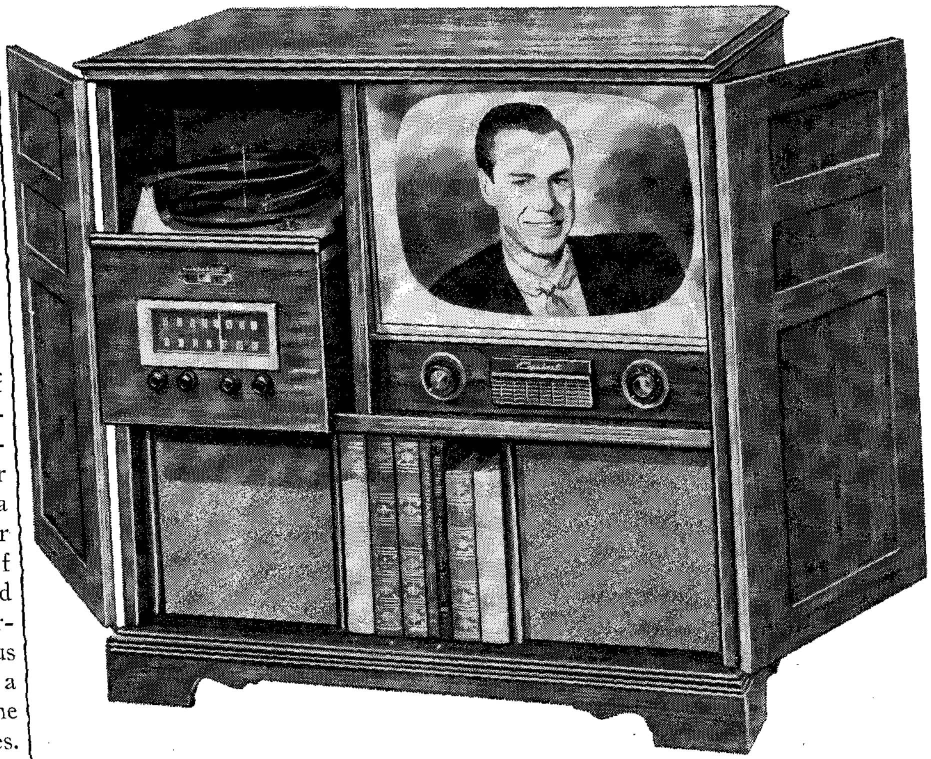

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kind is devoted to a sort of worship of three deities, who have been borrowed from Christianity and given *macumba* names—Xangô (Saint Jerome), Ogum (Saint George), and Yemaja, otherwise known as Rainha das Aguas (the Virgin Mary). Of these, Yemaja is the favorite. It is to her that most of the little altars one finds along the beaches are dedicated. Only, they are not called altars. The correct word for them is *obrigações*, which is perhaps most accurately translated as "thank-yous." It is one of the iron traditions of *macumba* that anything offered up to Yemaja, either in gratitude for past favors or in the hope of future ones, must be white—white handkerchiefs, white flowers, white talcum powder, white ribbons, white candy, white wine, and white candles. Whatever the offerings, which must, naturally, depend upon the purse of the donor, they are left on the beach after midnight within easy reach of the tide. When the waters rise and carry them away, Yemaja is supposed to have taken them to her bosom. A special day, December 8th, is set aside in her honor. At nightfall on that date, all the Rio beaches are crowded with her suppliants, and candles burn everywhere in the dark. Next to Rio's annual carnival, the feast of Yemaja seems to be the chief spectacle of the city.

Yemaja is a gentle, kindly deity. Only good things are asked of her—things like love, health, and happiness. Her opposite number, in the bad kind of *macumba*, is a deity who goes by the name of Exu (pronounced "ay*shoo*") and is just what you'd expect. Pictured as big, powerful, and fierce-looking, black as the heart of evil, he is plainly something of a heller into the bargain. No white flowers, ribbons, candy, or talcum powder for him. What he gets are black cigars, boxes of matches to light them with, black chickens with their throats slit, and, most favored of all, bottles of *cachaça*, a violent Brazilian drink made from sugar cane. Offerings to Exu, I was told, are never placed on the beach. They are not set out in the hope of anything well-meaning, either. Exu is the man people call on when they want to do somebody in. Possibly because in Rio busy street intersections are where one is most likely to get done in, street intersections are where Exu's presents are put—right out in the middle of them. The intersection selected, naturally, is the one nearest the house of the proposed victim of Exu's powers. The bottles of *cachaça* are rough on tires, and since nobody seems willing to risk Exu's disfavor by sweep-

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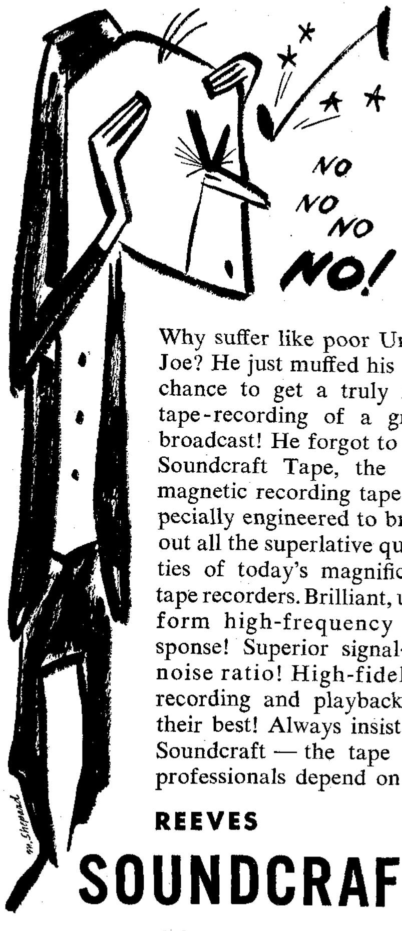

Why suffer like poor Uncle Joe? He just muffed his one chance to get a truly fine tape-recording of a great broadcast! He forgot to use Soundcraft Tape, the one magnetic recording tape especially engineered to bring out all the superlative qualities of today's magnificent tape recorders. Brilliant, uniform high-frequency response! Superior signal-to-noise ratio! High-fidelity recording and playback at their best! Always insist on Soundcraft — the tape the professionals depend on!

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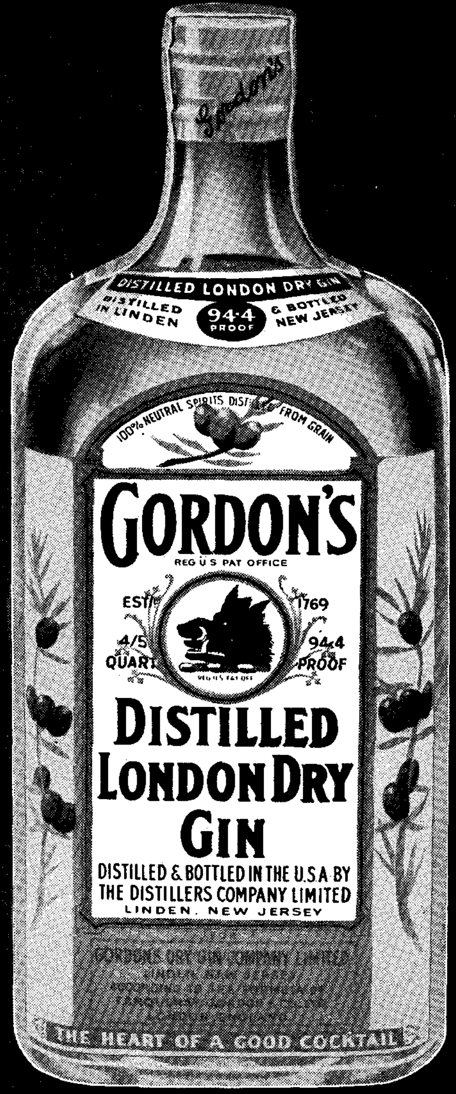
ing up the shattered glass, the additional traffic hazard simply remains there, giving Exu a good chance to get sómebody *in the end.*

THE biggest propitiatory haul I've seen Exu make since I have been in Rio consisted of two bottles of *cachaça,* three cigars, and five boxes of matches. They were in the hotel and residential section known as Flamengo, at an intersection more or less comparable to Madison Avenue and Seventy-second Street. Modest though this offering to Exu was compared to others I have heard about (he is said to have got a black goat in one of the poorer sections the other day), it represented a considerable outlay of cash. Everything in Rio is very expensive right now. One of my Brazilian acquaintances, a graduate of an American university, told me that there has been an increase of approximately three hundred per cent in the cost of living since the end of the Second World War. He formerly paid two thousand cruzeiros, or about fifty-five dollars, a month for his small apartment, and now pays five thousand. Still, he considers himself lucky—first, because he has an apartment at all, for despite the extensive building that is going on, apartments are extremely hard to find, and, second, because he knows of people living in quarters similar to his whose rents have been raised to over two hundred dollars. A private house in Rio of the kind some large families need rents for anywhere from three to four hundred dollars a month, and not many are available, even at that price. Food is also expensive, though plentiful, and clothing is beginning to go through the roof. An ordinary cotton shirt that cost two dollars and a quarter seven years ago now sells for nine dollars. Men's shoes have gone up from four dollars and a half to almost fourteen dollars a pair. About the only thing in Rio that doesn't put too much of a strain on the purse is a shoeshine. Even that, though,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For all their troubles, big and small, the people of Rio seem quite cheerful about things. It may be that the ones I have talked with were minding their manners before a visitor, but the fact remains that I have heard less complaining than I am used to hearing in the United States. As in any national capital, there is, of course, much discussion about the present condition of the country and what ought or ought not to be done next. Senhor Marcos de Souza Dantas, the new president of the Banco do Brasil, which is the nerve center of the country's financial system, made a speech when he took office here in Rio the other day. He said that a lot of the difficulties of Brazil are due to a "precipitous and exaggerated industrialization," for which it was not really ready. I don't know whether he had Rio's anarchistic traffic in mind, or its penalty of darkness for those who like seeing at night, or the man who turns the valve, or the mailmen who deliver no mail, and he may not have given a thought all that day to getting on the good side of Yemaja and Exu. It seems to me, though, that the senhor has something. —HAMILTON BASSO

•

INFATUATION WITH SOUND OF OWN WORDS DEPARTMENT

[*From "Insurrection," by Liam O'Flaherty*]

...there was a little hammer beating against his forehead. —*Page 98.*

...caused the little hammer to keep beating time rhythmically in his head. —*Page 99.*

...the hammer again began to strike rhythmically against the wall of his forehead. —*Page 99.*

The hammer was still beating against Madden's forehead. —*Page 102.*

...in order to ease the tension of his nerves and make the hammer stop beating. —*Page 106.*

Now the hammer had stopped as a result of his striking the blow.—*Page 106.*

...towards whom he really felt grateful for enabling him to stop the hammer. —*Page 106.*

The hammer had stopped beating. —*Page 112.*

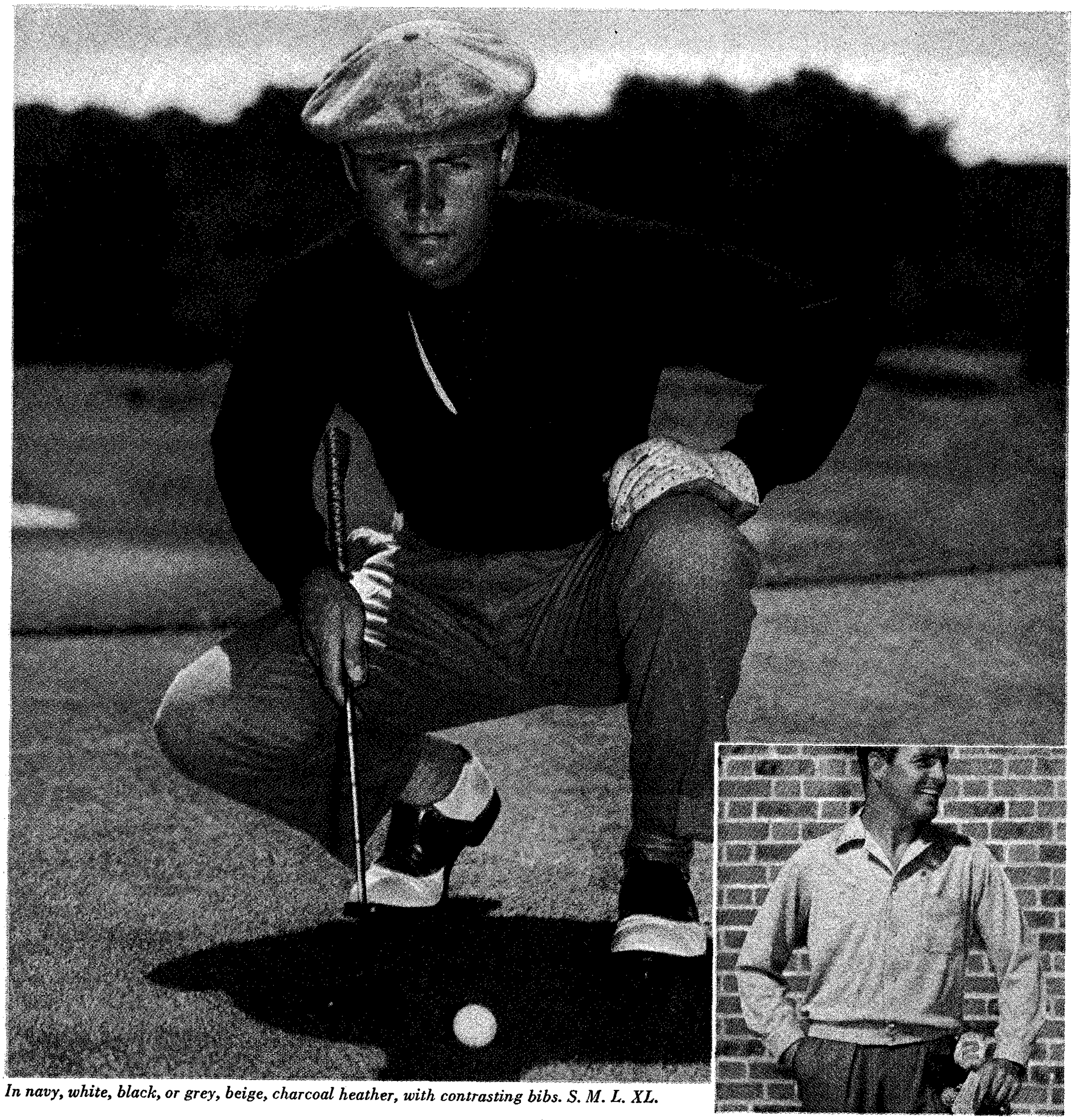
The hammer was again beating time against his forehead. —*Page 213.*

The hammer in his head quickened the tempo of its striking. —*Page 214.*

...the hammer was beating time with extreme urgency inside his head. —*Page 219.*

...the hammer began to strike once more in slow and steady rhythm inside his head. —*Page 240.*

...and the hammer increased the rate of its striking against his forehead. —*Page 245.*



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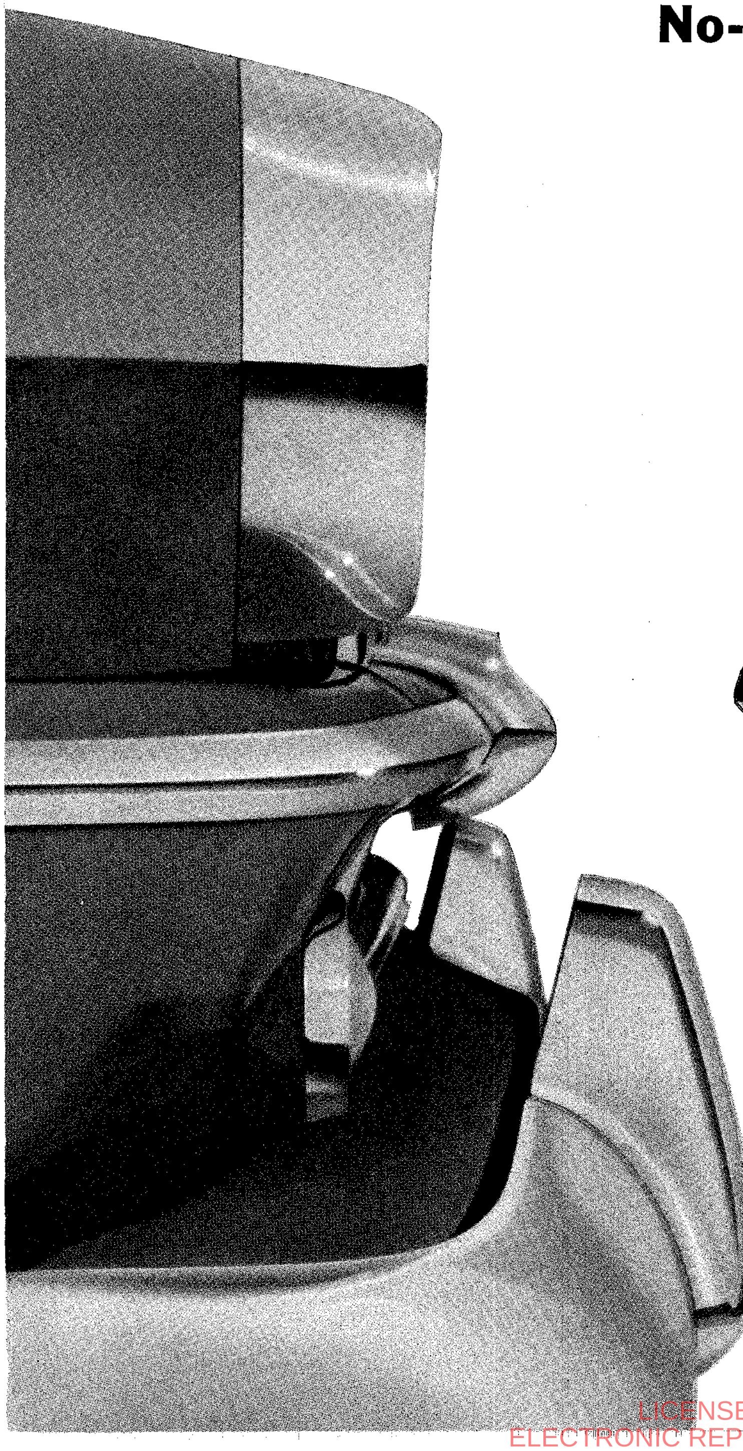

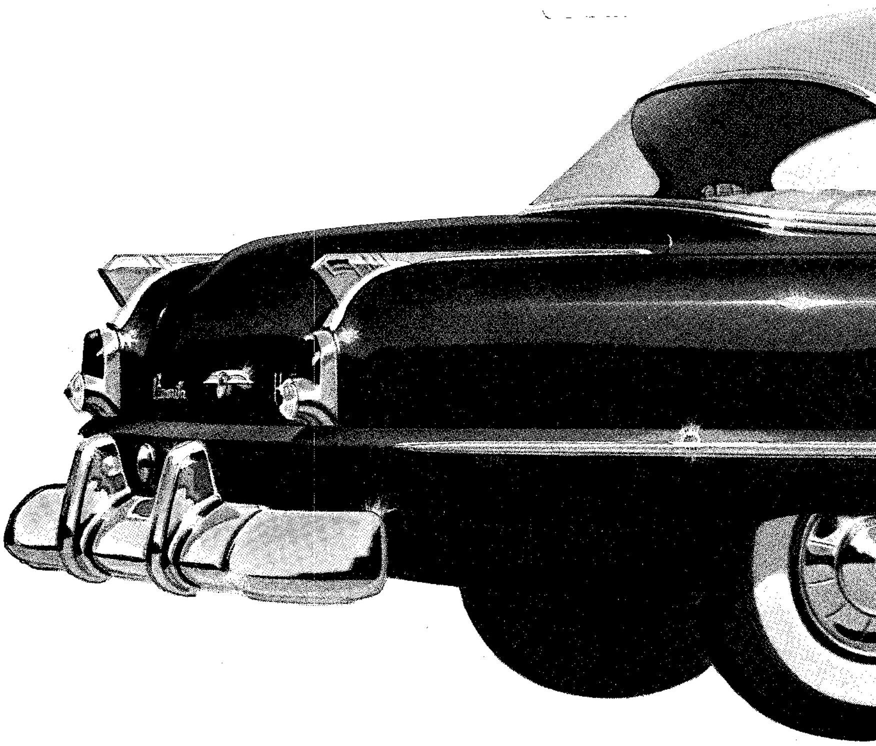

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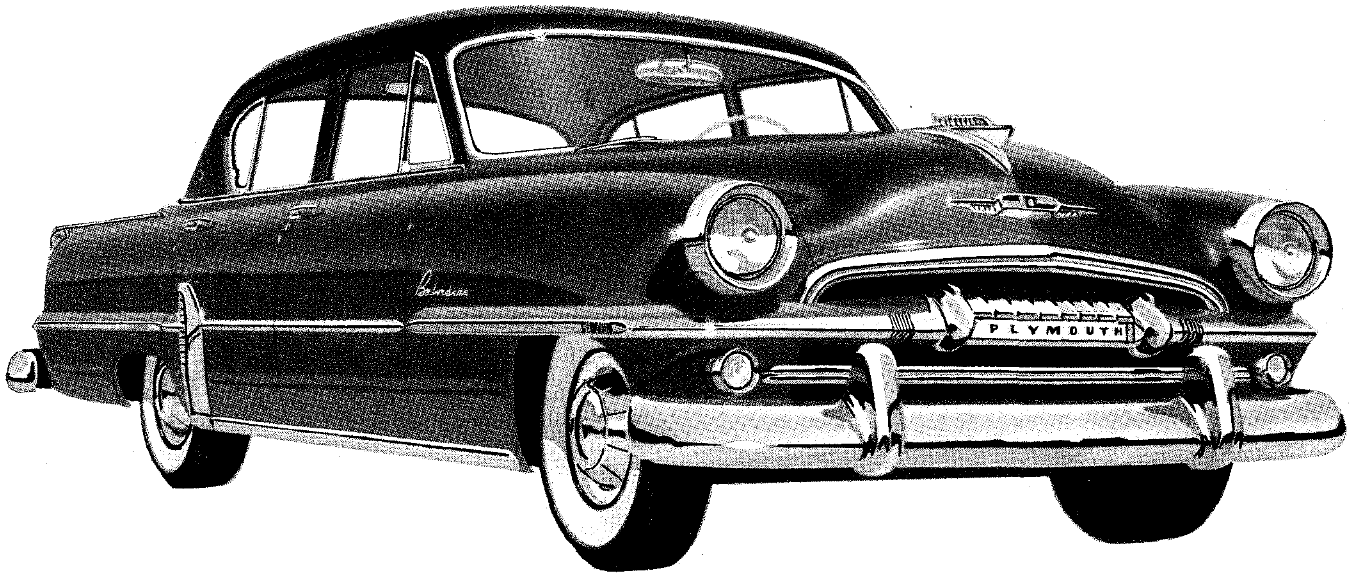

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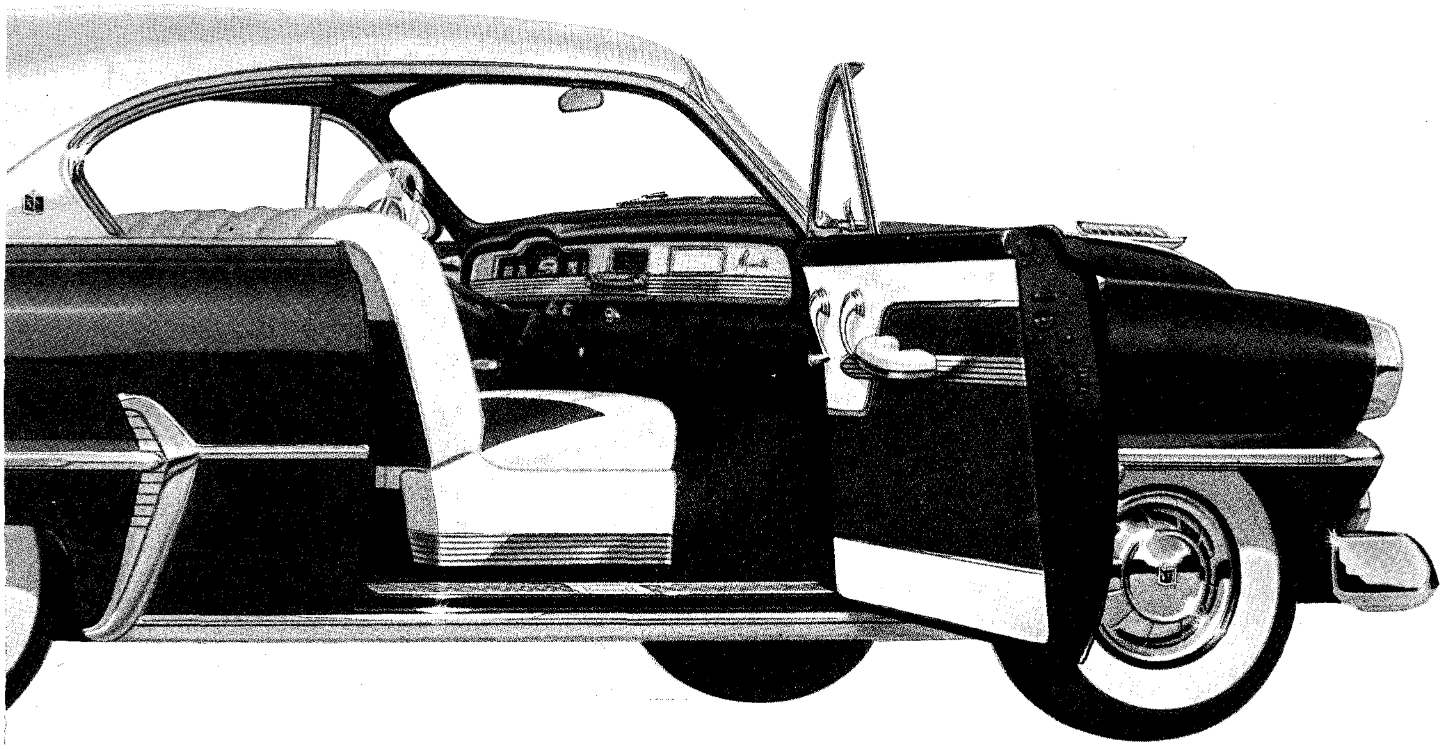

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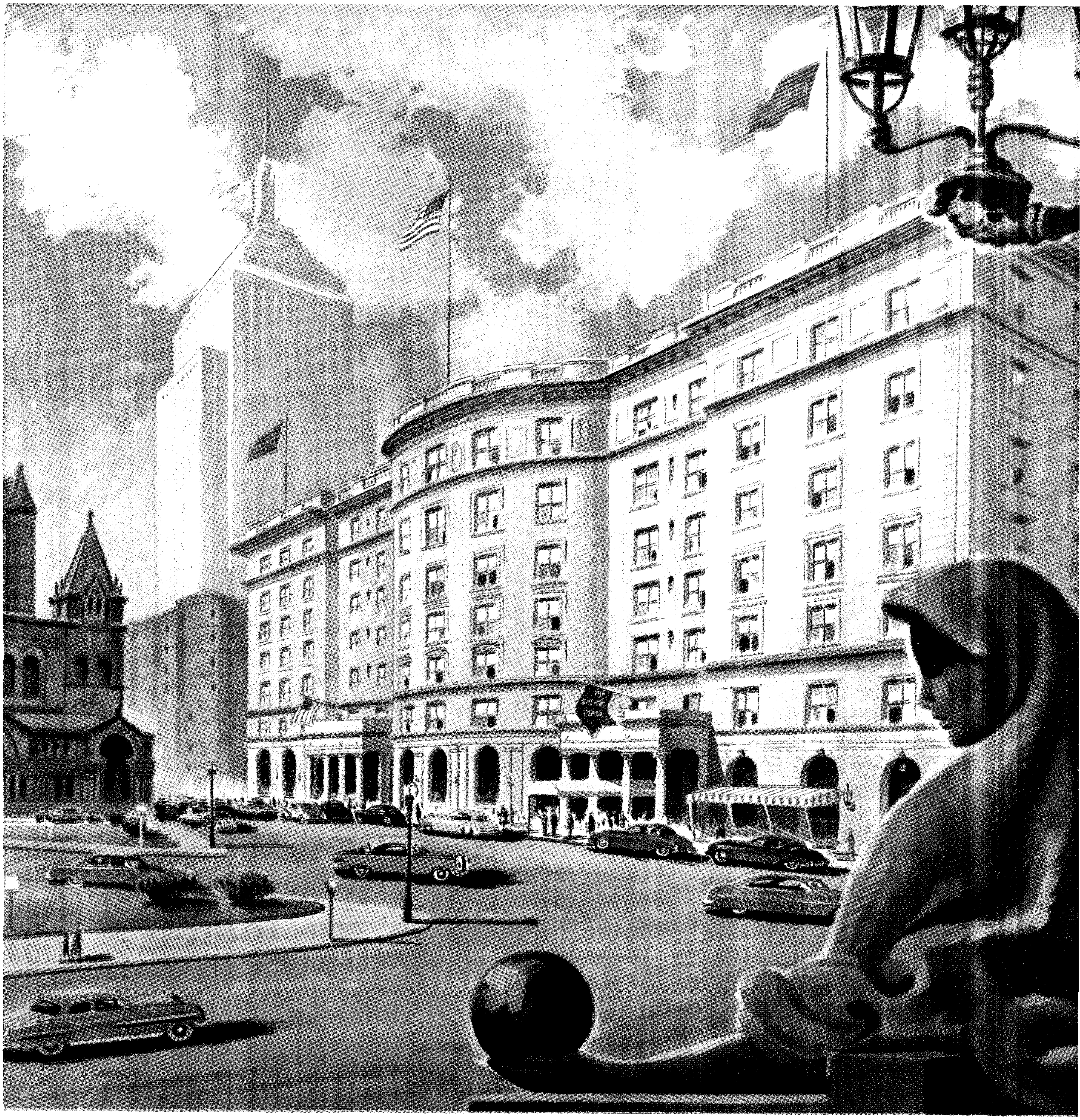

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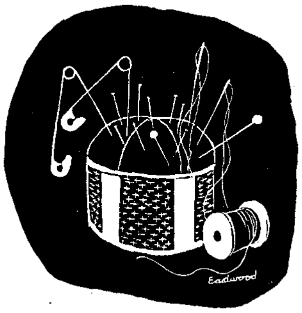
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

I HAVE recently had occasion to visit a number of friends and acquaintances who were attempting to readjust themselves to life at home after rather extended stays in hospitals, and I am forced to conclude that, aside from showering them with bouquets and broth, not much is being done to ease them over what is frequently a painful dislocation. Convalescents who are faced with something more than taking it easy for a day or two are likely to find that existence at home, which appeared so infinitely desirable when contemplated from a hospital bed, turns out to be full of unsuspected discomforts, and the mere fact that there isn't a stick of furniture in the house designed specifically for the needs of an invalid may seem an unbearable hardship. Take, for example, the overbed table, to which the hospital patient has almost certainly become passionately attached. In all well-equipped institutions, this structure is solidly built and perfectly balanced to prevent tipping, has a crank for adjusting the height, and harbors a mirror and bookrest. It would seem simple enough to provide the homecoming invalid with an equally satisfactory appliance, but until a short time ago it was practically impossible to find one. The flimsy, easily tipped-over version sold or rented to private homes by various hospital-supply stores is not the same thing at all.



Now, however, Carrom Industries, of Ludington, Michigan, has made available to the public a brand-new model of the overbed table, which seems to have every refinement the most exacting patient could ask for, and is, moreover, a very good-looking piece of furniture. It is sold at Wanamaker, which has been supplying Carrom tables to hospitals for years on a wholesale basis, but has never before supplied any to the patient in the home. The price is $79.

For the benefit of people whose hospital experience may not have taught them what to expect of overbed tables, perhaps I'd better run through the list of this paragon's virtues, few of which are to be found in earlier models. To begin with, there is a handsome birch plywood top, thirty-four inches long and fourteen inches wide, coated with Formica. It makes an excellent unbroken surface for writing or other desk work. True, the crank that raises and lowers the table is perched on the top, but it's off to one side, out of the way and still within easy reach. The height can be adjusted from forty-four inches down to twenty-eight and a half inches, which would accommodate the lowest modern bed or, for that matter, a sofa or an easy chair. In the front of the table is a wide, shallow drawer, containing a combination mirror and bookrest, which is hinged to the sides of the drawer and can be set at whatever angle is wanted. This arrangement allows a woman to powder her nose or a man to shave, and either of them to prop up a book, without having to clear off the tabletop. Then, there's a small drawer for toilet articles, stationery, and the like; it's situated at one side of the table, instead of being aimed directly at the patient's stomach, as it is in most overbed tables. The frame on which all this convenience is mounted is of a strong aluminum alloy painted to match the blond wood of the top as nearly as possible. The table is designed to hold as much as two hundred pounds without wobbling, but for all its solidity it is remarkably mobile; thanks to four large, ball-bearing casters, it can actually be pushed about with the fingertips.

If your invalid has a distaste for blond furniture, you will be pleased to learn that the Hill-Rom Company, of Batesville, Indiana, makes an impressive overbed table with a mahogany or walnut finish, either of which blends in better with traditional furnishings than Carrom's pale birch does. It has much the same sturdy construction as the table at Wanamaker, and the top is about the same size, but there is a large, hinged section in it, which covers the space where the writing paper, pencils, toilet articles, or whatever, are housed. This arrangement presents a certain disadvantage for the convalescent who is getting along without a nurse, for it may require lifting a typewriter, let's say, off the table in order to get at the paper, or moving a jigsaw puzzle or a tray to capture the brush and comb. Besides, the mirror and bookrest are

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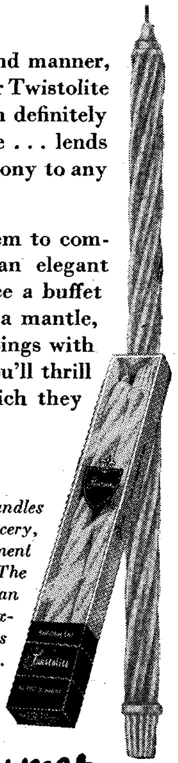

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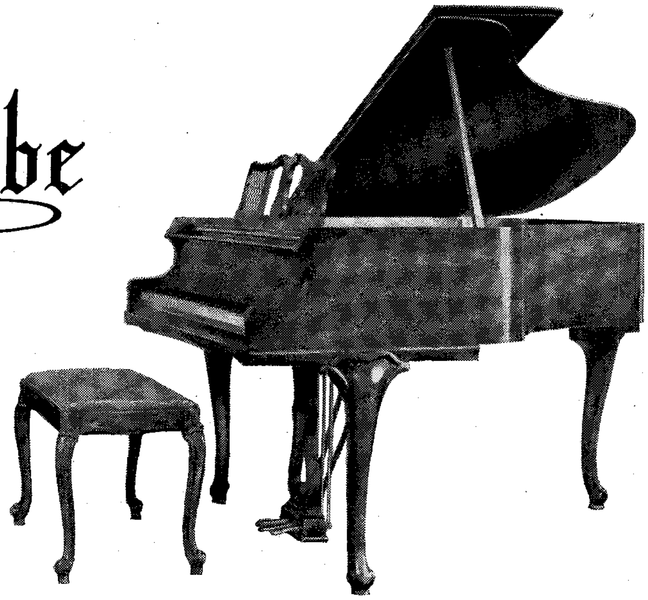

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fixed to the underside of this hinged section, and it has to be raised before either of those can be used. The patient who has trouble reaching might also find fault with the position of the elevating crank, which is on the right-hand side, slightly below the level of the top. In spite of these minor complaints, though, the table should prove a blessing to anybody who must fend for himself during convalescence. It costs $69.50 at Lewis & Conger.

FOR the man who has to get back to his desk—or thinks he has to—before he is feeling any too well, there is a wonderful chair at Keefe & Keefe, a well-known hospital-supply house at 874 Lexington Avenue (65th). Called the Glide-About, it's an armless chair of simple design, with a light, chromium-plated frame and a foam-rubber seat and back rest upholstered in fine brown leather. It looks like any other first-rate modern desk chair, and the only excuse it has for turning up at a shop dedicated to making the sick feel better is its restful comfort and remarkable mobility. It is set on six-inch, ball-bearing, rubber-tired casters that enable its occupant to scoot from desk to bookcase to filing cabinet at a smart clip, without any conspicuous appearance of invalidism. I was interested to note that all the Keefe & Keefe offices, manned by presumably able-bodied executives, are furnished with these admirable chairs, which cost $55.

I WOULDN'T be at all surprised if more recoveries were delayed by the lack of a good bed light than by any other single factor in convalescence, and I find it strange that doctors don't investigate the matter of what their patients read and write by as thoroughly as they investigate their diets. Since my own idea of a good bed light, in sickness or in health, is the pinup variety, I have, in endeavoring to track down an ideal light for the invalid, proceeded on the theory that illumination for the bed should be from behind and above. I am pleased to report that I have found just the ticket at Lightolier, 11 East 36th Street. This striking pinup lamp has a half-spherical shade fifteen inches in diameter, made of polished brass picked out with pin-point perforations, and beneath it a cupped diffusing shield that covers the bulb. It is raised or lowered by means of a counterweight, and hangs on a swinging, telescopic brass arm that can be extended as much as twenty-eight and a half inches, so as to illuminate either a book held at close range or a typewriter on an overbed table. It's a three-way light, by the way, and it can be plugged into any outlet. The price is $42, through decorators.

AT Lewis & Conger's Sleep Shop, there are a number of devices designed to help people get to sleep that might just as effectively help them get well. For example, a blanket support to be used by people (you'd be surprised to know how many of them there are) who can't tolerate the weight of bedcovers on their feet. This is a framework, seventeen inches wide and sixteen inches high, of rubber-covered metal tubing, that goes under the covers and supports them. It is held in place by a flat metal base that slides in between the mattress and the box spring, and whether it's destined for the patient with an injured foot or merely for the crotchety, it costs $4.75. Another Sleep Shop contrivance is a wedge-shaped pillow, nineteen inches long, to be slipped under the knee when, for one reason or another, it is desirable to elevate the leg. It is made of something called rubberized hair, covered in plain white muslin, and the whole thing is washable; $10.95.

IF you must have a convalescence, now is the time for a really bang-up one, for the Grande Maison de Blanc, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), has imported from England a small quantity of superlatively luxurious blankets, made of cashmere with just enough wool to hold it together. It's hard to believe that covers so soft and cloudlike can provide the warmth of standard winter blankets, but they do. They come only in white, bound with heavy rayon satin, and the seventy-two-by-ninety-inch size costs $120. A more modestly priced blanket is an all-wool number the Maison de Blanc recently brought over from England for the first time since the war. It is done in a waffle weave that gives a deceptively light appearance to what is actually a covering of considerable warmth; it comes in numerous pale shades and has a wide rayon satin binding. The twin-bed size costs $27.50.

INDIVIDUAL breakfast sets are, of course, easy enough to come by, but an individual dinner service suitable for the invalid's tray takes a lot of looking for. Well, Alice H. Marks, 18 East 53rd Street, has a set of this kind, priced at $20, and it is not only very pretty but exceptionally practical. It is made of white English earthenware decorated

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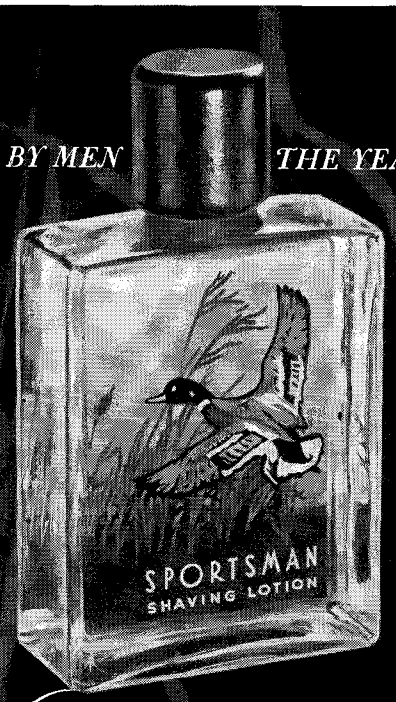
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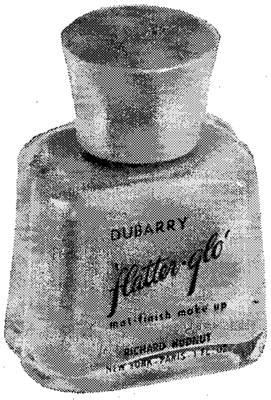

by **RICHARD HUDNUT** *of Fifth Avenue*

with a pale-blue band—each dish cover has a perky little pink rose for a knob—and includes all the necessary containers in which food appears on a hospital tray. There is a covered soup bowl (for the inevitable cream of corn); a covered three-compartment vegetable-and-meat dish; a dessert saucer (choice of baked apple or jello); a tea set, consisting of pot, cup and saucer, sugar bowl, and cream jug; and a luncheon plate and a bread-and-butter plate. You can also pick up at the Marks shop a trifling little present to take along to a sick friend—a clear plastic cover ($2.50), with a big handle, to fit over a drinking glass. Although it is certainly not an essential piece of sickroom equipment, it has its modest use.

WHAT does come under the head of essential sickroom equipment is a good tray, by which I mean one that is light, easily cleaned, reasonably resistant to heat and alcohol, and, assuming that the convalescent has sensibly invested in an overbed table, is not of the folding variety. At Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street, there is a tray that fills all these requirements and is, besides, one of the handsomest of its species you are likely to find. One surface is of Micarta, which is impervious to most of the ills that afflict trays, and the other is of cork, which is splendid for serving any drinks that the invalid is permitted, and both are fenced in with a low molding of pale korina wood, indented to provide handgrips. This tray comes in three sizes, the largest and most useful of which is twenty-two inches by eighteen; $14.50. At Bonniers, 650 Madison Avenue (58th), there is a large collection of those practical, almost everlasting Swedish trays made of light birch plywood. They now appear in a stunning lacquer finish (scarlet or black) as well as natural, and are said to be resistant to alcohol, heat, burns—everything. The largest measures seventeen and a half by twenty-three inches and costs $9, and they dwindle down through various sizes and prices to a little number marked $1.65 and just big enough for a teacup and a sandwich. —S. H.

•

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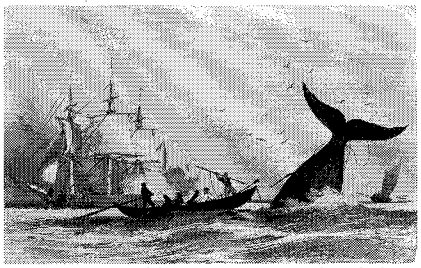

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THE magpie had come back. Trailing its long blue tail, it skimmed between the crimson rhododendron flowers and began pestering the three gray apes that sat in a row on a branch of the tallest rhododendron languidly eating the flowers, scratching themselves, and picking one another's fleas. For several minutes they pretended not to notice the magpie as it swooped about their ears. Then one of them suddenly flung out an arm and made a murderous snatch at the bird, and it flew off, shrieking, through the trees.

Bindu laughed. Seated on the veranda of the bungalow, from which she could see the distant snow-capped Himalayas and look down on the terrace and the rhododendrons, she had been watching the game for some time. She loved to watch the apes. They came here almost every day, and she put out nuts and grain for them, and sometimes fruit, and this made for an amusing competition between them and the magpie, which risked its life trying to confuse them into relinquishing some of the booty. These were not the common brown monkeys that everywhere in India haunt railway platforms and scamper through dirty bazaars, pilfering as they go. They were the langur, the long-tailed monkeys of the Himalayas, commonly called apes in that region, which stand, some of them, almost as tall as a man. Their fur is silver gray, their faces are black and pointed, and they move through life with an air of great elegance and disdain.

Walking in the garden one summer day, Bindu had encountered one of the creatures face to face as it alighted before her from a nearby branch. Startled, she had found herself gazing into eyes as black and shining as blackberries; then, with a bound, the ape had vanished upward into the trees—vanished, but not for long, for as she stood there, she could see a gray tail hanging down like a bellpull, and felt herself the object of a curious simian scrutiny.

There were days when she heard the apes without seeing them; a commotion like a storm would shake the trees, and she would picture their flight from bough to bough—an aerial adventure forever denied the earth-bound like herself.

As she sat, now, on the veranda, her husband's mother appeared suddenly in the doorway behind her. "Bindu! What are you doing?" she asked sharply.

"I was looking at *them*," Bindu answered, and nodded toward the furry trio on their branch at the far side of the terrace.

The old woman gave an angry laugh. "Your child has awakened and is hungry. Will you condescend to come and feed it? Unlike the monkeys, it cannot, as yet, feed itself."

She disappeared into the house, but Bindu lingered, reluctant to leave her contemplation of the apes. They had seen the food she had set for them behind the iron railing that bounded the terrace, and now—nonchalantly, as they did most things—they descended, one by one, onto the railing, and thence to the ground, where they began to eat with the deliberation of connoisseurs. Bindu could not be sure whether this was the same group of three she had always seen or whether they were members of a bigger group, which took turns coming for the food, but it had occurred to her lately that she could distinguish one ape from another. Today, for instance, she thought she recognized her visitors of yesterday and the day before—two males and a female, the latter somewhat smaller than its companions, more delicately made, and, it seemed to Bindu, less indifferent to what went on in the world below.

She recalled stories she'd heard about these creatures—that they had been known to lay waste whole patches of melons on the lower slopes of the hills, and surround a dog and tear it to pieces, and even attack people on lonely mountain paths. But Bindu simply refused to believe a word of this. In the long, uneventful summer she was spending in this mountain resort, with only her infant, now six weeks old, and her mother-in-law, and Hasmat, the old nurse, for company, she'd had leisure to study the animals, and could detect nothing sly or wicked about them, nothing cruel, vulgar, or mean. She was enchanted by their carefree existence, and in her more pessimistic

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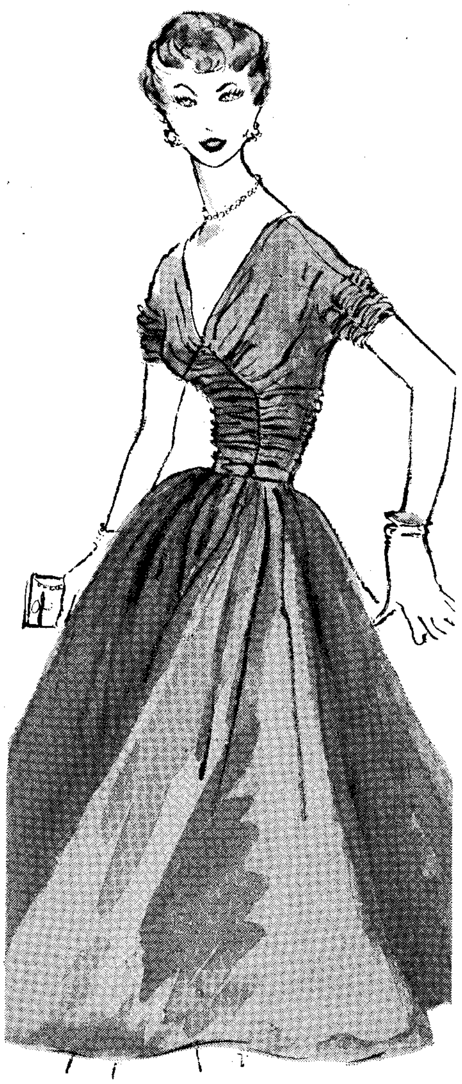

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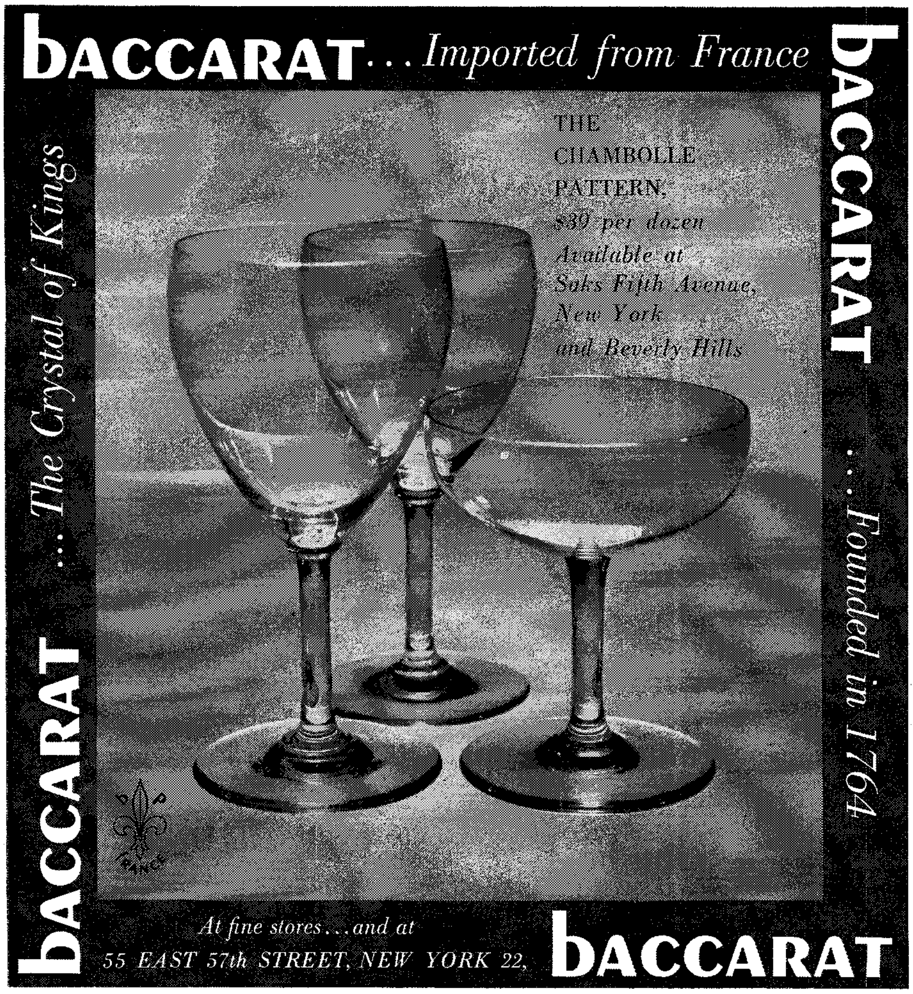
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moods she sometimes wished she could take her child and fly upward into the trees to join them.

"Bindu!" It was the voice of her mother-in-law again.

SIGHING, Bindu rose and went from the veranda into her bedroom, where the grandmother stood with the baby in her arms. Even as Bindu held out her own arms, she felt the other's subconscious unwillingness to surrender the child. And she wouldn't surrender him ever, Bindu thought, if she could nurse him herself! A tingle of malicious satisfaction ran through the girl as, her eyes meekly lowered, she carried her son to a chair, where she sat down and began to nurse him. Light from the open door streamed onto her youthful figure in its blue sari, and onto her glowing breast.

"The poor little one," muttered the old woman. "If he could speak, he would tell you what he thought of you for neglecting him as you do." Bindu had learned to hold her tongue in her mother-in-law's presence; besides, she had been properly brought up, and obedience to her husband's mother was one of the tenets of that upbringing. The old lady turned away and began to tidy the baby's bed. She was small and bent and energetic, and as she worked, she continued to mutter to herself, recalling the days of her youth, when she had never been slow to attend to her children's needs. But mothers were mothers in those days, not scatterbrained wantons who spent hours in daydreaming, wasting the precious moments when their children might in truth be called their own.

"It passes quickly enough," she snapped suddenly, over her shoulder, at Bindu. "Time passes, and your son passes from you—into another woman's arms, or into the world. Have you thought of that?"

"No," said Bindu, and looked down at the baby's face where it rested against her breast.

"Well, you better think of it, because you won't have him forever, you know."

I shall have him longer than you will, Bindu thought, but she knew better than to say so.

Hasmat tottered into the room carrying an armful of laundry, and the two old women fell to sorting and folding the clothes and putting them away. They were contemporaries and in sympathy with each other, and they kept up a running fire of comment on Bindu, on Bindu's friends, and on the inexplicable irresponsibility of the new generation.

The baby finished his meal and fell asleep, and Bindu held him quietly, knowing that if the others saw that he slept, they would take him from her, to croon over him themselves. She was rarely permitted to do this, or to play with him as she would have loved to do, for, at sixteen, she was hardly more than a child—high-spirited and longing for fun. But her young husband, Nirmal, had begged her to be patient with his mother and with the old nurse who had once been his. "They are jealous," he had told Bindu. "And they have so little! We can afford to humor them while they are still with us."

To console Bindu, he had bought a beautiful English pram for the baby, a glittering thing with rubber tires and a hood that could be lowered and raised, but this was scarcely ever used because his mother considered it highly dangerous. Supposing it got away and rolled down the hill with the baby in it!

From time to time, Bindu had eyed the pram with longing, imagining herself wheeling her son in it, back and forth on the sunny terrace, or even down the hill to the Mall and around the lake, as she had seen English and American ladies wheel their children, and as several of her Indian friends did also. But this her mother-in-law sternly forbade. If Bindu was so anxious to take the child outdoors for an occasional airing, she could carry him herself. What were a woman's arms for, after all—to load with jewelry and expose to the gaze of the rabble or to cradle a son?

It was useless for Bindu to point out that she would have liked nothing better than to carry her child in her arms, but that he was always in his grandmother's or in Hasmat's. They feared that in her inexperience she would drop him, or expose him to sunstroke or to cold. As for the pram, it stood neglected on the veranda, and only on the rare occasions when both old women happened to be absent for an hour or two did Bindu venture to use it, exulting in the sense of adventure it gave her and in the experience of having her child to herself.

Now, from where she sat, with the baby asleep on her breast, she could see the sunlit terrace through the open door, and presently one of the apes appeared beside the railing, facing her. Bindu saw that it was the smallest of the three, the female, and it seemed to her that the creature gazed at her and at the child with an unusual fixity of expression. Then it was gone again, leaping into

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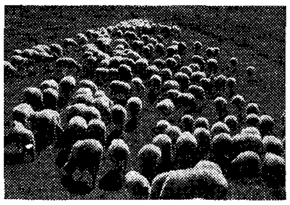

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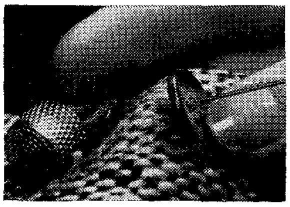

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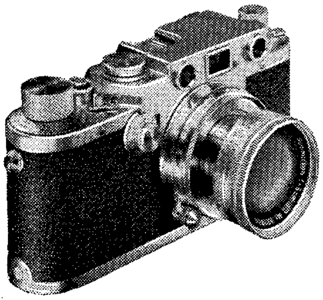

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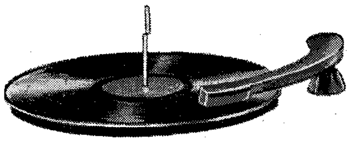

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the branches, and she pictured it as lost in Olympian contemplation of earth and sky.

In a few minutes, the mother-in-law, noticing that the child was asleep, came and took him and laid him in his cot, and Bindu, left to herself, picked up a book and returned to her chair on the veranda. It was now almost noon, and the gathering heat imposed a drowsy hush on everything. She sat with the book unopened on her lap and thought about her husband in his office in New Delhi, three hundred miles away. Even her child seemed far away. All that was intimate and dear to her seemed, at this moment, to recede into the distance, leaving her imprisoned in her loneliness. Sounds reached her from beyond the invisible barriers of that prison—the voices of the cook and the gardener, conversing on the kitchen steps, and the sound of the gardener's son singing in the vegetable garden behind the house. Raising her eyes, Bindu saw three gray tails hanging like bellpulls from the branch of a tree near the terrace rail. She felt the silent, attentive presences, and was vaguely comforted. *They*, at any rate, had not deserted her.

In a little while, her mother-in-law emerged from the house, carrying her shopping bag, and as Bindu watched the old woman cross the terrace and disappear down the hill toward the Mall and its bazaars, elation coursed through her. She listened to the sounds of Hasmat pottering about in the room behind her, then heard her unroll her sleeping mat and stretch herself on the floor beside the baby's bed. A momentary hush was followed by a steady, droning snore, and Bindu knew that Hasmat slept.

The girl rose, threw one end of her sari over her shoulder, and went into the room. Stepping carefully round the corpselike body of the nurse, Bindu lifted the child from his bed and carried him onto the veranda. She laid him in the pram, his head on a ruffled pillow, and then wheeled the carriage out to the terrace. It moved without a squeak of its beautiful springs, and Bindu, humming under her breath, gazed joyfully down at the baby's face, framed in frills. She felt an enormous pride in him, in herself, in the pram. For some time she strolled to and fro in the sunshine, then pushed the pram into the shade beside the railing and adjusted the hood so the light would not shine in the baby's eyes. The motion of the pram had lulled him back to sleep, and after a moment Bindu left him and returned noiselessly to the

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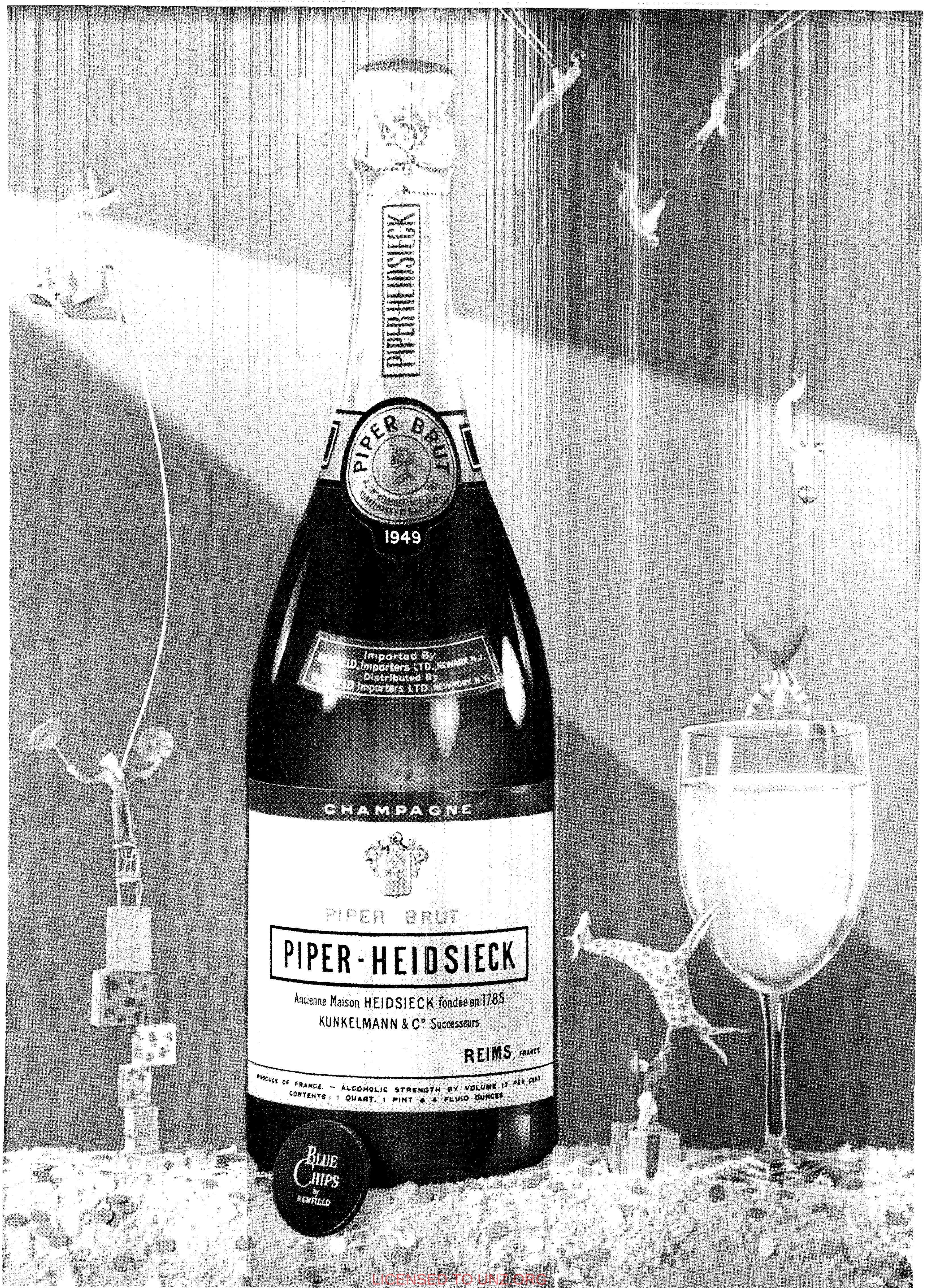
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FARIBO BLANKETS • Faribault, Minnesota • *makers of Faribo PAK-A-ROBE* bedroom, where Hasmat lay wrapped like a cocoon in her sheet. Still playing at being mother, Bindu remade her child's bed, and, finding a few garments the old women had overlooked, she carried them into the bathroom, shut the door, so as not to wake Hasmat, and washed them and hung them on the towel rail to dry.

As she dawdled over these small tasks, her slight, girl's body seemed to take on a new character, to become assertive, almost arrogant in its motions. She noticed that some of the baby's clothes had been carelessly washed. So the old women were not omnipotent, after all! Frowning, Bindu took them to task under her breath, and in that imaginary exchange she saw herself getting the better of them both—saw them turned apologetic, even humble, under the lash of her displeasure.

Her duties completed, she tiptoed out of the house and back to the pram under the trees.

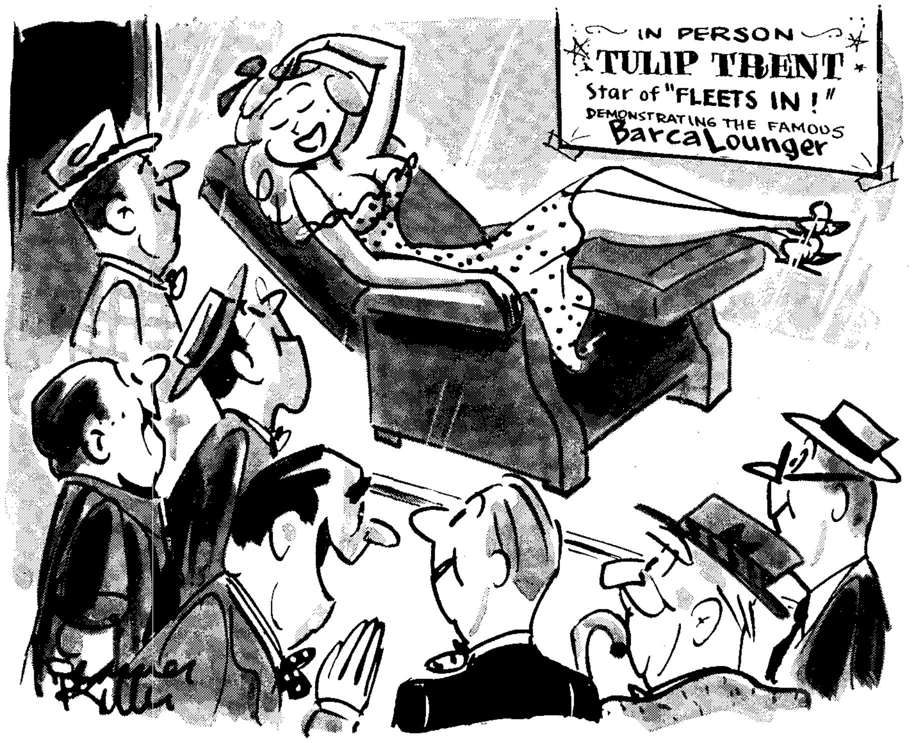
The baby was not in it.

For an instant, Bindu stood perfectly still as realization and disbelief fought together in her consciousness. Her screams, then, brought Hasmat staggering out of the house, and the other servants rushing from their work. Hasmat tore the blankets and pillows from the pram in her wild search while the others scattered to peer over the terrace rail and under bushes, leaves, and stones, to an obbligato of Bindu's lamentations and Hasmat's demented wails. As they stood there in a frightened, vociferous group, a single rhododendron flower floated down on their heads, followed, a second later, by a small, white crocheted sock.

It was the gardener who then spied the female ape sitting high in the branches with Bindu's child clasped against its hairy breast. The creature's face, framed in crimson flowers, peered down at the stricken group gathered at the foot of the tree. The baby had been strangely quiet, but in the midst of the pandemonium that now arose he began to wail. The gardener's son immediately volunteered to climb the tree and perhaps drive the ape down to the ground, but as he started to do so she moved up to a higher branch, and Bindu cried to the boy to stop. Advice, commands, maledictions filled the air, but the ape, impervious in her aerie, merely disengaged one paw and proceeded to examine the baby's head for fleas.

"Send to the bazaar for the mistress!" Hasmat cried in desperation. "Send for her! She will know what to do."

A messenger had already been dis-



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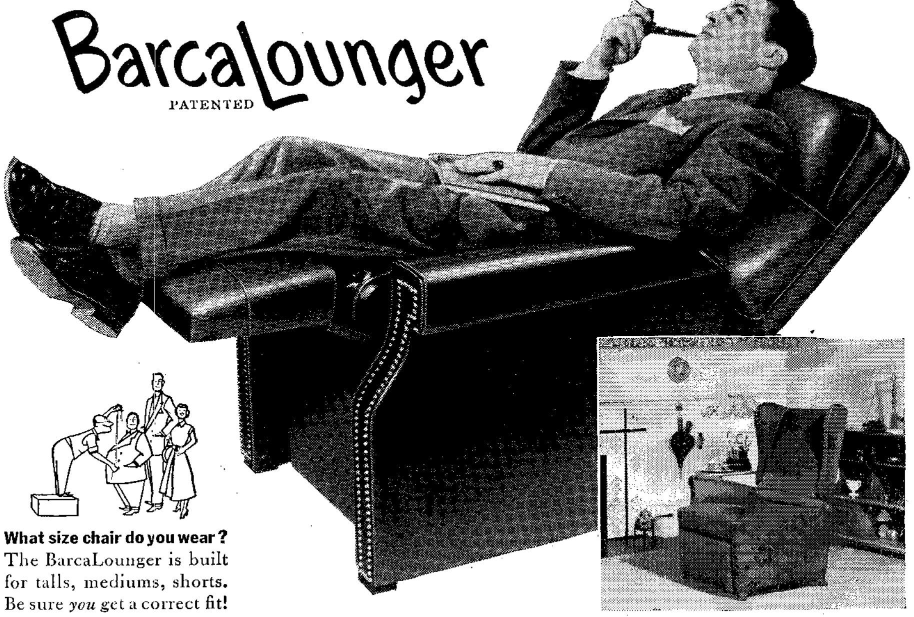

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Pronunciation Guide to FRENCH Wines

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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patched in search of the mother-in-law, and the old nurse turned furiously on Bindu, who had collapsed among the ferns at the foot of the tree. "Wretch!" screamed the old woman. "This is what you get for your criminal stupidity! What will you say to your husband when he learns that his son has been carried away by the monkeys?"

Bindu seemed not to hear her. Crouched among the ferns, she alternately sobbed and prayed aloud to the ape, to God, to fate, to rescue her child.

The gardener gazed at her in pity. "It is difficult," he muttered. "It is indeed difficult. Who could have foreseen such a thing? If we could but enter into the mental processes of the animal, we might discover some means of saving the child."

The mother-in-law had been on her way home when the messenger met her with the news. She now appeared, and, speechless with terror and exertion, could do nothing for several minutes except lean on Hasmat's shoulder and fight for breath. This done, she immediately launched into a violent denunciation of her daughter-in-law, of the ape, and of the servants, none of whom, she said, could be trusted for a single moment out of her sight.

The servants quailed under this outburst, but Bindu was past caring what her elders had to say. Craning upward, she stared at the gray form, statuesque on its flowering branch. Both long, furred arms were clasped round the child. He had stopped crying and now seemed to be resting there quite contentedly, and could it be— Bindu gave a small, hysterical gasp. Could it be that he was actually trying to nurse at that furry breast?

As swiftly as the mother-in-law had lost control of her temper, she now regained it, and took command of the situation. All her life she had given orders and had seen them obeyed, but previous emergencies, to which she had proved more than equal, had always been in the normal course of events—the mishaps of everyday life. This was a different matter. Now, as words and actions shaped together in her mind, she gave utterance to them, but they proved to be commands and directions that she was forced instantly to retract.

"Go to the *thana* and fetch the police! . . . No, don't! They will bring firearms and frighten the creature away or perhaps, in their clumsiness, kill the child. Get a ladder! . . . No, no, do not! The animal will merely climb out of reach."

"We might try lighting a fire and

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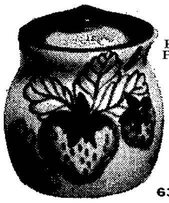

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smoking it down," the cook suggested diffidently.

"Yes, yes!" she cried eagerly. "It is an idea." Then, furiously, "Fool! Don't you know that all animals fear flame? It would fly at the first scratch of a match."

"It is difficult, it is difficult," the gardener kept repeating distractedly. "It is most difficult. How should any of us know how to deal with such a situation?"

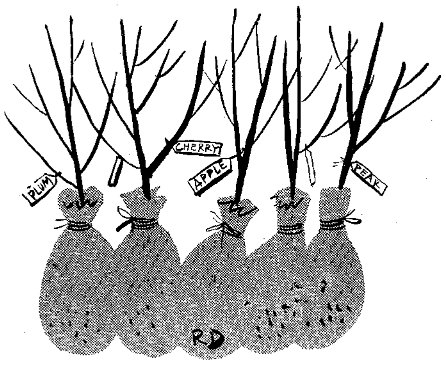
"If only the ape were a person, now," the gardener's son observed wistfully. "We might threaten it with the police, or with a beating. Or we could offer it a bribe—money, food, something pretty, like a set of glass bangles or some shoes. Or we could argue with it on the grounds of morality, or appeal to its sense of justice and even to its maternal instincts. Granted that none of these things would necessarily prove effective, we should at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we were understood. But as it is . . ." His voice trailed away helplessly.

The mother-in-law gave him a venomous glance. "So that's all I get for having sent you to school," she said bitterly. "Twenty rupees a month, and not a single practical idea to show for it!"

"Well," he suggested, abashed, "we might get some food and spread it on the ground. Grain, nuts, fruit—such things as these creatures love. That might perhaps lure it down."

"That's better. Yes, run to the kitchen and get the stuff. . . . No, don't!" She wrung her hands in anguish. "In its hurry to reach the food, the brute might release its hold on the child. Not being an ape child, how could he know enough to hold on, as the baby apes do?" She gazed yearningly into the branches and cried, "Ah, my child, my little one!"

Her household groaned aloud in a chorus compounded of sycophancy and sympathy. "When you think of the tales we hear about these animals!" Hasmat wailed. "How they have been



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known to circle a grown man and tear him limb from limb!"

The cook nodded. "And it was only a few years ago," he said, "that they stole a beautiful young girl just arrived at puberty, and carried her away God knows where. She has not been heard of since."

Bindu burst out passionately, "Don't say such things! Don't insult them! How do we know that they cannot understand what we say? I believe that the ape took my child because she loved him. It is not, perhaps, the kind of love known to us, but it must be love, nevertheless."

"Love!" they echoed. "*Love?*"

"It is true," the gardener's son interposed suddenly. "I have seen them in the springtime playing with their little ones. They are almost human."

The mother-in-law broke in impatiently. "Of one thing we can be sure—the ape will never come down from her tree so long as we stand under it, jabbering."

She hesitated, her lined old face twisted with indecision. Then, abruptly, she made up her mind. "We shall have to use trickery. Let us go back to the house and wait there quietly. Once she is sure that we have gone, she may decide to come down. It will be time enough then to attempt a rescue." She turned sternly to her daughter-in-law. "Come, Bindu."

The girl shook her head. "I cannot leave. I must stay here."

"I say come!"

Bindu gave her a strange look. "You will have to use force to make me!" she said.

The others gazed at her helplessly. Then the old woman shrugged and said bitterly, "Stay, then. The apes seem to consider you one of themselves, and so are not apt to be put off by your presence."

Followed by her retinue, she departed, and when the last of the procession had vanished, Bindu herself moved a little distance away from the tree, and sat down on the leafy ground, clasping her arms round her knees. She had no clear idea of what she expected from this vigil, but she did know that to leave this spot was quite beyond her. She had to stay, to witness, to hope, to save—or, perhaps, to renounce. This was to be part of her punishment, but it was, too, part of the implacable resolution that she felt growing within her.

WITH the departure of her companions, a peculiar hush descended on the scene, and Bindu became

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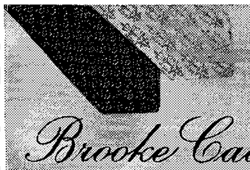

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aware of the infinitesimal voices that bear us company in solitude—the creak of a dry leaf, the thin violin note of a cicada invisible on its self-colored twig, the tentative footfall of some small bird among the ferns. The baby suddenly started to whimper, and the ape, staring at its foundling with expressionless, shiny black eyes, clutched it closer, then loosened its grasp so that the child almost slipped out of its arms altogether.

And, down on the ground, Bindu's mind reflected every movement and every sound from the pair half hidden from her by the crowding leaves. She could no longer weep, and had long since run out of prayers, and, like her mother-in-law and the others, she had made the discovery that the faculty of reason is never so powerless as when pitted against unreason. If only a voice would speak in a language the ape would understand and obey! But no such language existed. The words of the poet Kalidasa, or of the Mahabharata itself, echoing against the furred, flat ears of the ape would avail no more than the sound of fleas cracking between its teeth.

The afternoon was passing, and the air turned cool with a breeze that blew down the valley from the snows. Half lost in her trance of despair, Bindu was roused suddenly by the harsh note of the magpie, which had returned to its favorite pastime of tormenting the apes. It came swooping between the trees, singled out the female, and flew at it, jeering, then towered swiftly out of reach of its paws. A second later, it came back, and the late-afternoon sun, slanting between the dark leaves and the crimson flowers of the rhododendron, touched the bird's blue feathers and bright-coral bill. The light shone on the ape's body and turned it into a silvery, metallic figure among the green shadows of the trees.

Bindu half rose from her cramped position and felt her heart ready to burst in her breast. Suppose that the ape, in its attempts to catch the bird, were to release its hold on the child!

Again the magpie flew away, then returned, describing airy circles round the ape's head and filling the silence with its discordant cries. How often had Bindu watched the bird teasing the apes, forcing them to relinquish the grain or berries in their paws and then swooping like a meteor to retrieve the fallen booty.

The ape moved. It shook down one delicate, prehensile foot, then the other, and gradually began to descend the tree. Bindu gazed at the long gray tail as

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it swung cautiously lower and lower toward the ground. Malevolently intent on the bird, the ape turned its black eyes this way and that, following the blue tail feathers as they trailed past its vision, and, clasping the baby with one hand, kept the other hand free for the lightning snatch that would end the magpie's sport forever.

Slowly, Bindu rose to her feet, and as the magpie came down for another attack, she saw both furred hands shoot out and seize it, and her child, released from its captor, tumble harmlessly into the bed of ferns beneath the tree. She rushed to him and caught him up in her arms, stilling his cries against her breast.

THEY were waiting for her on the veranda as she crossed the terrace with her baby held close against her heart. At sight of her face and disarrayed hair, they ran toward her—the mother-in-law and Hasmat and the others, exclaiming in amazed and noisy wonder. But when the women would have taken the child from her, Bindu repelled them with a look.

"No," she said. "No, he is mine. No one shall have him. No one shall take him from me again. No one, do you understand? *No one!*"

And, brushing them aside with an arrogant gesture of her arm, she walked up the veranda steps and into the house, closing the door behind her.

—Christine Weston

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Mediterranean Cinderella

THE New York Philharmonic opened its season last Thursday evening with a program of admirable music, and what I heard of it was admirably performed. This consisted of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy" symphony, in which the orchestra's first violist, William Lincer, played the long, baroque solo part with beautiful tone and a competent, though not overwhelmingly subtle, grasp of its phraseological niceties. I spent the better part of the evening, however, at the less formal opening of the New York City Opera, where I had a great deal more fun. If my enthusiasm for the opera I heard, Rossini's "La Cenerentola," seems to come a little late, I can only plead that I missed its hugely successful première last spring and was hearing it on this occasion for the first time. I am now able to report that the City Center's production of it is one of the most lighthearted and enjoyable things to be seen hereabouts, and that its taxing vocal calisthenics are tossed off by the City Center's singers with astonishing grace and ease.

"La Cenerentola" is, of course, "Cinderella," but the little musical comedy Rossini wrote under this title has nothing to do with such northern supernatural phenomena as fairy godmothers and glass slippers. It is a distinctly Mediterranean version, in which some very down-to-earth eighteenth-century Latin conspirators are outwitted by the lovely heroine and her princely lover in a plot that smacks much more of Goldoni than of Perrault. The scenery and costumes, in which both Lincoln Kirstein and Rouben Ter-Arutunian have had a hand, are a blend of quaint Italian archaisms and modern ballet-style whimsey, and are so deftly suited to the City Center's limitations of budget and stage space that they are a continuous source of amusement. The action is often hilarious, and there is a comic ballet in the second act that spoofs eighteenth-century tradition with real wit. On the purely musical side, "La Cenerentola" is a gem of neat teamwork and polished vocalism. Not all the voices are of sensational calibre, but I carefully searched the rippling intricacies of Rossini's scales and arpeggios without detecting a serious flaw anywhere. In one notable case, that of the young mezzo-soprano Frances Bible, who sang the role of Cinderella, I was gratified to find a voice of really distinguished quality, combining warmth, richness, and a large, even range with great agility and an impeccable sense of style. I remember first hearing Miss Bible several years ago as a very serviceable Octavian in "Rosenkavalier." She has since grown into a singer of first-rank abilities.

FRIDAY night, I returned to the City Center to hear Marc Blitzstein's "Regina," the opera based on Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes," which entered the company's repertoire in somewhat revised form last spring, following a short Broadway run in 1949. Despite a lot of earnest musical workmanship by Mr. Blitzstein and almost heroic efforts on the part of the cast, I found it quite disappointing. Mr. Blitzstein's rather angry and not too inspired music only intensifies the shrillness of a work that was already shrill enough as a play, and it often gets in the way of, instead of enhancing, the action. Perhaps the main trouble is that Miss Hellman's singularly unpleasant characters do not fit very well into opera. In opera, singing is, naturally, a very important ingredient, and singing is perhaps at its best when it deals with affirmative emotions. The nearest thing to an affirmative emotion in "Regina" is greed, and greed is not ordinarily something that one sings about.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Although she was a pioneer in the nursing profession, the modern hospital of today owes much to her selfishnessless devotion to her chosen profession.—*Prescott (Ariz.) Courier.*

Sounds like a split personality.

•

New York City is a living proof of why big cities should be decentralized. Nothing would do New York more good than to have it cut into four sections and then laid out in Texas for a little sunshine and a few lessons in hospitality, friendliness and the art of living.—*Galveston Week.*

Manhattan went thataway.

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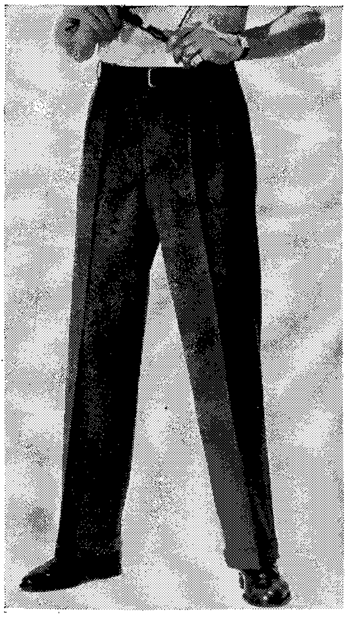

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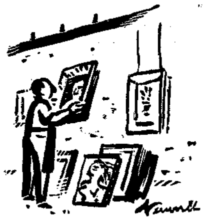
THE ART GALLERIES

East and West



As frequently happens, we have a mixed assortment of attractions to consider this week. Group shows and exhibitions of younger or less well-known artists predominate, and by an odd coincidence a couple of these last concern Japanese painters, both fairly new to this country. They are Tad Miyashita, at the Hacker Gallery, and Kenzo Okada, at the Betty Parsons. It is interesting to compare them, for though both are abstractionists they illustrate two almost completely opposed movements that have arisen in modern Japanese painting in recent years. Miyashita, for instance, in his efforts to break with the traditionalism of his past, has turned toward the West for inspiration. To be sure, there are many strong Eastern influences in his canvases, especially in the drawing; after all, one can hardly grow up in a country without absorbing the particular technical devices which, within that nation, make up the accepted method of representation. But these are underlying factors in his art, and on the surface his influences seem mainly to have come from the so-called "calligraphic" school that, beginning perhaps with Klee (himself, paradoxically, partly Oriental in inspiration), has produced in this country such artists as Kline, deKooning, and Schanker. This is not necessarily a fault. Any artist is entitled to take his influences where he finds them. But I think that so far the conflict of impulses has made Miyashita's work a little indecisive in feeling. Otherwise, I must say that I thought it quite attractive. Bold in handling and at times too melodramatic in design, it depends largely on slashing juxtapositions of blacks and whites, lightened only here and there with touches of color, and in many of the pieces he displays a compositional strength that is impressive. I admired his big "Watercolor No. 4," with its areas of green and yellow, as well as the swirly "Animation of White No. 5" and the more delicate "Animation of White No. 8."

Okada, on the other hand, has stuck quite close to native sources in his development, and if this has narrowed his range and limited his concept now and then, it does give his painting a unity of feeling that is lacking in Miyashita's. Though his work is abstract, it manages (and this, it seems to me, is something of a triumph) to retain a good deal of the atmospheric suggestion of conventional Japanese art, and for the most part his subjects—landscapes, flower arrangements, and so on—also follow this traditional pattern. This is Okada's first one-man show in this country, but I'm told that he is in his fifties, and certainly, in his development of textures and in his brushwork generally, he shows a technical command of his medium that goes with complete maturity. I liked best his green, highly simplified landscape numbered 1, with its formalized suggestion of trees and clouds and what seems to be cattle in a field; No. 13, with its stipplings of shadows and pale-gray and violet tonality; and the more geometric and beautifully textured No. 12.

At the Martha Jackson Gallery, they are showing abstract paintings and collages by William Getman, in another first solo exhibition of considerable promise. Getman, who was born in Buffalo and has been living of late years in Mexico, has a style that hints (obliquely, it's true) at such varied influences as the Chilean Matta, the British Graham Sutherland, and the Cuban Wifredo Lam—indicating again that art has little concern with national boundaries—while, perhaps because of his recent immersion in tropical surroundings, his color has a "hot" quality that may at first prove disconcerting. But his work has strength, and a great amount of poetic feeling as well, and though in some of the pieces ("Not All My Fears" is an example) he gets lost in the complexities of his composition, in others, like the glitteringly gold-and-red "Cast Away Care" and the more sombre "Their Souls Are Soon Dissolved," he produces paintings that are sound and enjoyable.

The City Center, till now devoted exclusively to music, ballet, and the theatre, has at last found room for the plastic arts, and the rejoicing at this widening of our municipal cultural range might be more unrestrained if the place allotted to the newcomer had been more ample. As it is, the new gallery is crowded into a long, rather narrow passageway at the western end of the Fifty-fifth Street side, and despite all efforts to brighten it up with a new coat of paint, lighting, and general refurbishing, it remains fairly bleak and tunnellike in appearance. It's on the

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street floor, however, and easy of access, and inasmuch as the intentions were good it is foolish to cavil. The opening exhibition, anyway, is the first of a three-part survey of paintings by artists of the metropolitan area. All are jury shows, and I understand that the present affair was designed to favor the middle of the road; the extreme right and left wings will be covered in succeeding installments. Even so, the judges for this one were remarkably liberal, for the range in styles, starting with the academic, extends as far as the downright Expressionistic, and the whole flavor of the show is enormously varied, sprightly, and colorful. There are no less than fifty-one pieces in the collection, which crowds the available space. One pleasant aspect of the affair is that the work of a number of relative unknowns is represented. In this category, I liked Inge Klimpt's graceful, atmospheric "Two Girls," Bruce Currie's flat, pale-tinted "The Stairway," Harvey Dinnerstein's "Portrait of My Mother," almost miniaturistic in its execution, Maxwell Stewart Simpson's sunny, green "Bird House in Spring," and the small and well-executed "Supper at Emmaeus," by Leonard De Longa.

I confess that at first I didn't see very much reason for a municipal art gallery, or how it would find an effective function in the rather large pattern of museums and galleries that already confronts us. After all (so I thought), the galleries are always seeking new talent, and if any good artists exist who are not, so to speak, hooked by one or another of the galleries, they are certain to be seined up almost immediately in the big contemporary group showings put on by the museums. I seem to have been wrong, however, and the fact that so many new talents can be turned up almost casually in a first effort like this shows that there really is room for this new sort of undertaking.

—Robert M. Coates

•

RAKER

Now all the fall is haze,
bittersweet with smoke
these elegiac days:
the raker leans on rake,
knee-deep in leaves gone bronze
and copper and dry browns;
he leaves a golden wake
on lawn; his curb-side blaze
both funeral pyre and fire
of his unspoken praise.

—Philip Booth

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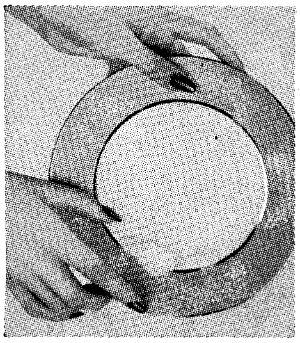
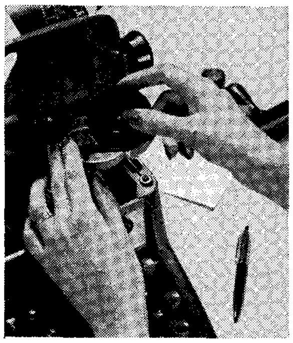
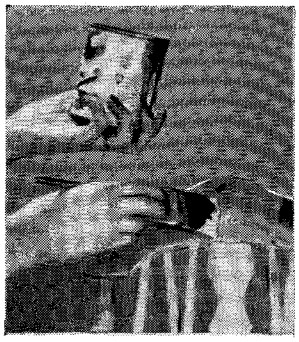


DISHES. "Better than wearing rubber gloves!" ...*Mrs. R. P., Woonsocket, R. I.*

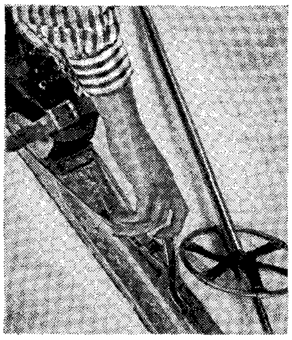


TYPING. "Prevents deep stains from ribbons and carbons... keeps my nails from chipping." ...*Mrs. D. D., Bronx, N. Y.*

GARDENING. "No bad effects from gardening and house cleaning this year." ...*Mrs. C. S., McCloud, Okla.*



PAINTING. "I used it for protection against paint." ...*Mrs. G. Y., Fraser, Colorado*



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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

A LONELY ROAD

AROUND ten o'clock one September evening in 1934, a native of Puerto Rico, whose name shall here be Roberto Ramirez, was sitting at ease in the kitchen of his three-room flat on West 114th Street, a cigarette in his hand and a bottle of beer at his elbow, when he became aware of an odd and pungent odor. Ramirez, a married man of forty-one, with a nine-year-old son and a daughter of eleven, was alone in the room. His wife was out, at a movie with a neighbor, and the children were in bed and asleep. For an instant, Ramirez thought of fire. He cocked his head and sniffed. But the smell was not the smell of smoke and smoldering wood. It was more the smell of something cooking. It smelled like meat, like roasting meat—and it was. As he pushed back his chair to investigate, he saw it. It was his hand. His cigarette had burned away to a ruddy coal between the first and second fingers of his left hand, and the flesh for half an inch around was cracked and curling and darkly red. He dislodged the remains of the cigarette with a convulsive jerk, and stared at his wound. The sight of it made him shudder, but it might have been the hand of another man. It didn't hurt at all. Ramirez got up and went to the cupboard and smeared his fingers with lard. Then, in a panic of bewilderment, he sat down again and waited for his wife. Her consternation was anything but reassuring.

The next morning, still dazed with dismay, Ramirez presented himself at the general clinic of Harlem Hospital for a word of explanation. His confidence in medical science was not misplaced. The examining physician was neither greatly perplexed nor much perturbed. Loss of sensation, he explained after inspecting the burn and modernizing its dressing, was not an unheard-of phenomenon. It could hardly be called even rare. It bespoke a neuritis—an inflammation of the nerves—and was more or less symptomatic of numerous ailments. They included tumors, certain deficiency diseases, and several bacterial infections. At the moment, the doctor went on, the evidence, though far from abundant, seemed to indicate that Ramirez's complaint was nutritional in origin. He suspected, he said, a chronic deficiency of Vitamin B_1. If such was the case, the trouble was readily reparable. He then turned his attention from theory to therapy. He wrote out a prescription for thiamine hydrochloride, recommended a diet rich in milk and liver and whole-grain cereals, and advised a minimum of exercise. In addition, and as a matter of course, he exacted from Ramirez a firm promise to return in a couple of weeks for review and further instructions.

Ramirez was more than punctual. He was back at the clinic the following week. His burn was healing, but he had made an unsettling discovery. He thought the doctor ought to know. That morning, while washing, he had come upon a new, or at least another, patch of insensitivity, a few inches from the first, just above his left wrist. He rolled back his sleeve and pointed it out. The spot he indicated was the color of parchment and slightly depressed. It was about the size of a quarter. The doctor gave it a long, reflective, and increasingly uneasy look. It didn't, he had to admit, much resemble the lesions characteristic of any deficiency disease. Nor was it strongly suggestive of any of the more familiar infections that had earlier crossed his mind. What it did resemble, he found hard to believe. He was astonished that the idea had even occurred to him. After a time, he stood up and stepped across his office to a tier of cabinets. He returned with a scalpel, a glass slide, and a carefully disarming smile. His explanation of his purpose was also shaped by discretion. There was a possibility, he said, that his original diagnosis had not been entirely correct. In order to make sure, he was going to extract a drop of material from the lesion for a bacteriological examination. It would be a simple, bloodless operation, and would take only a moment. Now, if Ramirez would just . . . Exactly! He discarded his scalpel and held out a friendly hand. Analysis, of course, would take somewhat longer. But Ramirez would be notified of the result in a day or two. Meanwhile, he was to continue as before.

When the door had closed, the doctor picked up the telephone and put in a call to the laboratory. He told the bacteriologist on duty there that he was sending along a skin scraping on which he wanted a prompt report. It was to

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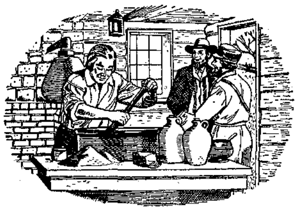

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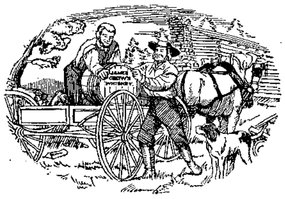

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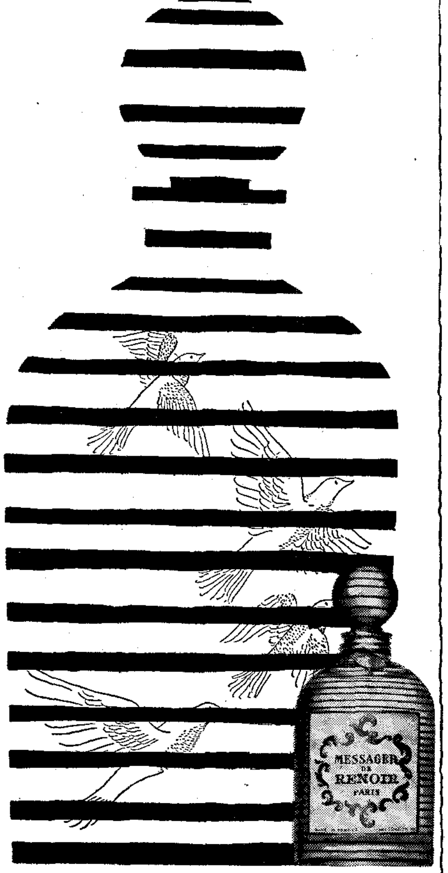
THE OLD CROW DISTILLERY COMPANY, FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY be stained and examined for acid-fast bacilli by the Ziehl-Neelsen method. Half an hour later, as he was preparing to duck out for a hurried lunch, the laboratory called back. They had received the scraping and it had been stained as requested. The reaction was positive. For a moment, the doctor was silent. Then he uttered a grunt of thanks, hung up, and reached for his pen and a piece of writing paper. The message he wrote was addressed to the director of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases of the New York City Department of Health. It informed him that Roberto Ramirez, male, of —— West 114th Street, had been examined by the undersigned and found to be suffering from leprosy.

Of all the diseases that beset the human race, leprosy is by far the hardest to bear. It is usually disfiguring, it is often crippling, and it not uncommonly results in death. It is also chronic and contagious. In addition, it is incurable. What distinguishes leprosy from all other ailments, however, is not the progressive physiological dissolution that its victims must frequently endure. It is the fear and horror and violent loathing that it ordinarily excites in others.

The belief that leprosy unfits its victims for either the sympathy or the society of other men is supported by more than mere aversion. It has the sanction of Holy Writ. Both the Bible and the writings of Mohammed endorse it. "Run away from a leper as you run away from a tiger," the Arabian prophet advised his disciples at the beginning of the seventh century. Mohammed's inspiration in this instance was more derivative than divine. His attitude toward leprosy had been molded by an earlier prophet. The architect of lepraphobia was Moses. In the opinion of most medical historians, the universal abhorrence of leprosy is largely attributable to the Heaven-sent dread of the disease that Moses communicated to the children of Israel. "And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron," the anonymous author of the Book of Leviticus records, "saying, When a man shall have in the skin of his flesh a rising, a scab, or bright spot, and it be in the skin of his flesh like the plague of leprosy; then he shall be brought unto . . . the priest. . . . Then the priest shall look upon it: and, behold, if the rising of the sore be white reddish . . . he is a leprous man, he is unclean: the priest shall pronounce him utterly unclean. . . . And the leper in whom the plague is, his clothes shall be rent, and his head bare, and he shall put a covering upon his upper lip, and shall cry, Unclean, unclean. All the days wherein the plague shall be in him he shall be defiled; he is unclean: he shall dwell alone; without the camp shall his habitation be." Moses received these explicit instructions some twelve or thirteen hundred years before the birth of Christ. Until then, lepers had been only informally shunned. Their good fortune vanished in the wake of the wandering Jews. Within a century or two, the intolerable impurity of the leprous had been sensed throughout the civilized world. The first full-dress demonstration of lepraphobia occurred around 1250 B.C., in Egypt. At the order of Ramses II, the monarch of the moment, eighty thousand lepers were wrested from their homes and resettled in a compound on the edge of the Sahara Desert. There is no record of how long they survived. The most recent display took place in China, a year ago last June, when the subprefect of a back-country province ordered approximately a hundred inmates of the local leprosarium burned to death. Only three escaped the holocaust.

Leprosy probably originated in Egypt. It is likely that the Jews first encountered it there. There are allusions to an adhesive skin disease of catastrophic ferocity in many of the oldest Egyptian religio-medical writings, including the encyclopedic "Papyrus Ebers," which was assembled nearly four thousand years ago and is the most venerable manual of medicine in existence. "Papyrus Ebers" also suggests a remedy. "To drive away leprous spots on the skin," it reads, "cook onions in sea salt and urine, and apply as a poultice." The spread of leprosy from Egypt is indistinctly charted. It is certain only that it was among her earliest exports and that its advance in the beginning was rapid and easterly. By 1000 B.C., it was endemic in all of Asia. Its westward sweep, though eventually as thorough, was somewhat less galvanic. It failed to get a foothold in Europe until almost the time of Christ. Leprosy was unknown to the ancient Greeks. It is, in fact, one of the few diseases of indisputable antiquity that Hippocrates neglected to describe. The introduction of leprosy into Europe is usually attributed to the legions of Pompey the Great. They acquired it, along with the treasures of Mithridates, during their triumphant tour of Asia Minor, and in 62 B.C. it accompanied them back to Rome. From there, in the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line of duty and in the course of time, they carried it on to Spain and France and Germany, and across the Channel into Britain. They also distributed it among the Greeks. To the Romans the disease was known as *elephas*. The Greeks gave it its present name. "Leprosy" derives from "*lepros*," an adjective meaning "scaly." The first reasonably recognizable clinical account of leprosy was composed by an Augustan aristocrat of scientific leanings named Aulus Cornelius Celsus. "In this [leprosy] the whole body becomes so affected that even the bones are said to become diseased," he noted, about the year 30 A.D., for the illumination of his friends. "The surface of the body presents a multiplicity of spots and of swellings, which, at first red, are gradually changed to be black in color. The skin is thickened and thinned in an irregular way, hardened and softened, roughened in some places with a kind of scales; the trunk wastes, the face, calves, and feet swell. When the disease is of long standing, the fingers and toes are sunk under the swelling: feverishness supervenes, which may easily destroy a patient overwhelmed by such troubles."

Celsus, though otherwise a sharp observer, seems not to have grasped the brutalizing quality of the new disease. His contemporaries were similarly obtuse. The Romans, like the aborigines of Egypt, were slow to develop an immoderate horror of leprosy. Its uniqueness had to be explained to them. Among the missionaries who contributed to their ultimate enlightenment, three are outstanding. One of these was the celebrated physician and teacher Aretaeus of Cappadocia. Aretaeus, who established himself in Rome toward the latter half of the second century, possessed a talent for portraying the serious side of disease that has almost never been equalled. His likeness of leprosy is generally considered his masterpiece. "The disease named 'elephas' and the animal named 'elephant' have many properties in common," he wrote. "Formerly, this affection was called 'leontiasis,' on account of the resemblance between the disease and the lion, produced by the appearance of the lower part of the forehead . . . 'satyriasis,' on account of the redness of the cheeks . . . 'herculean,' because there is no disease which is graver and more violent. Its power is indeed formidable, for of all diseases it is the one which possesses the most murderous energy. . . . Also, it is filthy and dreadful to behold, in all respects like the wild animal, the elephant. Lurking among the bowels, like a con-

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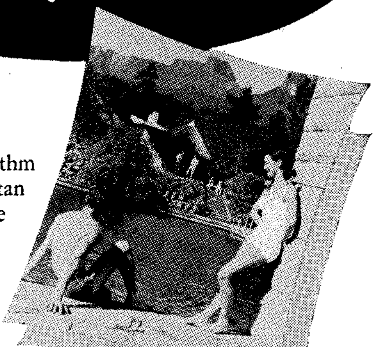

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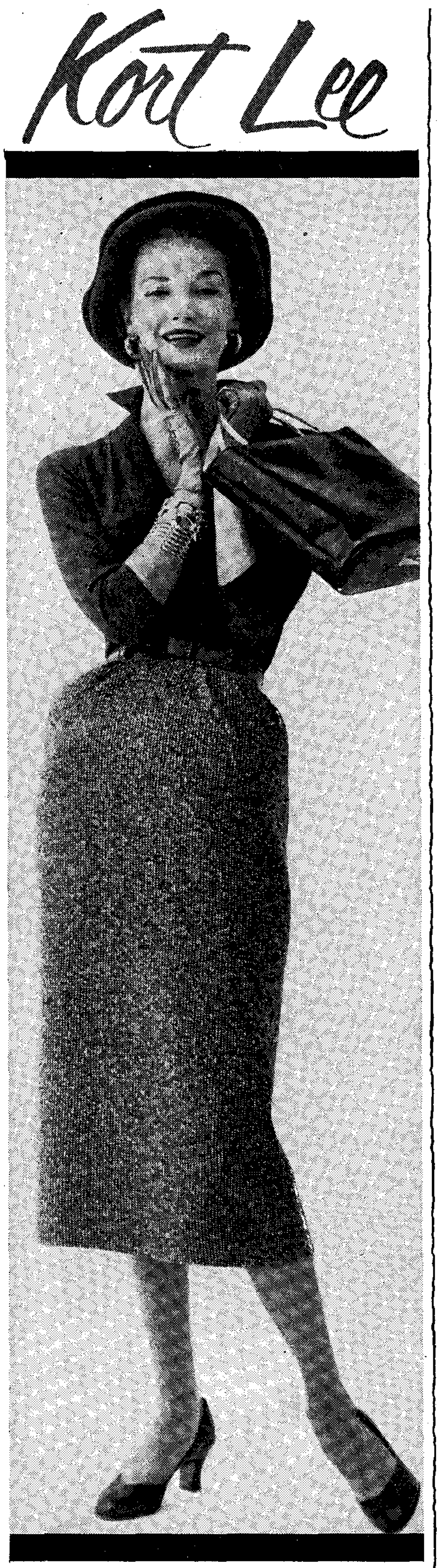
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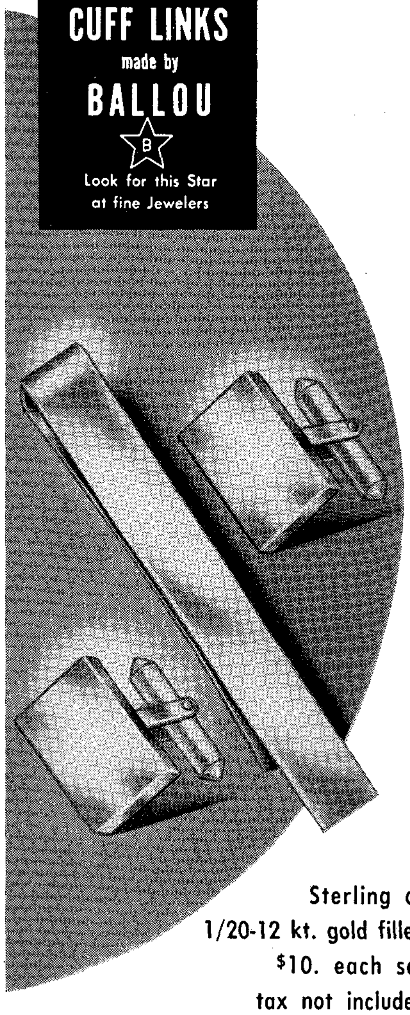
cealed fire, it smolders there . . . [then] blazes forth. . . . The respiration is fetid . . . tumors prominent. . . . The hairs on the whole body die prematurely. . . . The skin of the head [becomes] deeply cracked . . . nose elongated . . . ears red, black, contracted, resembling the elephant. . . . Sometimes, too, certain of the members of the patient will die, so as to drop off, such as the nose, the fingers, the feet, the privy parts, and the whole hands; for the ailment does not prove fatal, so as to relieve the patient from a foul life and dreadful sufferings, until he has been divided limb from limb. . . . Neither food nor drink affords pleasure. . . . Libidinous desires [are] of a rabid nature . . . sleep slight, worse than insomnolency." Aretaeus concluded his study with a word of warning and advice. "There is danger, also, from the communication of the ailment," he pointed out. "Many, therefore, have exposed their most beloved relatives in the wilderness, and on the mountains, some with the intention of administering to their hunger, but others not so, as wishing them to die." The other leading, if less overt, disseminators of the Mosaic conception of leprosy were the apostles Peter and Paul. The Church of their founding was not based altogether on the compassionate gospel of Jesus. It also embodied the fierier teachings of Moses.

Lepraphobia and Christianity are closely linked. Both emerged from the ruins of Rome to sweep almost unimpeded through the Western world in the depths of the Dark Ages, and both achieved their richest maturity during the long medieval twilight. The convulsive acceptance of the Trinity was everywhere in Europe followed by an equally convulsive aversion to the leprous. In 583, the delegates to the Council of Lyon, one of the first ecclesiastical conventions held in France, unanimously approved a decree that prohibited lepers, under penalty of death, from fraternizing with any but their own kind. Their pious example soon fired the imagination of all wide-awake temporal authorities. Among the first to respond was an early ruler of Lombardy named Rothari. At his command, in 644, all leprous Lombards were seized and permanently sequestered in an abandoned building outside Milan. Their support was left to the inclination of their friends. Pepin the Short, who was the father of Charlemagne and mounted the throne of the Frankish kingdom in 751, carried the Levitical ideas of his predecessors a step further. In addition to discarding his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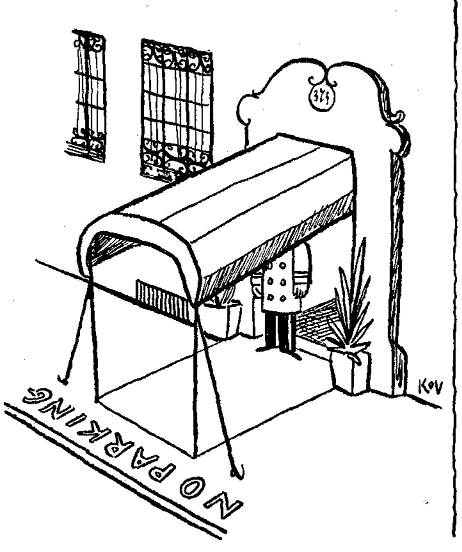
leprous subjects, he forbade them to marry, and declared that those already married could be divorced by their mates. Around 1000, during the reign of Olaf II of Norway, who was subsequently canonized for his good works, the lepers of that country were simultaneously excommunicated, disenfranchised, and banished from all towns and villages. They were also pledged to celibacy. Olaf, a recent convert, was in one respect a trifle behind the times. By then, in the more civilized centers of Europe, it had become the custom to drive a leper into the wilderness only if he had the misfortune to be poor. Well-to-do victims of the disease were permitted, upon dividing their possessions between the Church and the Crown, to retire to a cell in a public asylum. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, according to Matthew Paris, a contemporary English historian, there were nineteen thousand lazarettos, as such retreats came to be called, in Europe alone. The term is of Biblical origin. It derives from a passage in St. Luke: "And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores." One of the first English lazarettos was established in 1135, at St. Albans. A book of rules drawn up for the guidance of its inmates has been preserved. "Amongst all infirmities," the opening injunction reads, "the disease of leprosy may be considered the most loathsome, and those who are smitten with it ought at all times, and in all places, and as well in their conduct as in their dress, to bear themselves as more to be despised and as more humble than all other men."

In 1179, the Church introduced an additional mortification. It informed its deputies, by way of an ecumenical decree, that the banishment of lepers, while wholesome, was being carried out with offensive haste and informality. In the



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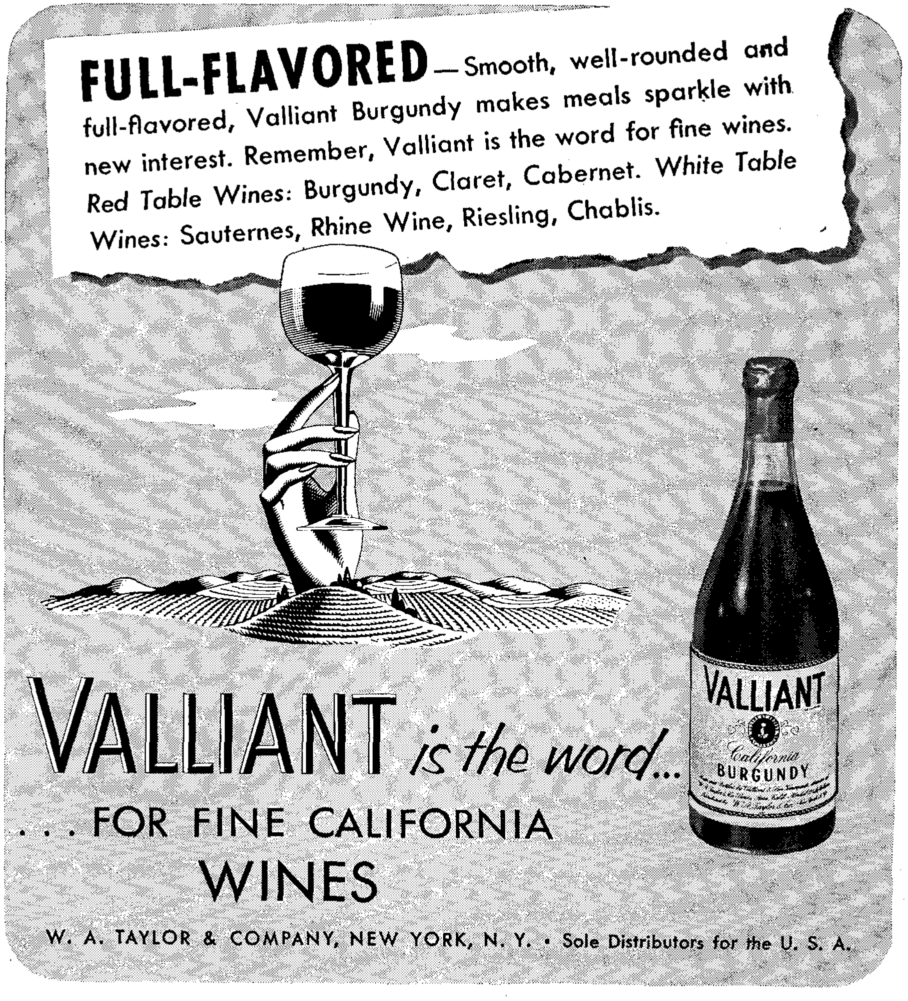
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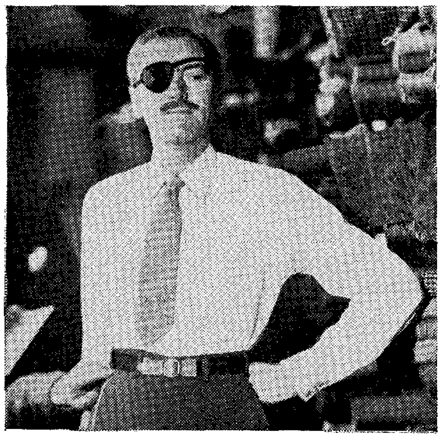

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future, it continued, their separation from human society, instead of following immediately upon positive diagnosis by a physician (or, as was the custom in some places, by a magistrate), was to be preceded by a seemly religious service. The decree was accompanied by several sample ceremonials. "On [the] day [of exile], the leper must be clad according to his station, very simply," one of these, as elaborated by a twelfth-century French cleric, stipulates. "He must have on his head a white shroud, falling low behind, and a gravecloth over [his garments] and carry in both his hands a little wooden cross; and so move from his house accompanied by the church cross and by his friends mourning over him until he reaches the church. And when he has come to the entrance, the priest and clergy shall meet him and sprinkle holy water over him and take him by the hand and bring him into the cemetery and sing *Libera me Domine*. When they have come to the church, the priest shall begin the Vigils and the Commendaces, and when these are finished, the priest shall pray for him and say the Requiem Mass as for a dead man, with lights and candles. The leper, attired in his shroud and gravecloth, with his little wooden cross, shall kneel and lean on a low stool, his head bowed toward the altar—there where they are accustomed to place the bodies of the dead. And when the service is finished, the priest shall go to the leper, and read what is read to the dead, and then give him the holy water. Then the priest takes him by the hand, and when they are come to the cemetery, the priest makes him kneel, and throws earth over him three times, saying, 'Be dead to the world, and again living to God.' The priest shall then bless and present to the leper a hooded robe, a pair of gloves, and a bell to warn others of his approach, called the Lazarus Bell. He shall then admonish him: 'I forbid you ever to enter into church, abbey, fair, mill, or market, or into the company of others. I forbid you to go without your habit. I forbid you to wash your hands or anything about you at the stream or fountain, or to drink there, and if you need water to drink, take it in your cup. I forbid you to touch anything that you bargain for, or buy, until it is yours. I forbid you to go into any tavern, and if you want wine, whether you buy it or men give it to you, have it put in your cup. I forbid you to touch children or to give them anything. I forbid you to eat or drink from any vessel but your own. I forbid you to drink or eat in company, unless with lepers. If you go

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on the roads and meet another person who speaks to you, I forbid you to answer until you place yourself against the wind.' "

The wisdom of the Church in thus definitively demonstrating to the leprous their difference from ordinary pariahs was promptly and enthusiastically acknowledged by most medieval Christians. There were, however, in the course of the next hundred years or so, a few spasms of dissent. Several highly placed lepraphobes, including Henry II of England, his great-grandson Edward I, and Philip V of France, took the position that the recommended ritual was unnecessarily symbolical. The revisions instituted by Henry and Philip were similar. Both chose to replace the religious service with a simple civil ceremony. It consisted of strapping the leper to a post and setting him afire. Edward adhered a trifle more closely to the letter of the ecumenical decree. Lepers, during his reign, were permitted the comforts of a Christian funeral before they died. Then they were led to the cemetery and buried alive.

As a plague of pandemic proportions, leprosy reached its zenith in Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Its grip then suddenly slackened. It began to vanish around the middle of the fifteenth century. By the middle of the sixteenth, it was almost extinct. Numerous reasons have been advanced to account for its abrupt disappearance. Three are generally accepted. The unflagging zeal with which its victims were isolated or summarily disposed of is, of course, one. Another is the several successive explosions of the Black Death, which between 1347 and 1568 very nearly depopulated Europe. The third is the development around that time of a diagnostic technique flexible enough to frequently distinguish from leprosy such other defacing afflictions as acne and scabies and scurvy. Of these reasons, the last is now widely considered the most persuasive. It is the current conviction of nearly all authorities that only a small number of the innumerable victims of medieval lepraphobia were actually suffering from leprosy.

MODERN leprologists are to some extent capable of understanding the extraordinary horror of leprosy that haunted ancient and medieval man, but they find its persistence in these times peculiar. Any resemblance it may bear to reality is entirely coincidental. Leprosy is no longer obtrusively prevalent much of anywhere. Nor is it by any

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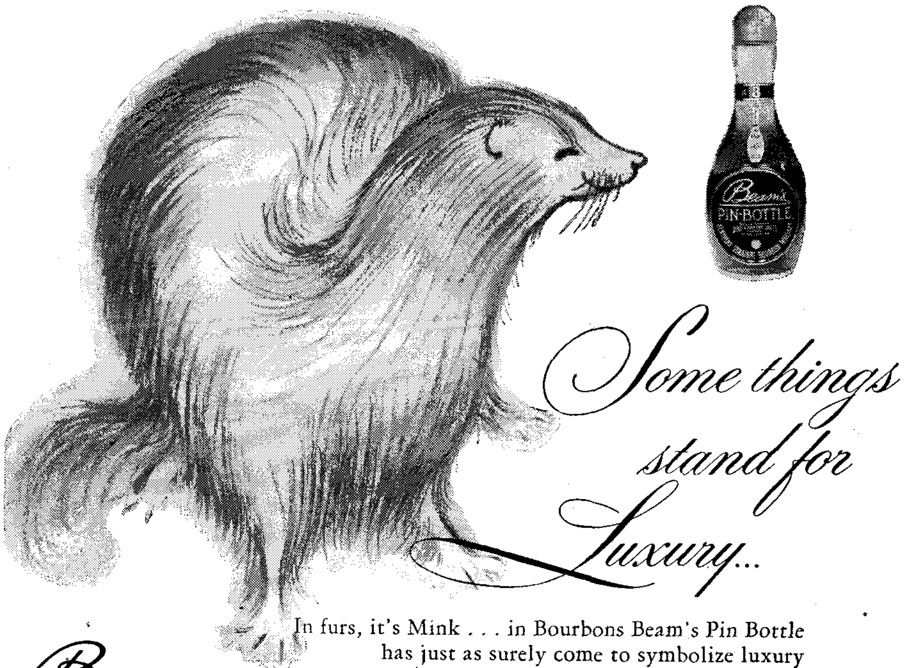
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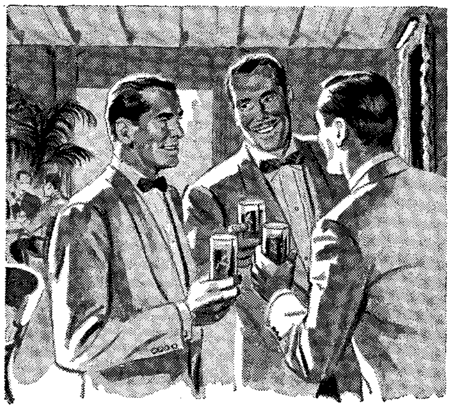

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means the mystery it once was. Its source, its nature, and its clinical manifestations have all been pretty well fathomed. Nothing about it offers any unusual inducements to panic.

The cause of leprosy, which was determined by Gerhard Armauer Hansen, a pioneer Norwegian bacteriologist, in 1874, is a funguslike microbe of unparalleled sluggishness, known as *Mycobacterium leprae*. Its lethargy approaches the comatose. Most pathogenic organisms make their presence felt within a week or two of arrival. A month is almost the limit. The incubation period in leprosy is rarely less than two years and it has run as high as thirty. Ordinarily, it is close to seven. The organism is also highly selective in its choice of habitat. Many parasites are able to adapt themselves to practically any physiological environment in a wide variety of animal hosts. *Mycobacterium leprae* can exist only in human beings (all attempts to cultivate it in laboratory animals have failed), it much prefers men to women (the ratio is around two to one), and it finds just two sites fully congenial. They are the undersurface of the skin and the peripheral nervous system. When it manifests itself primarily in the form of skin lesions, the infection is called lepromatous leprosy. When nerve involvement is the predominant symptom, the infection is known as tuberculoid leprosy. Although the two types of leprosy may appear in conjunction, their characteristics are clinically distinct.

Lepromatous leprosy is the form usually envisioned by lepraphobes. It is marked by the gradual eruption on the face and hands and feet of a multitude of small, lumpy lesions that tend in cases of classic severity to merge and ulcerate grotesquely, and though its progress is slow, it ends nearly always in death. The life expectancy of a victim of lepromatous leprosy is about fifteen years. Tuberculoid leprosy is less conspicuously formidable. The lesions that accompany it are macular and anesthetic, and somewhat resemble scar tissue. They vary enormously in size (from an inch in diameter to eight or ten inches) and they may appear on almost any part of the body. In some cases, a few small blemishes remain from beginning to end the only perceptible evidence of the disease. In the majority, however, the destruction of nerve fibres is accompanied by some impairment of certain muscles, most often those of the fingers and toes. A few victims, in time, become helpless cripples. But, at worst, tuberculoid leprosy is merely disabling. It is very infrequently

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Just how *Mycobacterium leprae* gains admittance to the body is uncertain. Both the respiratory passage and the gastrointestinal tract have been suggested as possible portals. A third, and to many epidemiologists a likelier, possibility is that it enters by way of a bruise or laceration. But whatever the path to which it is partial, one thing is clear beyond question. It can transfer itself from one host to another only with the utmost difficulty. Contrary to popular persuasion, leprosy is among the least contagious of all contagious diseases. In fact, under reasonably sanitary conditions its contraction is next to impossible. The disease is almost invariably, but by no means inevitably, the result of prolonged and intimate association with a leper.

Although medical science has yet to find a cure for leprosy, the debilitating advance of the disease can often be hindered and sometimes even halted. There are several drugs to which it is more or less vulnerable. The oldest is chaulmoogra oil. Chaulmoogra oil, which may be administered orally, intramuscularly, or intravenously, is extracted from the seeds of a tree native to Burma. Its discoverer and first beneficiary, according to legend, was a leprous Burmese prince, who happened upon it in time to return from banishment and claim his rightful throne. Chaulmoogra oil has been used in the Orient for a thousand years or so and in the West since the late nineteenth century, but because it is cruelly toxic and erratically effective, its popularity now is everywhere waning. The pharmacopoeia in current favor includes streptomycin, cortisone, and the sulfones. The last, which are distant derivatives of the sulfonamide group, are by far the most masterful. They were developed for general germicidal use by a team of British chemists in the middle thirties, but an American—the late Guy H. Faget, for many years medical officer in charge of the National Leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana—was

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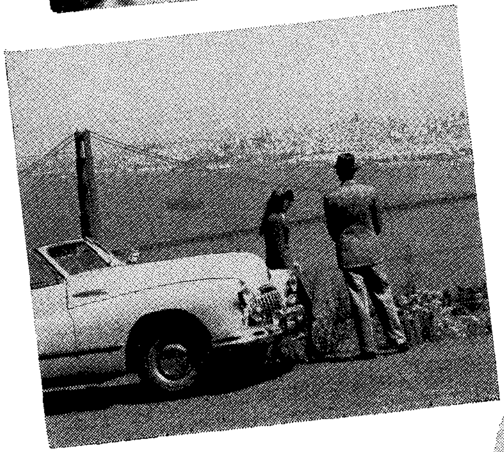

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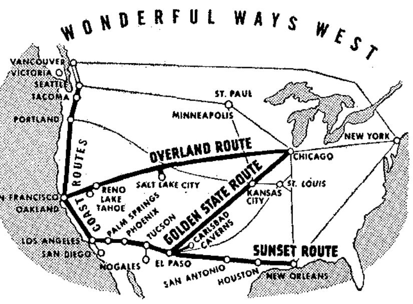
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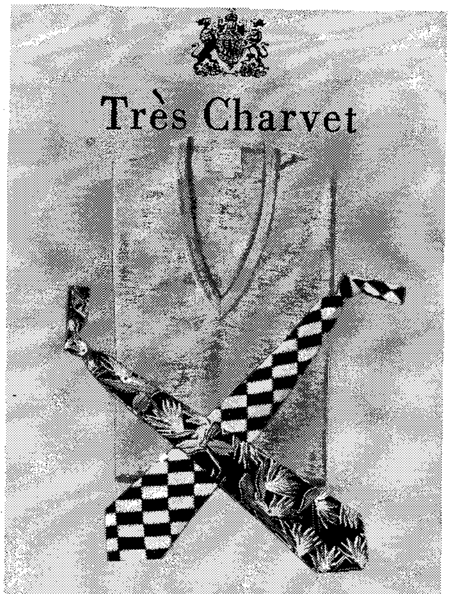

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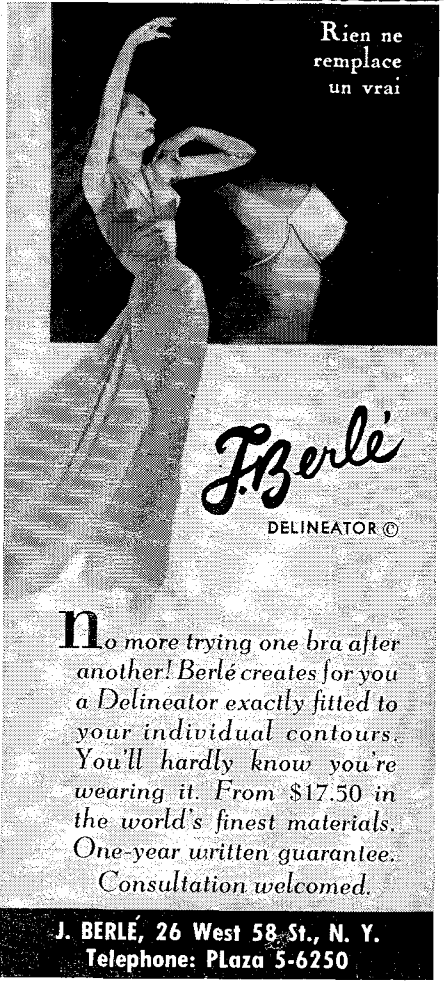
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the first to detect their value in the treatment of leprosy. Sulfone therapy was initiated at Carville in 1940. In 1947, after seven years of careful observation, Dr. Faget was able to report, "Experience has shown that the relation of improvement to duration of treatment [with the sulfones] can be approximately estimated. After six months of treatment almost twenty-five per cent of the patients show some improvement. After one year this percentage is increased to sixty, after two years to seventy-five, after three years to almost one hundred." Subsequent investigators have more than confirmed his findings. A large majority are fully satisfied that sulfone therapy, if continued for a minimum of three years, will result in at least some improvement in all but the most forlorn and far-gone cases.

There are approximately four million lepers in the world. Around three million are concentrated in southeastern Asia, central Africa, and tropical Latin America. Most of the rest are widely scattered. The only considerable areas almost wholly free of leprosy are Canada and Siberia. It is endemic even in Iceland. In Europe, it is now confined largely to Spain, Portugal, Greece, Norway, Italy, and parts of the Soviet Union. Leprosy reached the United States, by way of the West Indies and the African slave trade, in the mid-eighteenth century, but it has never made much headway here. The American Leprosy Foundation estimates that there are at present not more than two thousand lepers in the entire country and that fully two-thirds of them acquired the disease elsewhere. Leprosy is endemic in just four of the forty-eight states—Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and, but only in its southern tip, California. Why this should be so has yet to be adequately explained. It is, however, demonstrably a fact. From time to time, cases of leprosy turn up in other states, but nearly all of them can be traced, directly or indirectly, to some outside source. Four or five lepers, on the average, are discovered in New York City every year. In the fall of 1934, when Roberto Ramirez suffered his unsettlingly painless burn, the names of twenty-three local lepers were on file at the Department of Health. He brought the total to twenty-four.

THE note from Harlem Hospital was handed to Dr. Samuel Frant, then director of the Bureau of Preventable Diseases and now Deputy Commissioner of Health, on Friday morn-

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ing, September 28th. He gave it a glance, added his initials, and, as is usual in such instances, passed it promptly along to the City Health Department's chief diagnostician, Dr. David A. Singer, for thorough investigation. Dr. Singer's reaction to Ramirez's plight was equally brisk and methodical. He tossed the report and a word of instruction across to his secretary, and she typed out the customary letter. It read, "Will you please call on me at my office on Thursday, October 4th, at 4 P.M. If you cannot appear at that time, kindly telephone my secretary and she will arrange another appointment." Dr. Singer signed the letter before he left for lunch, and it went out in the afternoon mail.

"Ramirez performed as expected," Dr. Singer says. "He didn't telephone and he didn't fail me. They very seldom do. They're afraid to. Our letter reads like a summons. They don't dare ignore it. It's too official. On the other hand, it very carefully says nothing that could possibly scare them away. 'Leprosy' is a nightmare word. One hint of what we want to see them about, and they might simply pack a bag and run. That's happened. And, of course, you can't really blame them. They don't know any better. Most people are still living in the Middle Ages as far as their understanding of leprosy is concerned. Particularly of how we handle it. They still think in terms of life imprisonment in a leper colony. In other words, a fate worse than death. Nothing could be farther from the truth. At least, in most parts of the country. A substantial number of the lepers in the United States live pretty much like everybody else. Carville is for the very unfortunate few. And it's hardly a prison. It's a hospital—one of the finest in the world. The fact is that in two states leprosy is not even classed as a reportable disease, and that in nearly twenty-five per cent of the others notification of the health authorities is all that's required. The rest require some form of isolation, but that can be, and often is, no more than home confinement. Most of us still feel that notification is desirable. But our reasons have changed a good deal. Up to a generation or so ago, the main idea was to protect society from the leper. That's only part of it these days, even in the Deep South. We're more interested now in the leper—in doing what we can to make his trouble more tolerable. Which includes protecting him from the ignorance and cruelty of society.

"Well, as I say, Ramirez showed up. He came in on Thursday at four on the

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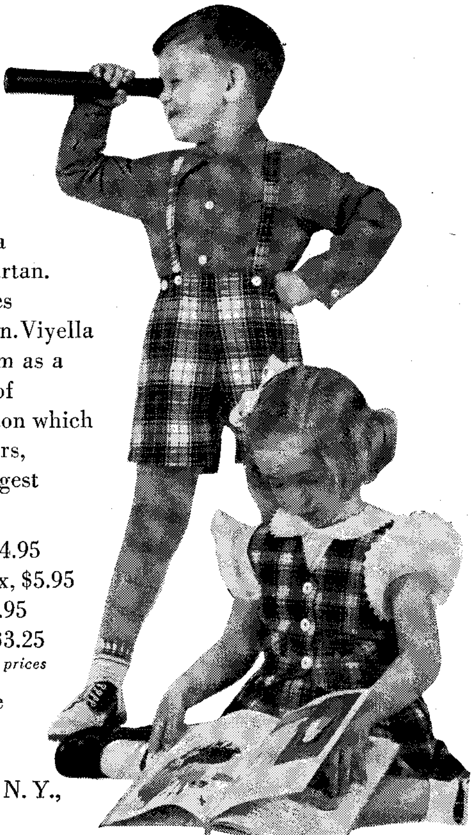

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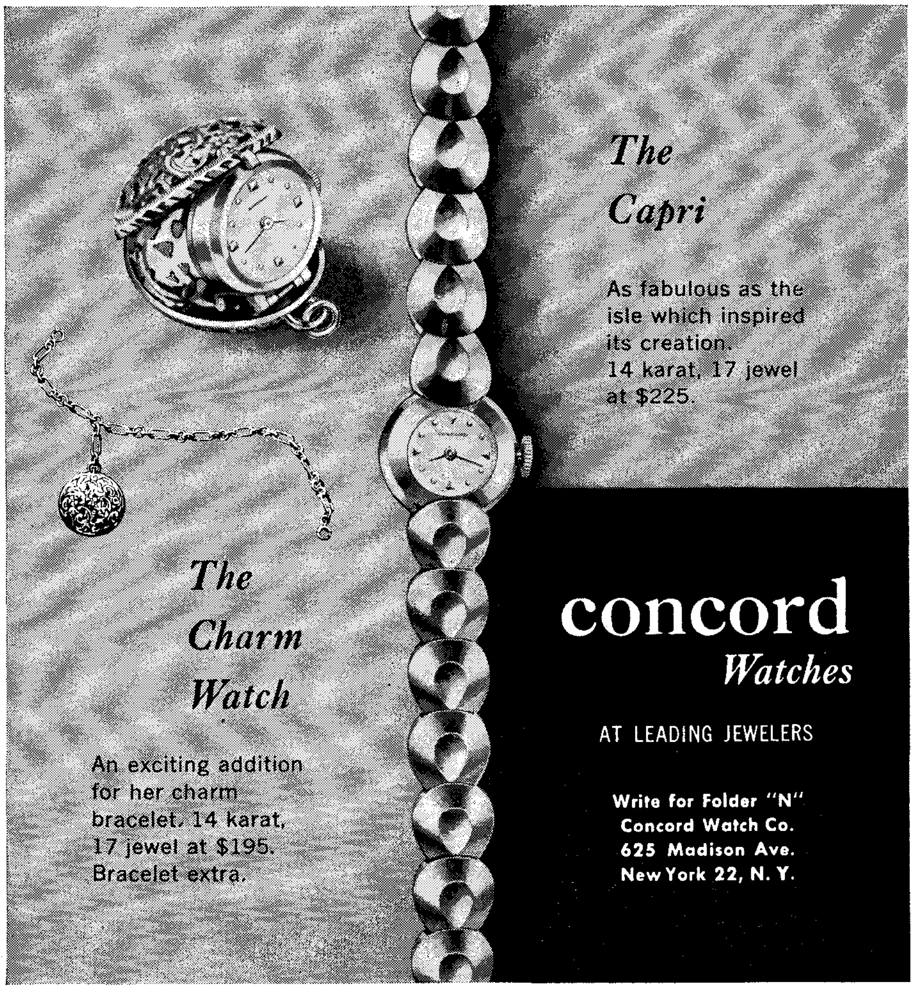

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dot. Obviously worried to death. I gave him a cigarette and we talked a bit and I got what I needed in the way of a history. Born, raised, and married in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Moved to New York in 1929. A painter by trade. All very much as usual. At least forty per cent of our cases originate in the Caribbean area. Then I had a look at his arm. It was leprosy, all right—tuberculoid leprosy. Not that I'd had any serious doubts. A positive Ziehl-Neelsen doesn't leave much room for argument. But, naturally, I like to see for myself. And I didn't merely look. I went over him from top to toe. Also, if only for the record, I took another skin scraping and some material for a nasal smear. Then I sat down and broke the news. I made it as easy as I could, but I told him the truth. All of it. There's no other way. I began with the report from Harlem, and went on from there. I told him what the test had showed, what leprosy is and what it isn't, and what we do about it—or, rather, what we don't do. I made that plainer than plain. That we had no intention of sending him away. That his life was no more over than mine. That he could continue to live and work and do pretty much as he pleased—for years, probably. And that no one would ever know but him and his family and us. All we asked was that he follow a few simple instructions, the first of which was to return the following week—same day, same time—for a talk about treatment. Then I went back and explained it all again. I won't say he took it with a smile. There were, as always, several very bad moments. But he took it. He finally came around. At any rate, he wasn't going to do anything rash. I was sure of that. You can generally tell. So we were over the hump. The rest, I had every reason to hope, was just a matter of time.

"I don't know when Ramirez broke the news to his family. Or how. That part of the business, thank heaven, doesn't often devolve on me. The job of telling the patient is painful enough. I waited a couple of days, until I could assume they had heard and thrashed it out. Then, on Monday, I sent a medical inspector up to the home for a look at Mrs. Ramirez and the children. We don't often find more than one case of tuberculoid leprosy in the same family. But it happens. Offhand, I can think of five or six cases. So we always make certain. That goes without saying. Moreover, we like to see how our people live. It's only common sense to insist on the fundamentals of hygiene. Adequate toilet facilities, for example,

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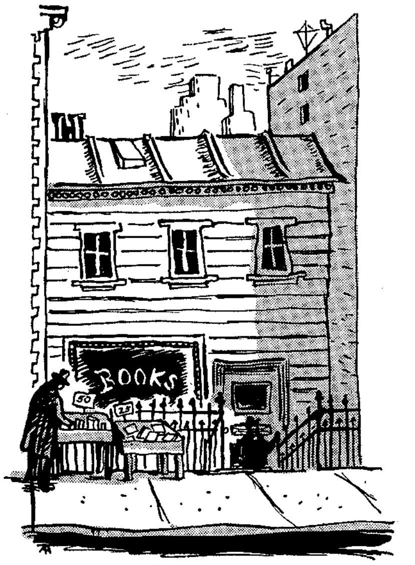
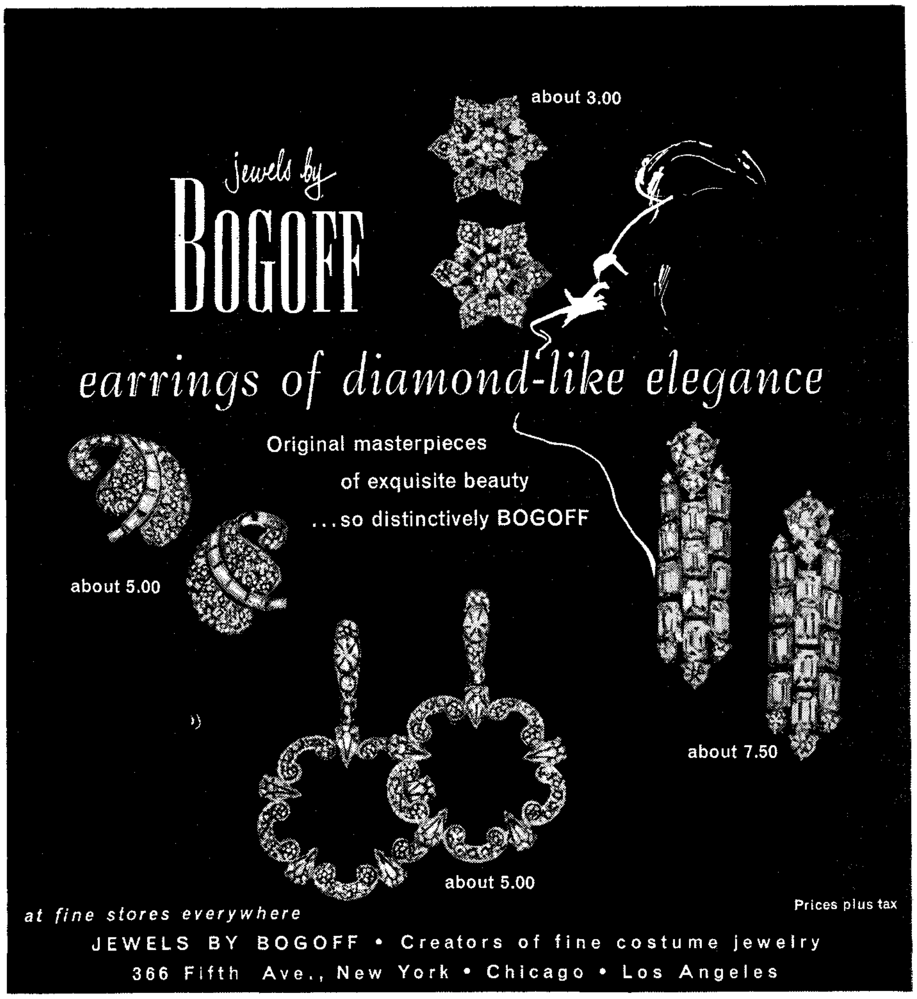
and a separate bed for the children. By Thursday, when Ramirez came down for his second session, everything was well in hand. Nobody had sprung any surprises. As expected, our laboratory was in full agreement with Harlem. Both of my samples were unequivocally positive. The inspector's report was also unequivocal. Ramirez was our only problem.

"My second meeting with Ramirez was a good deal happier than the first. A week had done wonders for him. He had a good grip on himself and he couldn't have been more coöperative. Maybe his wife had helped. I met her some years later—a very sensible woman. But, however it happened, it was a big relief. They sometimes come back worse than ever. It all depends on how much nonsense they've managed to absorb. Nevertheless, I didn't take any chances. Leprosy is a lonely road. Even the best of them need plenty of encouragement. So I went over all the facts again and repeated all my promises. From there, I moved on to what we expected of him. It wasn't much. Certainly nothing very onerous. We wanted to see him at least once a year—my secretary would call or write—to make the usual tests and evaluate his progress. That was the major requirement. Of the others, the only one worth mentioning is this. He wasn't to sleep in the same room with or kiss or fondle his children. I don't mean to imply that they were in any real danger. Still, since children seem to be rather more susceptible than adults, it's just as well to play safe. I then took up the question of treatment. In those days, that meant chaulmoogra oil—an injection twice a week, administered by a doctor. He could get his shots from a private physician or at one of the several big public

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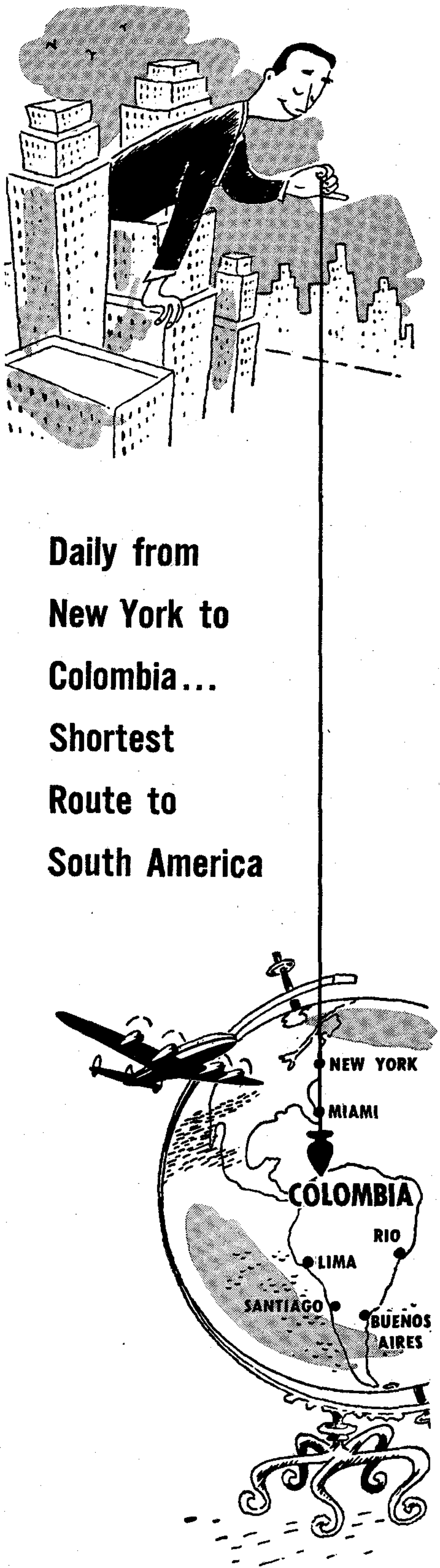

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dermatological clinics. Just as he liked. My advice was the latter. As a matter of fact, I told him, I had talked to a man I knew at New York Skin and Cancer Hospital and arranged a tentative appointment for nine o'clock Saturday morning. He nodded. Whatever I said. And he meant it. He went. Around noon on Saturday, I called the hospital and checked. It wasn't necessary. I just thought I would. He'd been there, they said, and would be back on Wednesday. Well, that was that. He was on his way.

"During the next few years, I got to know Ramirez pretty well. I was seeing him twice a year here at the office, and every now and then I'd run into him up at Skin and Cancer and we'd stop for a minute and talk. We finally came to be something like friends. That's where I met his wife—at the clinic. As far as I know, he never missed a treatment. He must have had well over a thousand shots. I wish I could say they did him some good. But I doubt it. In fact, I doubt if chaulmoogra oil ever did anybody any good. The arrests we used to brag about were probably pure coincidence. Leprosy is very peculiar. It sometimes just plain peters out. Ramirez had no such luck. He was a better-than-average patient, but his case was fairly typical. Almost every time I saw him, I'd find a new lesion. By the end of 1942, or thereabouts, he had at least a dozen—all sizes—on his arms and legs and back. It could, of course, have been worse. Considerably so. For one thing, it didn't, as can easily happen, develop into an infection of the lepromatous type. Also, nobody but the family ever knew—except, I suppose, his son-in-law. His daughter married—with our blessing—in 1944. She lives in Boston now. And his only disability was his left hand. Eventually, the first and second fingers—the site of the original lesion—became badly clawed. New lesions kept turning up, though. Six months or a year would go by and we'd begin to hope. And then there it would be—another. Until 1949. Two years before, in 1947, we started using the sulfones, and Ramirez, like all our cases, was switched to them. At the end of a year, we couldn't be sure. There were no new lesions, but that had happened before. In 1949, however, we really had reason to hope. By 1950, we were sure. He was more than holding his own. There was actually some objective improvement. Don't misunderstand me. He wasn't cured. A cure for leprosy is still in the future. His wasn't even arrested. The

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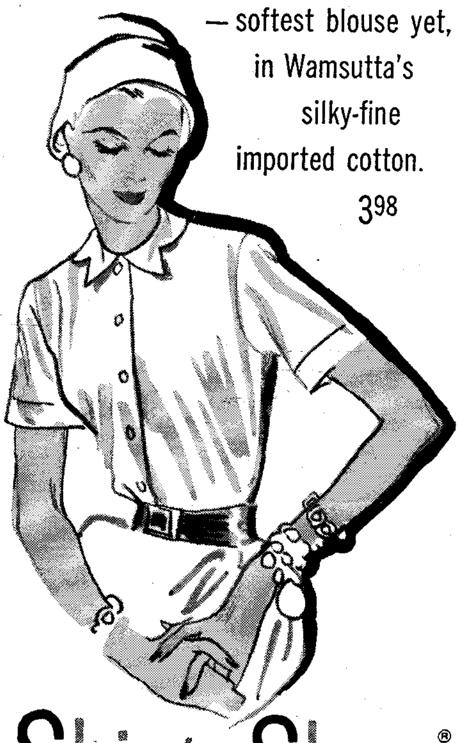

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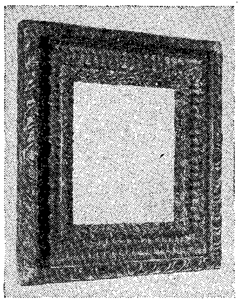

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samples I took at his second 1950 visit were still very definitely positive. But something had changed. Things were slowing down.

"There's no way of knowing what might have happened. No two cases are the same. Our 1950 meeting was the last time I ever saw him. Early in 1951, a few days before he was due to come in again, I had a call from Mrs. Ramirez. Her husband wouldn't be down. He was sick. He'd had a heart attack of some kind—it sounded like coronary sclerosis—and was up at Harlem Hospital. Apparently, from what she said, in very bad shape. The next thing I heard, he was dead."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

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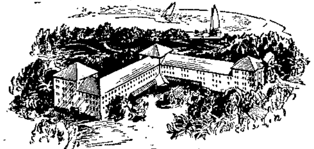

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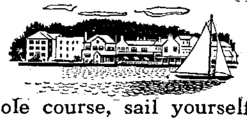

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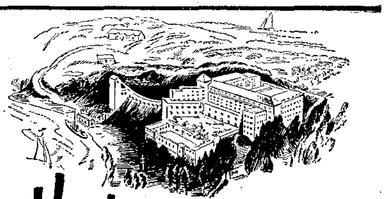

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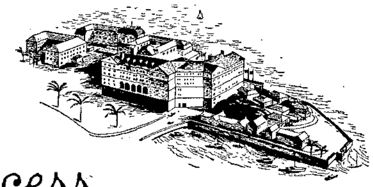

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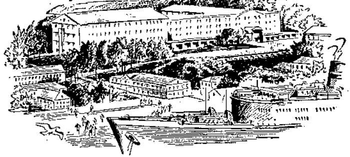

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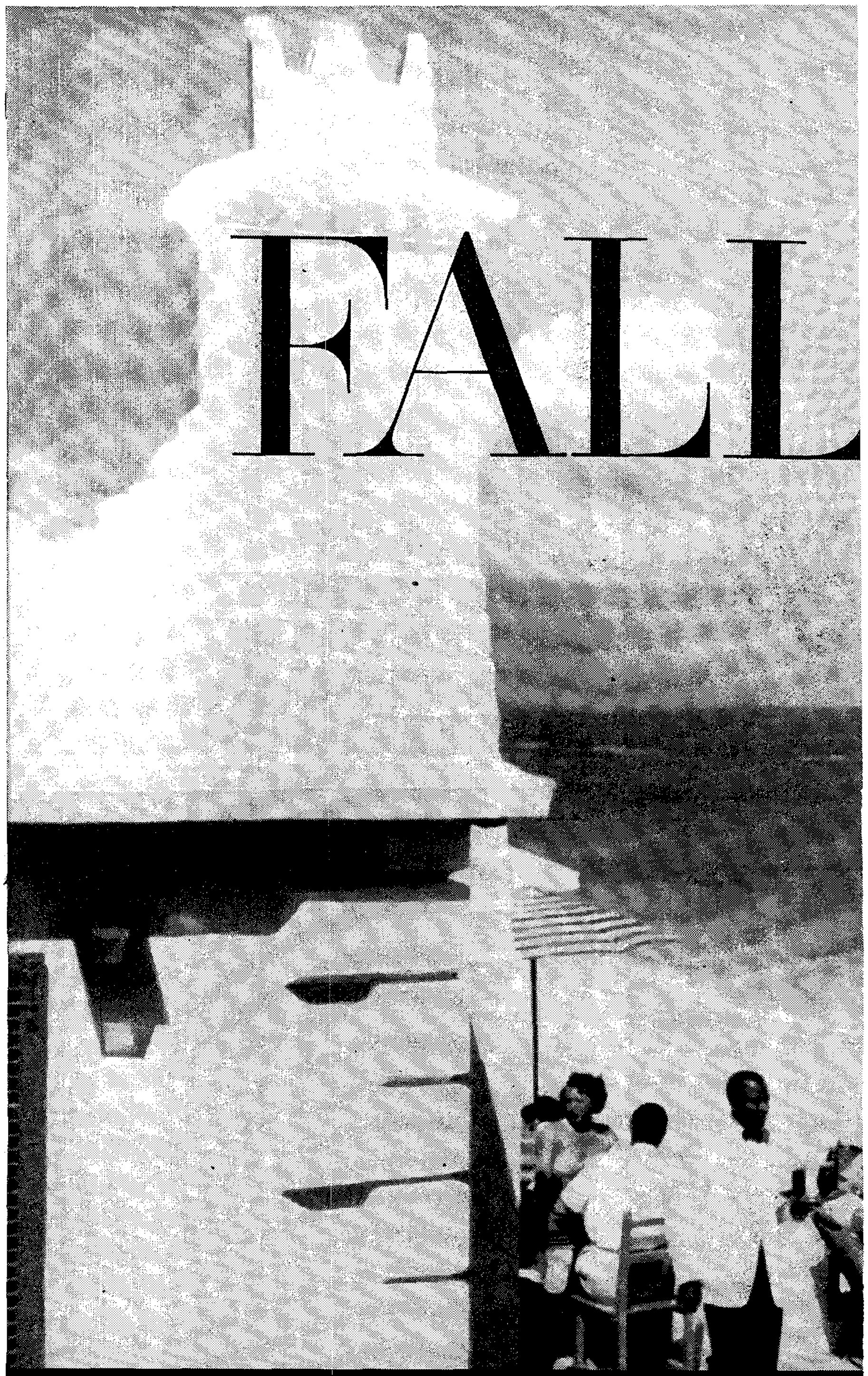

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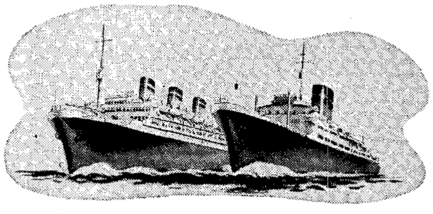

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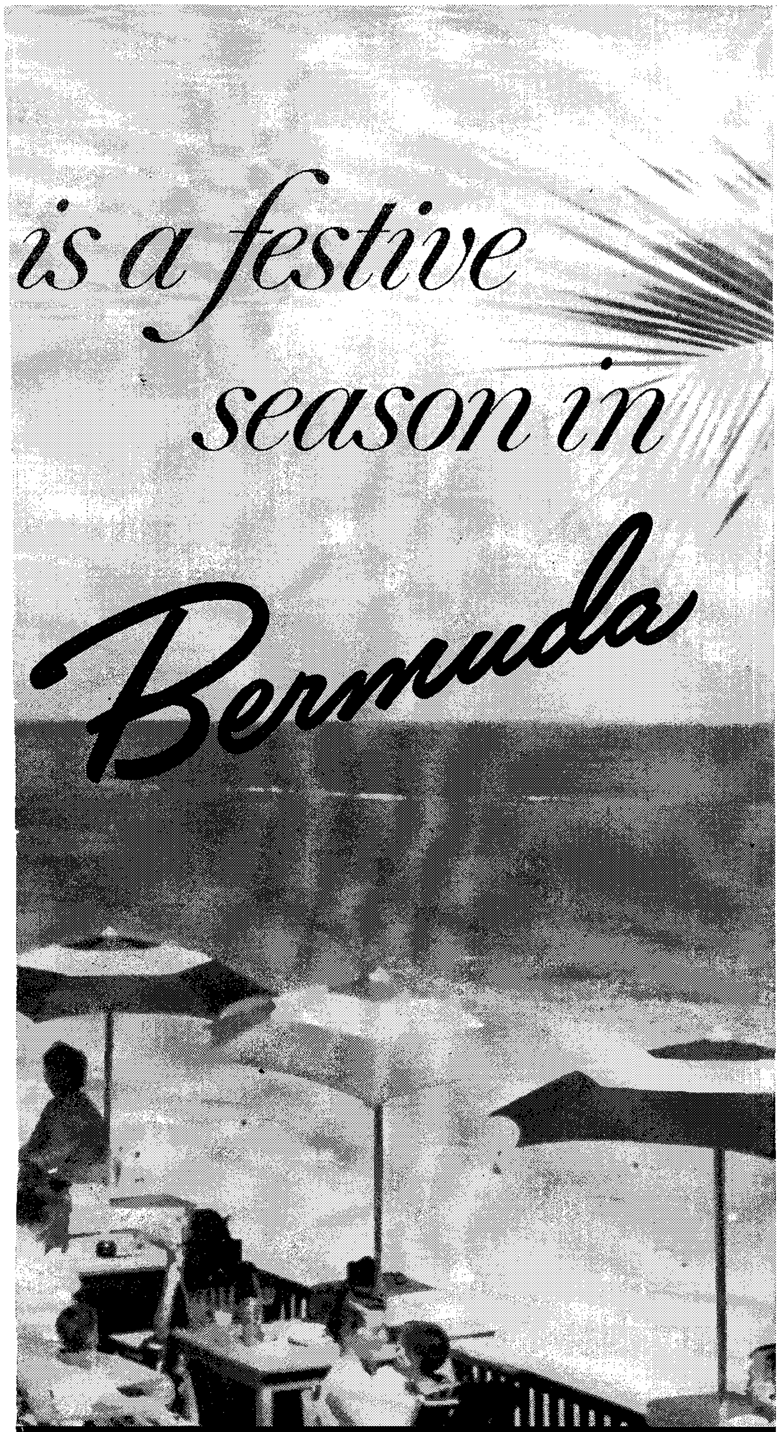

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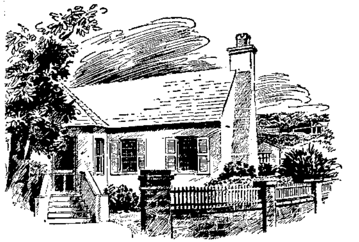

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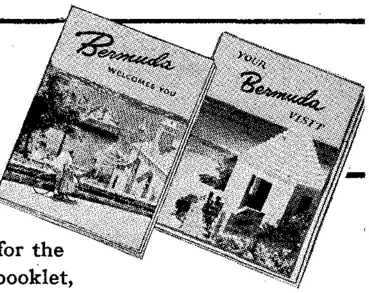

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DINNER AT ALL SOULS

Wellington Place, set in the busy center of Oxford, is a quiet little lane, a cul-de-sac shaded by chestnut trees. A square white house blocks one end of it, and there are three other houses and their gardens, and a pub called the Eagle and the Child along its sides, making it a sort of private park. The residents have put a fence and gate across the entrance of the lane, to discourage casual pedestrians. At night, one old-fashioned street lamp, anchored to a garden wall, sheds uneven gaslight through the branches of a tree. The residents of the lane take turns paying the gas bill.

Wellington Place is so private, in fact, that while I lived there, I often bewildered old inhabitants of Oxford by mentioning it. Many of them had never heard of Wellington Place, and, as an American, I took pride in pointing out the gap in their knowledge.

In the summer of 1951, I moved into No. 3, preparatory to beginning a year of graduate study. I had arrived in Oxford early, and by remarkable luck had found just the room I wanted almost at once, in the white house at the end of the lane. My landlady, whom I'll call Mrs. Trowbridge, was trimming the roses when I got there with my luggage, while her husband, Colonel Trowbridge, wearing boots, was watering the fine-cropped grass. For some fifteen years, as I had learned on my first call, they had lived in great splendor on a foothill of the Himalayas. Then, pensioned by the Army, they had decided to settle down in Oxford. Their only son had been killed in the war, and I was to have his room.

It was narrow and always kept spotless. It had an electric fire, and one window, which looked over slate roofs and the back end of the Quaker Meeting House. In a room across the hall from mine, Colonel Trowbridge, who was lame because of an old bullet wound in his left leg, tutored undergraduates, and sometimes the employees of oil companies, in Persian or Sanskrit. Early in the morning, before breakfast—even before he jangled the little bell that hung at the top of the stairs, and that he rang each day to let me know the bathroom was free—I'd hear him stamping down to the cellar to look at his mushroom beds. He was devoted to the raising of mushrooms. Books about them filled a long shelf in his bookcase, and he brooded over the beds many times a day. For every pound of mushrooms that popped up during the night, he got five shillings in the local market, and he usually managed to spare a few for the three of us to have with our breakfast.

Mrs. Trowbridge had two consuming interests—bridge and betting on the horses—and, to match her husband's profitable hobby, she had also learned to make lampshades, which she sold. Bridge and betting gave life an agreeable focus, she said. Every Thursday, she hopped into her 1936 Morris Eight and breezed off twenty miles to Bicester, where she taught bridge at an exclusive finishing school. Sometimes late at night I would find her sitting on the living-room floor in front of the fire, a cigarette in the corner of her mouth, pulling taut a piece of silk over a skeleton lamp frame. A racing form would be propped against a chair. From time to time, she'd stop sewing and mark something on the form with a pencil. She felt that her best inspirations came while she was working, because once, in the very midst of taking a stitch, she had been inspired to bet on Prancing Star, a horse that had turned two shillings into ten pounds for her.

Of course, both Colonel and Mrs. Trowbridge were dedicated Conservatives, and Mrs. Trowbridge spent a good deal of time writing up the minutes of the Conservative Association, of which she was secretary. They admired Churchill intensely, and canvassed half of Oxford in his behalf during the last national election. They also worshipped the Royal Family. When Colonel Trowbridge heard the news of George VI's death, he changed instantly to a black tie. Mrs. Trowbridge loved to tell of being presented at Court, elegant in ostrich plumes and yards of satin. She always remarked that, quite frankly, it was the last year the thing had been done properly.

On bright mornings, that summer, Mrs. Trowbridge would set up a bridge table on the low concrete terrace that served as front porch. There we would breakfast in the sunshine on porridge, kippers or bacon with mushrooms, and tea. The Trowbridges often told me, as we sat there, of one excessively hot day in India when they returned home in the early evening, exhausted from a game of tennis and faced with giving a large dinner party, to find that all their dining-room furniture had been moved out onto the grass, and preparations for the party were going on there. Colored lanterns swayed gently from the branches of trees. "We had twelve servants," Mrs. Trowbridge would say, with a sigh. "They all had the right instincts."

In Oxford, when I knew her, she could not afford domestic help, but I think she had enjoyed making the transition from lady of the manor to housewife, and during it she had developed a passion for cleanliness and fresh air. I made my own bed each morning, feeling it the least I could do, since she'd had twelve servants in India, but I learned to flee the house soon afterward. Armed with a Hoover and dustcloth, she bounced upstairs at ten o'clock, flinging windows open along the way. "Mustn't let dust lie," she'd say, poking under my bed and fluttering the papers on my desk. For these occasions, she wore a smock, tightly belted, a pair of blue slacks, and a towel wrapped around her head.

ONE morning soon after I moved in, Colonel and Mrs. Trowbridge and I were seated on the terrace sipping our breakfast tea. Peter, the cat, came along for a sniff of the kippers. Mrs. Trowbridge had already placed her bets for the day. The Colonel was muttering, as usual, over the *Daily Telegraph*. He had a slight thyroid condition that always made his great, watery blue eyes seem to start from his head, giving whatever he said an air of great importance. Infuriated by the latest news from India, he turned his immense stare on me and exclaimed, "Blast them all! They didn't know when they were well off!"

After his anger subsided, I mentioned that I had been invited to dine at All Souls.

Mrs. Trowbridge, who all along had remained absorbed in the *Daily Express*, quickly put the paper aside. "Tonight?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"You'll get excellent food," she told me, "and it's the only college that's just the same as it was before the war. No undergraduates, you know—only fellows. Be sure to take a nap this after-

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noon, because with college not up yet you'll probably only be a few for dinner. You'll need all your wits about you." She smiled happily. "You'll eat in the small dining room. There'll be lots of servants, wine with every course, snuff between the port and the coffee—"

"*Snuff?*" I said.

"You must take some," she said. "Just don't breathe it in too fast, or you'll sneeze half a dozen times in succession. And you'll be expected to know all about T. E. Lawrence. He was a fellow of All Souls, and they still speak of him as if he'd just stepped outside."

"I've never read 'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom,' " I said unhappily.

"Go to the library quickly and read as much as you can," said Mrs. Trowbridge. "It would be a big mistake not to."

An English friend, a fellow of All Souls whom I had known in America and had run into on the street the day before, had asked me, quite casually, to drop around for dinner. Quite casually, I had accepted. I wondered now if I'd been wise.

All day my doubts persisted, and I actually did go to the library and leaf through "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Late in the afternoon, I returned to the Trowbridges' to dress. I put on a new tweed sports jacket, dark-gray flannels, and a maroon tie, my favorite of the moment. There was time to spare, so I went to the living room, picked up the evening paper, and wandered out through the French windows that opened on the garden. Mrs. Trowbridge, who apparently had seen me from the kitchen, immediately followed me out. "Haven't changed yet?" she asked smoothly.

"I just have," I said.

"Oh!" She studied her hands a moment, then plunged ahead. "Ernest," she said, "it's none of my affair, but while you're here with us, I feel responsible for you. No one will be wearing a gown tonight, because it's not termtime, but if you go as you are—why, frankly, they won't think you're quite top-drawer."

"What should I—" I began.

"A dark suit with a matching waistcoat," Mrs. Trowbridge said emphatically, "and a conservative tie."

"This *is* my conservative tie," I replied, a bit aroused.

She looked at me a moment longer, then ran into the house. "E!" she shouted. (The Colonel's Christian name was Edric; his wife shortened it in times of emergency.)

Colonel Trowbridge was in the base-

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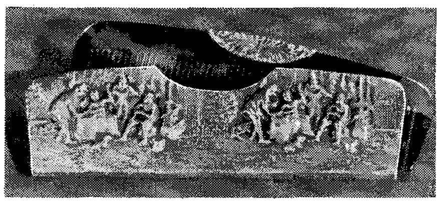
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ment among his mushrooms, but he came up at once. He and Mrs. Trowbridge conferred briefly inside the French windows, and then he came out and rather portentously asked me to accompany them to his room. I went. Once there, he gave me a glare and opened his wardrobe. "This would be better," he said, handing me a dull-gray tie.

I looked at it without enthusiasm. "It doesn't go with anything else I have on," I said.

"It will be a nice contrast to a dark-blue or dark-gray suit," Mrs. Trowbridge said, and added with real anxiety, "You *will* change, won't you, Ernest?"

I handed the tie back to the Colonel. "I don't have a dark-blue or a dark-gray suit at the moment," I said.

Colonel and Mrs. Trowbridge exchanged a look. There was a short silence.

"How about having a go at my black suit?" asked the Colonel heartily. "I seldom wear it now. Used to come in handy for Government House, in India. When I wasn't in uniform, you know."

"I wouldn't think of such a thing," I said.

Mrs. Trowbridge took me by the arm. "You'll look so right in it," she said urgently. "Do just try it on. It's a bit old, but the cut is *very* good."

The Colonel plunged into his wardrobe, rummaged noisily at the back of it, and finally produced the suit with a flourish. "The very thing!" he said, scooping a few mothballs out of a pocket.

"We'd *like* you to wear it," Mrs. Trowbridge said.

"You might just change in here," said the Colonel, opening the door of his dressing room and gently pushing me inside.

I put the suit on. The shoulders had no padding, and the coat was too short. The sleeves left my wrists exposed. The trousers, somewhat long for me, were so full that they nearly obliterated my shoes. I thought I looked very much like Charlie Chaplin.

The Trowbridges thought differently, however. As soon as I came out of the dressing room, they stepped up without comment, one on either side of me, and deftly shortened my suspenders. "A big improvement!" Mrs. Trowbridge said, beaming.

"It does very well, I *must* say," said the Colonel.

Time was running short. There seemed to be nothing to do but go to All Souls as I was. "We'll make you an

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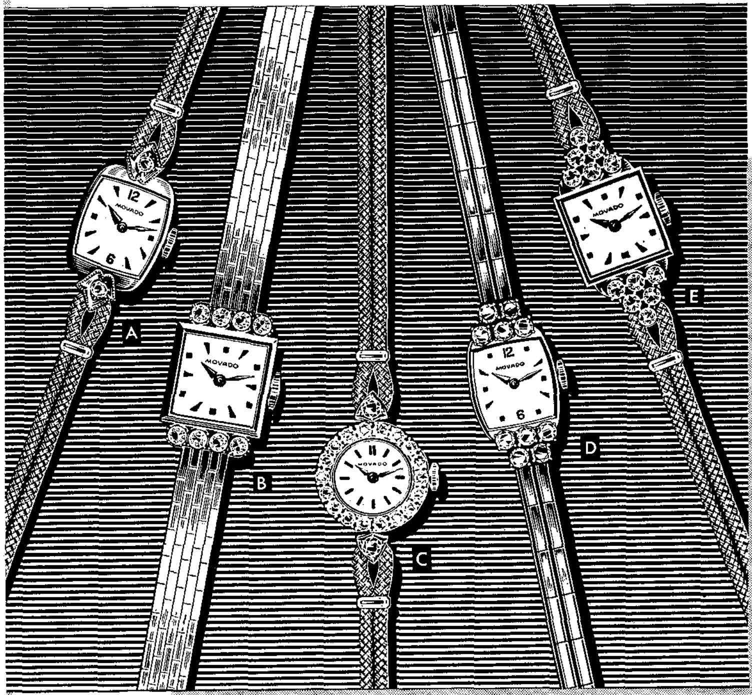

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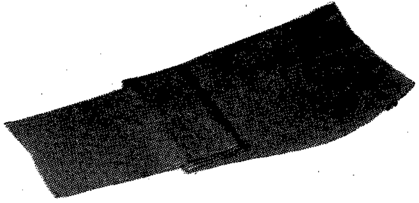

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Englishman yet," Mrs. Trowbridge said cheerfully, and handed me a rolled black umbrella from a rack that stood in a corner of the room.

I believe I said "Thanks," and we all three went downstairs.

"Remember," the Colonel admonished me as he opened the front door, "*slide* the port along the table. Don't pick it up when you pass it—slide it to the left."

"And enjoy yourself," said Mrs. Trowbridge.

They stood together in the doorway as I walked down the garden path and along Wellington Place, awkwardly swinging the umbrella. At the corner, I turned to wave. They were still standing there. The Colonel had put an arm around his wife.

WHEN I reached my friend's sitting room at All Souls, he greeted me at the door. He was wearing a lightweight tan suit—one I remembered he had bought in the States—and no waistcoat. "Good God!" he cried. "Who do you think you are—Edward the Seventh?"

I explained what had happened, but even then he still seemed a trifle incredulous. He suggested we have a quick sherry before dinner. We did, and it comforted and braced me, as I am sure he intended it should. But when we went down to the dining room, no one paid the slightest attention to the way I was dressed. Or perhaps I should say only one person did—a mild little man in an ill-pressed gray pin stripe. When we were introduced, his eyes just barely flicked over my costume, and he asked with faint surprise if he had understood that I was an American. When I said that I was, he nodded musingly. After a brief Latin grace, the whole group sat down at a round mahogany table. The man in the pin stripe sat next to me and began to chat amiably about his Siamese cats. Another gentleman nearby (also a guest, and later to be my tutor) was resplendent in a double-breasted maroon waistcoat. He interspersed the conversation about Siamese cats with questions about New York. He particularly wanted to know how much makeup the salesgirls in department stores wore. When the port came around, I slid it, and when the snuff came, I breathed it cautiously. Then the meal was over, and everyone stood up abruptly while one man spoke an after-dinner grace of two words: "*Benedicto benedicatur.*"

Afterward, the party straggled off down a hall to the Common Room. On the way, we passed a large portrait

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hanging on the wall. I asked my friend who it was.

"T. E. Lawrence," he said. "Ever read 'The Seven Pillars of Wisdom'?"

I considered a moment. "No," I said flatly.

"Don't," said my friend.

IT must have been a quarter to twelve when I returned to Wellington Place. I let myself in the front door and was about to go upstairs when Mrs. Trowbridge called from the living room, asking me to come in for a cup of tea. "We're just ready for one," she said gaily.

I went into the living room. She and the Colonel, who usually went to bed at ten, were sitting beside the tea table. There were three cups on the tray.

"Good show?" asked Colonel Trowbridge, gazing at me with pride.

"Very pleasant," I said. "A wonderful meal."

"Now aren't you glad we turned you out properly?" Mrs. Trowbridge asked.

I looked from one to the other. "Yes," I said. "Of course I am—very glad indeed!"

Colonel Trowbridge suddenly cleared his throat. "Ernest," he said, "we've decided we want you to keep that suit as long as you are with us. We insist. After all, you'll be needing it for other dinners, won't you?"

"And it's such a comfort to know that one is *right*," said Mrs. Trowbridge.

I did my best to appear overcome with gratitude, and I think that I succeeded, but in the months that followed I found that I did not, after all, need the suit for other dinners. Once, I remarked—and it seemed to satisfy the Trowbridges—that apparently my moment of glory had come and gone. The formality of All Souls, I pointed out ruefully, was a standard not elsewhere maintained. After all, I said, one hardly *dressed* for Christ Church or Balliol, did one?

—ERNEST H. HOFER

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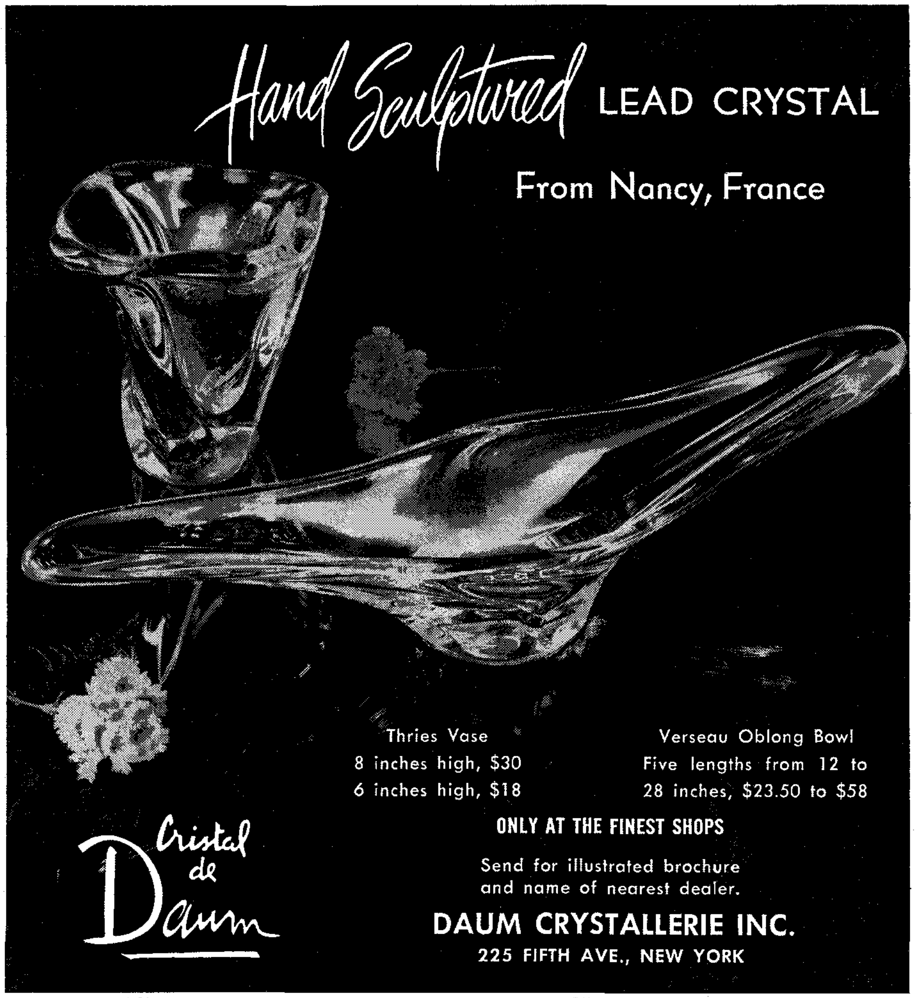

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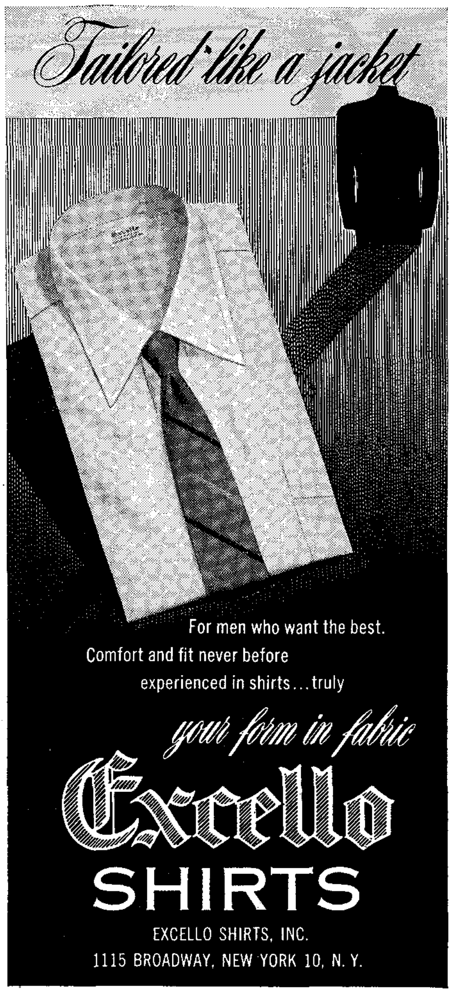
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THE SKY LINE

Old Forms for New Towns

THE London County Council has been replacing the old two- and three-story houses in the city's heavily bombed areas mainly with high (six- to nine-story) elevator apartments, usually in the form of slabs, with open corridors running across their fronts. These buildings show considerably more imagination in dealing with balconies, window openings, and the superficial patterns of wall, window, and balustrade than our dreary New York counterparts, but in essence they are still barracks, and a continued large-scale rebuilding of residential London at a density of two hundred people to the acre would even further congeal traffic and impede the business and social activities of the metropolis. Already its trampled parks show the effect of excessive use (because of overpopulation) almost as badly as Central Park does, though the floral plantings, miraculously untouched by vandals, are as sightly as ever.

By contrast, since 1946 the British national government has attempted to deal with the problem of urban deterioration in more positive fashion—not by congesting the great cities' central areas further or by building new housing on their suburban fringes but by setting up a series of what it calls New Towns in the open country, thirty to fifty miles out. These New Towns are not suburbs filled with commuters, who must sacrifice an hour or more a day in shuttling between home and office. They are independent and fairly self-sufficient towns, with their own markets and shops, their own recreation centers and schools, their own (projected) theatres, hospitals, and other public institutions, and—most important of all—their own industries, lifted out of the crowded cities. Each of these communities possesses, in addition to broad stretches of park and playing fields within itself, a wide encircling belt of permanently agricultural land, which will prevent spreading from within or encroachments from without. The 1946 act providing for these towns established a series of Development Corporations, which have roughly the initiative and power of our Port of New York Authority. Eight sites near London were selected, most of them close to or surrounding small country towns. Plans were laid down to provide, in all, houses and work for four hundred and eighty-three thousand people, in towns ranging in size from ten thousand (Aycliffe) to eighty thousand (Basildon and Harlow). A third of the construction job has so far been carried out. It is no further advanced because of the slowing down of the whole tempo of housing and building during the late forties, in deference to Britain's need for increasing her exports, but twelve thousand houses, or housing for forty thousand people, are now being completed in these towns every year.

THE notion of relieving the congestion of big cities by building new towns of limited population is not wholly a recent one. This experiment is, however, the largest and most concentrated town-building venture since the seventeenth century, after Richelieu planted a small town in rural France and all the absolute princes of Europe began founding new capitals for themselves. There is another precedent, too; four hundred and fifty years ago, Leonardo da Vinci proposed to the Duke of Milan that he build ten cities, each of thirty thousand population, to ease the overcrowding of Milan. But the concept of the modern New Town is nevertheless a distinctly British invention—exactly the sort of sensible innovation one might expect from a robust little man with red cheeks and a walrus mustache who spent a good part of his life and modest income improving the typewriter and inventing a stenotype machine. Just fifty-five years ago, this robust little man, Ebenezer Howard, a true Londoner, born within the sound of Bow Bells, published a book, written in an earnest, pedestrian style, called in its first edition "Tomorrow: A Peaceful Path to Real Reform" and later and prophetically "Garden Cities of Tomorrow." One has to know this book to understand the New Towns policy, and this is important, since it is easy for an innocent American to be thoroughly confused by the issues that the New Town policy and the New Towns have raised in England. For instance, an American social scientist, Harold Orlans, recently wrote a book, called "Utopia Limited," which developed the curious thesis that these communities must be a disappointment because they turn out to be living towns, full of the tensions, conflicts, difficulties, and compromises of life elsewhere, instead of perfectionists' utopias.

Howard was the first person to apply

The Mystery of the Unknown Ingredient

THE STORY is told of a London aquarium that decided to maintain an exhibit of salt-water fish. As it would have been quite expensive to bring to the aquarium enough sea water for the needs of the fish, one of the curators offered to manufacture sea water. The chemical formula of sea water is well known, and this appeared to be a simple solution to the problem.

The only trouble was that when the fish were placed in the laboratory-made sea water, they promptly died. Repeated efforts produced the same result. According to chemical analysis, the laboratory product was identically the same as water from the sea—but it was not the same to the fish. Some unknown ingredient was missing.

The moral of this story can be extended to sherry and port. Here are two wines that are produced in many countries. Yet to the connoisseur, the Ports of Portugal and the Sherries of Spain have certain characteristics of flavour, bouquet and body that make them especially delightful.

WHAT is the unknown ingredient? Does it come from the ancient vines — the soil — the climate — the time-honored method of crushing the grapes—the blending—the century-old caves in which the wines are brought to maturity? Or is it combination of all these factors? None can say. The most painstaking chemical analyses do not reveal the full answer. But that wonderfully sensitive instrument—the human palate—can tell the difference at the first sip.

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DRY RUBY
PORT
SANDEMAN
DRY
DRY DON
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Sandeman Ports especially favored. *One Star Ruby:* An excellent full, fruity wine. *Three Star Tawny:* Of medium body, lighter and drier than Ruby Ports. *Dry Don:* Full-bodied but not excessively heavy. More expensive but worth it is *Partners' Port:* Delicate, light ruby, the choice of the Sandeman Partners for their personal use.

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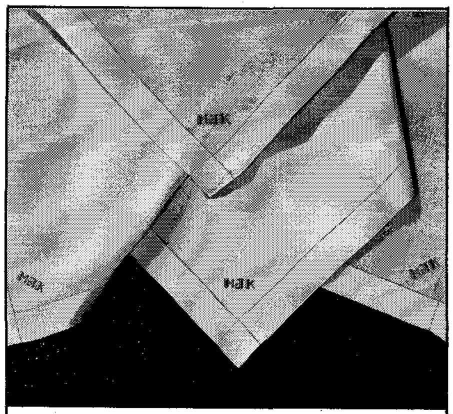

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THE CASE OF THE UNTOASTED HOSTESS

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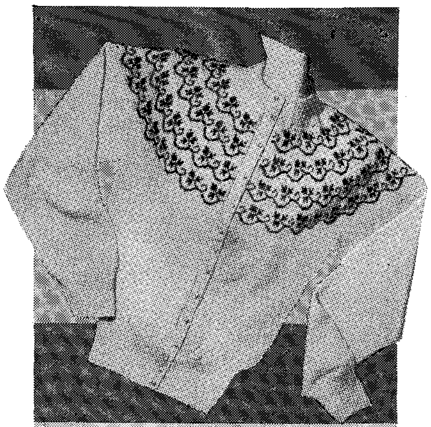
political intelligence to the problem of the overgrowth and congestion of cities and to set up not a fanciful paper scheme, without the faintest conception of economic or social realities, but a new way of approaching the problem. He sought to replace the planless over-expansion of the big city with a planned "colonization" to draw off the surplus population. To achieve this, he proposed to build largely self-sufficient communities, limited in size and density of population but big enough to sustain a variety of industries and to satisfy the everyday wants of the population, and in which the land is held and controlled by a public authority. He also made one of the few major contributions to the art of city building since the Stone Age invention of the city wall by suggesting that each of these towns be surrounded by a horizontal wall of agricultural land, or "green belt." He called this new urban form the "garden city," a name he may have picked up from A. T. Stewart's Garden City experiment, on Long Island, during the few years he spent in America. Howard recognized that there are some wants—a college, a specialized hospital, a symphony orchestra—that no community of his proposed maximum (thirty-two thousand people) could support, so he suggested that a group of garden cities connected by rapid transit could sustain such specialized institutions and also provide for a diversification of industries and employment opportunities that only the congested big cities had thitherto offered. A whole group of garden cities is now at last coming into being, north of London, around the nucleus provided by Letchworth and Welwyn, the two garden cities Howard helped to found. The new political structure for this collection of related urban communities is still lacking, but the physical outlines are plainly visible.

LIKE any good inventor, Ebenezer Howard wished to test his idea by building a full-scale model. He felt that if a few such private ventures proved successful, then the garden city might, like the experimental railway lines of the eighteen-thirties, be organized on a greater scale. This apple-cheeked little man had the faith that moves real estate, if it does not move mountains, and—what is even more remarkable—opens the pockets of socially disposed investors and secures the coöperation of hardfisted businessmen. Less than five years after the book's publication, the First Garden City Limited was organized to build the



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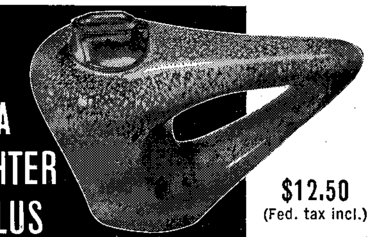

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first actual New Town, Letchworth, thirty-five miles from London; its fiftieth anniversary, in fact, came this last September. But the idea did not catch on. Letchworth grew slowly, and it had not reached more than a third of its planned population and industry in 1919 when the impatient Howard decided to build a second one, Welwyn Garden City, fifteen miles nearer London. Welwyn grew faster than Letchworth, but for a long time it, too, had no influence on government policy. Both private and public investors continued to foster the wasteful, uneconomic growth of London by expanding the city outward, removing its inhabitants farther and farther from contact with the country, lengthening many a depressing journey to work, obliterating what open spaces existed in town, and building costly arterial roads to make it possible for more people to escape more quickly from the very metropolis that supposedly embraced all the blessings of civilization.

Thus Howard's invention, despite its two successful demonstrations, seemed a dud. England did bestow a knighthood on him in 1927, shortly before his death, but he was aware that while he had created a new concept of the city, which was to influence town planners throughout the world, he would not live to see it achieve real recognition. Its fulfillment did not even begin till 1939, when a Parliamentary committee on industrial decentralization decided that the garden city was the most effective answer to the dangerous concentration of London's industries. Then the blitz of 1940, which demonstrated the vulnerability of London, provided the perfect reason for the change. Almost without dissension, all political parties accepted, after the war, the ne-

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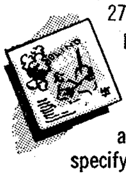

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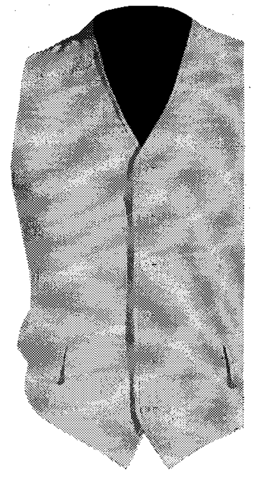
cessity of reducing the congestion in the big cities by building new towns. It was to Howard's invention that they turned. The best of the younger generation of town designers, such as William (now Sir William) Holford and Gordon Stephenson, flocked at once to the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning, and it seemed as if the New Towns would be new not merely in political and social constitution but also in architectural expression. So far, this last hope has been frustrated. For reasons it is difficult to trace, the more creative minds dropped out of the Ministry, and, even though some able architects were called in, only here and there do the New Towns express the new principles of planning or the new needs and possibilities of contemporary life.

The New Towns nevertheless embody several positive achievements, and I can best demonstrate what they are—as well as what they lack—by presenting a composite picture. This hypothetical town is situated in open country, near a main-line railroad, and it includes an already existing village, which helps feed and serve the new community while it is being built. Because of government priorities on materials, the civic center is the least developed portion, and this tends to diminish the beholder's aesthetic impression. On the other hand, the industrial zone, in both its layout and especially in its buildings, shows great architectural vitality; whether the factories are owned by corporations or built by the town's Development Corporation and leased, they occupy spacious sites, with well-planted approaches to the administration buildings, and the architecture is often technically inventive—fresh, vigorous, gay. If one comes to a New Town from the appalling Black Country or from the more sordid industrial areas of London, the contrast is almost unbelievable. England's experience in planning Trading Estates, its name for industrial areas designed to facilitate both production and transportation, has stood the New Town in good stead. The industrial zone of the town is no more than fifteen minutes by bicycle from the remotest residential area, even though the low density of population spreads the inhabitants fairly thin.

The plans for the New Town frequently incorporate an idea barely suggested by Ebenezer Howard—designing it as a series of neighborhoods, each with its own elementary schools and playing fields, and generally separated from one another by belts or wedges of green. This idea is a large and radical de-



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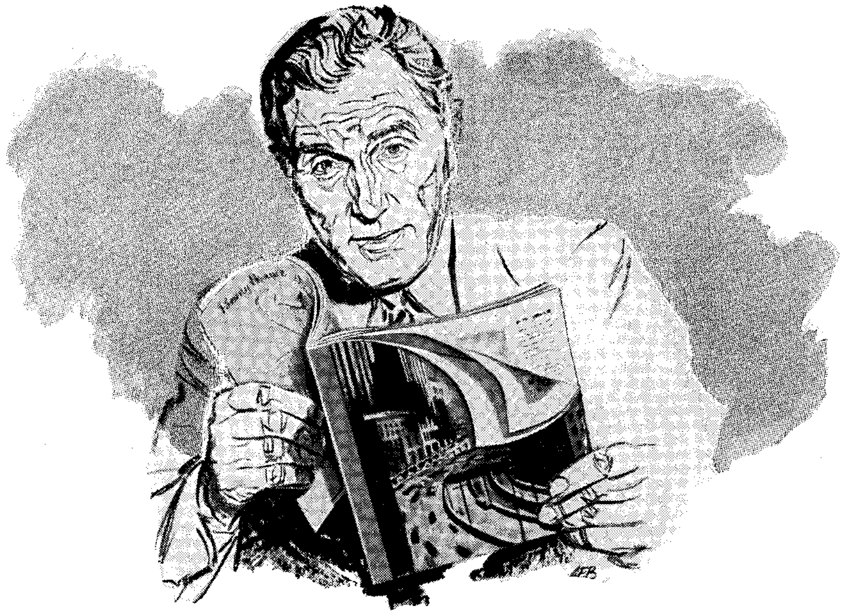
parture, but because the pattern is essentially a loose one, the innovation is visually less effective than it should be. The second distinguishing mark is the large amount of land devoted not merely to schools and playing fields, which is mandatory under the new Education Act, but to parks or commons. This would be highly laudable if so much space were not frittered away on streets that are much wider than is necessary, as well as on wide borders along the street and private front gardens. As a result, the two-story houses are often placed as far apart as eight-story apartments should be. In its revolt against congestion and sordor, a space-hungry generation has, I fear, developed eyes that are bigger than its stomach. Such openness reduces urbanity, but it also reduces social amenity and is economically wasteful. Unhappily, the standardized open layout developed in England in the twenties—straight rows of houses with front gardens big enough to preserve privacy, and back gardens big enough to grow vegetables—has been almost universally adhered to. But even assuming that a uniform density of twelve houses to the acre were desirable, there could be many variations on the pattern, as the town planner Sir Raymond Unwin demonstrated in his Hampstead Garden Suburb, in northwest London, more than forty years ago.

The ignoring of Unwin's lessons, to say nothing of those of such American equivalents of the New Towns as Radburn and Greenbelt, and the apparent unreadiness to devise alternative layouts, make the New Towns needlessly monotonous. Even in other contemporary British housing schemes, such as the one in Wrexham, in Wales, I have seen innovations in community design that are lacking in the New Towns. Indeed, ancient Oxford, with its collegiate superblocks and playing fields, has more to teach the modern planner. Admittedly, the residential neighborhoods achieve a high standard of civic decency. Two-story houses, usually of brick and sometimes faced with stucco or tile, are arranged in short rows, of four to eight apiece, with garages or a high garden wall joining them into a group. Sometimes there are knots of three- or even six-story apartments; in the New Town of Harlow there is a ten-story building, set on a bit of high ground and surrounded by a sweep of green, that dominates the whole site as a castle or church would have done in the Middle Ages. The two-story dwelling prevails, though. Sometimes it has a gabled roof, sometimes a single-pitch



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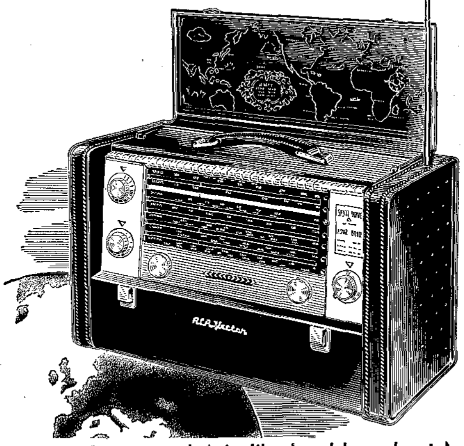

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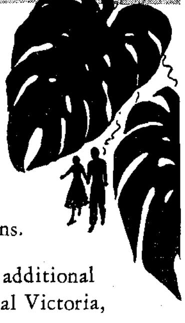

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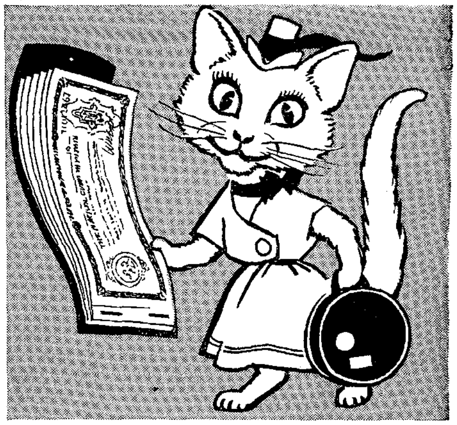
roof, but either way it manages to look just about the same. Even the grounds are standardized. In front of each house, there is generally a garden, often taking up four hundred square feet; behind, hidden from the passerby, is another garden of almost two thousand square feet. Twenty by a hundred feet is the size of many a Manhattan house lot, so these lots are around half again as large for houses of about the same surface dimensions. Gardens of this size provide plenty of room to grow a considerable quantity of vegetables. The administrators of these towns say that the migration of industry has been aided by such spacious gardens, which have persuaded workers who would not have been tempted to leave the cities if they were offered merely a better-equipped apartment. This explanation is probably sound, but it hardly justifies the uniformity of treatment.

THIS standard pattern of housing, though far superior to anything offered to most people in England before 1920, and though still superior in the main to the best American housing for similar income groups, has the defects of its virtues. It was devised as an escape from the dingy, overcrowded, smoky city, and it is planned for privacy rather than sociability, for spacious solitude and domestic isolation rather than for easy communication and coöperation with one's neighbors. And while all sorts of clubs and associations flourish in the New Towns, there is little in the plan to facilitate their functioning on an informal basis. One of the things that this salubrious housing ignores is the fact that today, because of a shortage of paid help, Englishwomen of all classes need to share services as much as the women of America; and to make possible baby-sitting, child-minding, washing-machine sharing, and all other sorts of informal coöperation, better ways of grouping houses must be invented. Not only that, but facilities for caring for illness and childbearing that are more accessible than big, overcentralized hospitals must be devised. To achieve new form is not a matter of occasionally exchanging gabled roofs for flat ones, small windows for wide ones, or a horizontal row of single dwellings for a dozen rows of them, one on top of the other, in a tall building. When more essential matters are neglected, that kind of surface modernism and urbanism is a sham. What these planners need is to take a fresh look at the needs and desires and hopes of men and women today, and to find a form that



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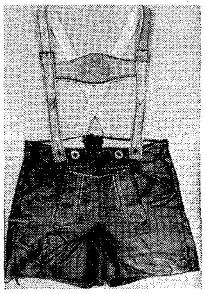

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will meet these needs in all their diversity. It is the lack of this kind of thinking that makes the housing in the New Towns too much like a hundred other British suburban developments.

Possibly it is unfair to criticize the few shopping centers and markets I have seen in these New Towns, for better ones may be in process of building. They usually provide arcaded walks beside the shops, but aside from that even the best seem to me to have been conceived without reference to the exigencies of the motor age or of future traffic. Nowhere is there the separation of pedestrian precincts from parking lots and motor avenues one would expect in a mid-twentieth century New Town; nowhere is there sufficient use of the superblock or the cul-de-sac street to separate foot and wheeled traffic; rarely are there any of the internal parks and internal pedestrian ways that the pioneering Unwin provided in Hampstead Garden Suburb. As a result, the New Towns, though more hygienic and pleasanter than any other such quarters for people of comparable income, are brightly commonplace. The fashionable English criticism—that they take too much land out of agriculture—is comically blind; I never saw so much urban space so highly cultivated, so rich in crops. A valid criticism is that they take too much land out of social use and that in overcoming congestion they forget the social virtues of concentration. Prudent administrators might well hesitate to make expensive experiments with purely theoretical schemes, lest they squander as much money as the French did on Le Corbusier's monument to Le Corbusier in Marseille, a monument brilliantly disguised as a housing project. But the men who are putting the New Towns together have overlooked too many proved devices of urban planning or have only half-heartedly applied them. The result is monotony and suburbanism—not the exhilarating fresh city forms that might have been conceived, or even such sober excellences as Lansbury Neighbourhood, which I recently admired in these columns, has already achieved in London.

IN the first batch of New Towns, then, Howard's fertile and significant idea has only partly come alive. The technical and political feasibility of large-scale decentralization is admittedly demonstrated. That in itself is no small contribution to urban statesmanship. In their main structural outlines, the New Towns are indeed new—the neighborhood green belt, the neighborhoods

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themselves, the well-insulated industrial zone, the civic center, above all a better balance of human functions in a self-contained urban unit. Yet these social innovations have not yet found their equivalent architectural form, which in turn would reflect and enhance the daily activities of the inhabitants. A relatively good standardized plan has been an enemy of a more supple, a more varied and imaginative, and a better form, to say nothing of an ideally conceivable best. Something important in the old towns and villages that these New Towns often surround has been lost in the new designs—something that needs to be understood and adapted. The fact is that a city is not primarily a way of providing a vegetable garden for every inhabitant; above everything else, it is a means of providing a maximum number of social contacts and satisfactions. When the open spaces gape too widely, and dispersal is too constant, the people lack a stage for their activities and the drama of their daily life lacks sharp focus. Like every other amenity, public open spaces and private gardens must be scaled to the whole for which they are planned. Because the new planners were mainly in revolt against congestion and squalor, rather than in love with urban order and coöperation, the New Towns do not yet adequately reveal what the modern city should be.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

●

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the World-Telegram & Sun*]

Louis Waldman, who recently quit as counsel to the International Longshoreman's Assn. wage scale conference committee, today urged the American Federation of Labor to adopt a code of ethics for all its member unions and to name a committee to put teeth in the code. . . .

Mr. Waldman's letter declared that the murder on Aug. 28 of Thomas F. Lewis, president of Local 32-E, Building Service International Union, helped "reveal the absence of standards . . . of conduct to guide thousands of labor officials occupying positions of trust."

●

TODAY ONLY ONE ART IS FUNCTIONING

The poets are baffled by the contemporary world and mumble incoherently to themselves.

The painters have abdicated—and twiddle with technique.

The musicians, like neurotic children, find solace in noise.

But the movies!

—*Adv. in Marquee Magazine.*

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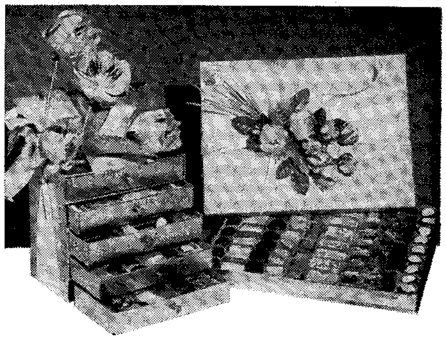

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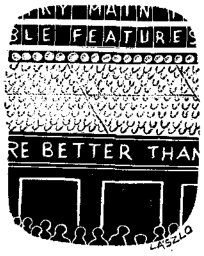

A COUPLE of English importations moved into town last week and settled down for a mousy visit. One of them, "Murder on Monday," purports to be a melodrama; the other, "The Titfield Thunderbolt," is described as a comedy. Actually, they both belong to the class of movies that smother us in quiet boredom. The hero of "Murder on Monday" is a methodical bank clerk who in his hours away from the countinghouse lives an unruffled existence in a London suburb, where he seems likely to vegetate for the rest of his days. He is jolted out of this rut by a twenty-four-hour attack of amnesia. His wife calls in a doctor, who attributes the attack to a trauma dating back to the war and announces cheerily that it's really nothing to get excited about. However, it develops that during the period our hero was mentally *in absentia*, a club he is treasurer of was looted of its funds and its steward foully murdered. Since the amnesiac has been demonstrably short of folding money, the police are suspicious of him, but you can't teach an honest old dog new and dirty tricks, so things turn out amiably all around. I presume it's possible that a reasonably interesting mystery film could be put together with this sort of plot, but "Murder on Monday" is so hopelessly loquacious and leisurely that I'm afraid your eyelids will be drooping before half its course is run. It does have the benefit of competent acting, though, with Ralph Richardson as the bank clerk, Margaret Leighton as his wife, and Jack Hawkins as the medico. Mr. Richardson also directed the piece.

IN "The Titfield Thunderbolt," various admirable people come a cropper. Directed by Charles Crichton, written by T. E. B. Clarke, and featuring Stanley Holloway, all of whom have had a hand in some very funny films, the picture recounts the adventures of a group of railroad enthusiasts who attempt to preserve an ancient train that transportation authorities are resolved to abandon in favor of a bus. Among these railroad buffs are a vicar, a poacher, a rural alcoholic, and a young blood from the shires. With Mr. Holloway leading this crowd in the role of the bibber, all kinds of catastrophes pile up, but the actors are so arch about it, and Mr. Crichton's direction is so furiously jolly, that the whole thing becomes as dreary as the story told by a parlor humorist who can't get out the words through his own laughter. The film, which is done in Technicolor, does have some pleasant scenes of the tired old train making its way across country, but they are hardly enough.

WHILE I'm on the subject of pleasant scenery, I might mention a film called "Tanga Tika," which offers a great many sprightly views of Tahiti. They serve as the background for a South Seas story about a native boy who has to make some money in order to take a wife—his girl's extravagant mother has a multitude of debts and wants them paid before she'll give her daughter in marriage. While this plot hardly adds up to much, Dwight Long and Arch Monson, who produced the picture, have made Tahiti look like a fine place to hide if local conditions get to be too tough.

"BLOWING WILD" is a dismal contrivance that hashes up some ideas that seem to have been derived from "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "High Noon." The piece revolves around some oilmen in Mexico, and a tiresome and unlikely lot they are. In the cast are Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Ruth Roman, Anthony Quinn, and Ward Bond, the last of whom, playing an American oil prospector, does his bit for the Good Neighbor policy by trying to mug a Mexican gentleman. The film treats the episode as if it were quite the thing to do.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

QUESTION: Since my parents' divorce, my brothers and sisters and I have lived with mother. Most of father's relatives now pay no attention to us. Should I send them wedding invitations just the same? I'd rather not.

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Next question.

•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

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[*From the Bureau of Labor Statistics Bulletin No. 667*]

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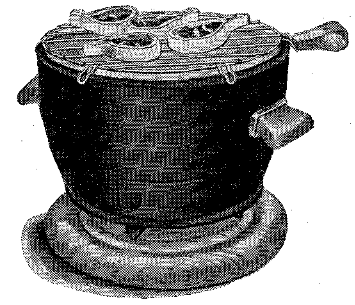

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TABLES FOR TWO

The Pied Piper

ARTIE SHAW, who in recent years has only now and then picked up the clarinet that made him Benny Goodman's closest rival in the mid-thirties and established him as one of the truly distinguished jazz soloists of our time, is back on a bandstand again, this time on the small one at the Embers. Before going into further detail, let me report that he is playing as well as ever, with the same fine tone and the same easy invention. He has five associates with him, whom he calls the Gramercy Five, a name that meant a lot in the early forties, when Shaw captained a combination called that and produced a number of excellent recordings. Shaw's present supporting cast (bass, drums, guitar, piano, and vibraphone) seems to be composed of first-rate musicians, as one would expect, but the men are still fairly new together and—as one would also expect—it will probably take them some weeks to achieve the rapport that is so essential to really good ensemble playing. However, when I heard they were coming, I was unable to restrain myself and went to their opening night, which was a mistake. The room was jammed with habitual first-nighters, full of mothlike excitement, who kept up a flutter of conversation all the time the combination was on the stand. On the other hand, it was irrelevantly gratifying to see that Shaw appeared unruffled by the noisy audience, in contrast to his celebrated touchiness of past years. Playing absorbedly, bowing slightly to applause, or smiling to himself while one or another of the Gramercy Five was executing a solo, he seemed completely relaxed.

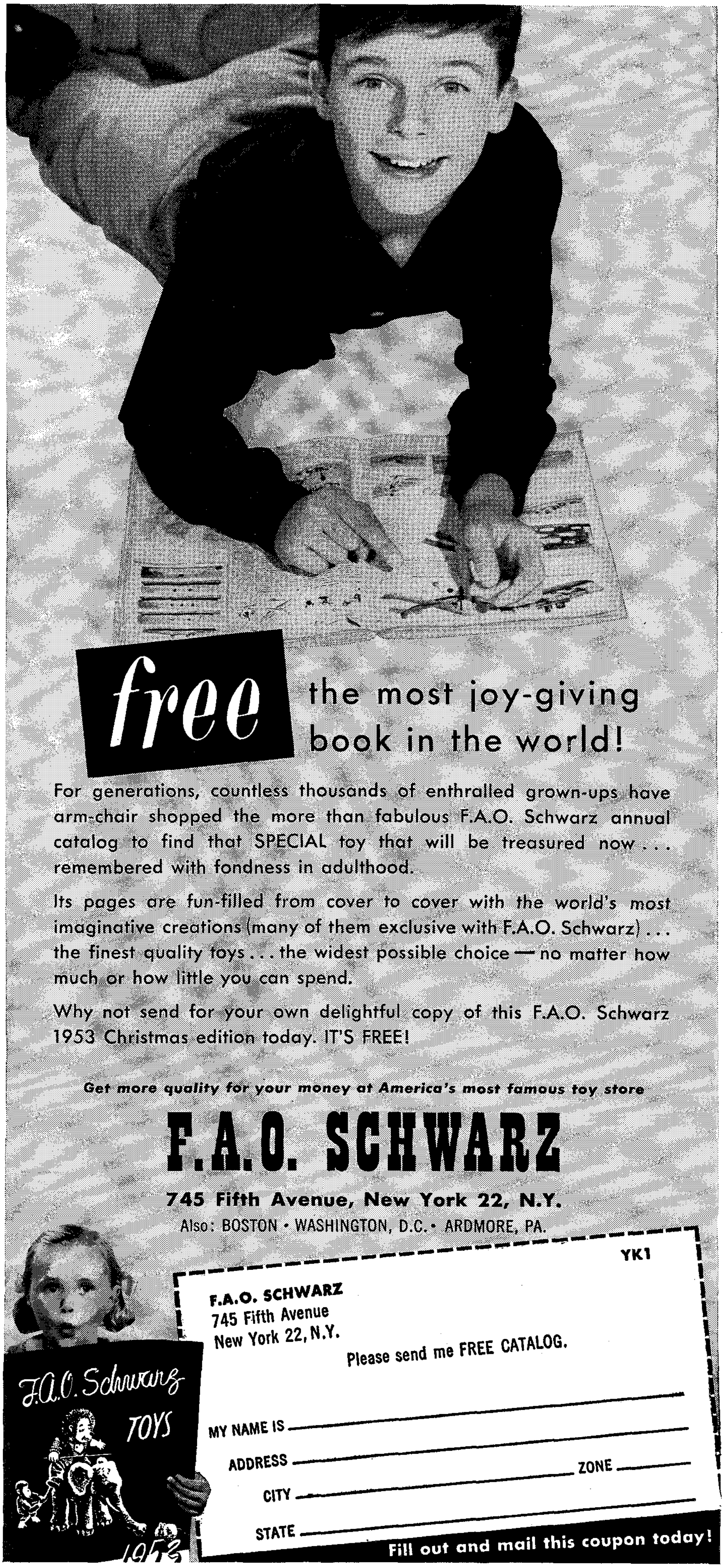
Shaw began things with one of his old hits, "Frenesi." The Five set up a Latin-American background, Shaw's clarinet entered with the melody, and everything was dandy for the first chorus. Then the Six noodled around somewhat aimlessly for a few choruses in straight jazz fashion, after which they rode the number out to its finish, in much the same way they had begun. So it went with most of the other pieces, among them "How High the Moon," "Summit Ridge Drive," and "The Pied Piper," the last an extension of a theme Shaw once used on a record for children. The men were playing what is known in the trade as "head" arrangements, in which the opening and closing sections are set and the rest is left to the ingenuity of the musicians. Such leeway can, of course, result in some magnificent work when good musicians have had time to feel out one another's style. Shaw played beautifully, and always with the composure of a true artist. One moderately paced number, a Shaw original called "Lyric," was new to me and among the most appealing of his offerings.

THE large cellar that has been the home of countless night clubs on the north side of Fifty-first Street, in the short stretch between Broadway and Seventh Avenue, has lately been converted into a two-room establishment called Basin Street. One of the rooms, the Salle d'Orleans, is a rectangular, well-appointed dining room, in which an admirable trio, led by Billy Taylor, performs. Adjoining it is a much larger square room called the Mamou—a simply furnished affair with a bar along one wall and a good-sized platform along the wall opposite. Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five, an experienced Dixieland band, plays here, and there is also a show of sorts. The latter consists of the Four Step Brothers, a swift-paced and extremely nimble dancing act; Lilly Christine, a remarkably constructed barefoot dancer, whose routine may appear elementary to some but whose unnatural ability to move every single muscle in her body undeniably represents a certain artistic triumph; and Jana Mason, a stunning young woman who sings such varied pieces as "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," "Basin Street," and "Lover Man" with an appreciation of their content but also with too much fervor and not quite enough voice.

JOE E. LEWIS is back at the Copacabana as star of the fall show, and it's probably unnecessary to tell you anything about him other than that he is his familiar winning self, casting a tolerant eye upon the unregenerate world of gamblers, drunks, philanderers, and floozies he is so much at home in, and delivering his boisterous songs and unleashing his cynical observations with the same old relish. His appearance onstage enables the customers to recover from the rigors of a typical Copacabana floor show, in which production numbers full of singers and dancers are ticked off with numbing precision. The main feature of that part of the show is an uncompromising young singer named Janis Paige, who breezes out and puts over a number of songs with hard authority. A flamboyant-looking girl, Miss Paige reveals an attractive natural singing voice and a splendid sense of rhythm. Some of her special material was, I thought, of questionable taste, but her delivery, with the aid of a cane and a straw hat, of that old favorite, "Carolina in the Morning," was a gem.

PATACHOU, the lusty French singer who made her American début last year in the Empire Room of the Waldorf, has reported in to reopen the place for the new season, and she has brought an undiminished verve to the job. A bundle of energy, she sails into such gay French numbers as "A Paris" and "Rue Lépic" with vigor, sings Cole Porter's "C'est Magnifique" first straight and then broadly, in the manner that she says Americans expect all French singers to employ, has fun with a Western piece, and, for no ascertainable reason other than her professed liking for the work, closes with the rather hackneyed "Just One of Those Things." The main quality here is the lady's prevailingly cheery and infectious personality. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Mischa Borr's alternate for dancing throughout the rest of the evening.

I KNOW how risky it is to say so, but the other night at Le Ruban Bleu I felt I'd come across something special: the comedy team of Ross and West. Although these two young men pick on fairly standard targets to parody, they struck me as a good deal more corrosive than most similar acts. West is a short, composed-looking fellow; his partner is taller and looks like an owl. One of their numbers that I thought wonderfully funny was an impersonation of a legitimate actor giving dramatic readings in a night club. The actor (West) tries to declaim Shakespeare while a cheerful drunk at a ringside table (Ross) shouts encouragement, requests "My Melancholy Baby," and winds up weeping uncontrollably at every poetic sentiment. An almost permanent act here is the Three Riffs, who can either sing a song with fine effect or kid it to death while imitating other singers. Also present are Bud McCreery, who accompanies himself on the piano in wordy comedy songs of his own invention, and a poised singer named Rita Dimitri, who is probably best in her moving rendition of a popular success of some years back called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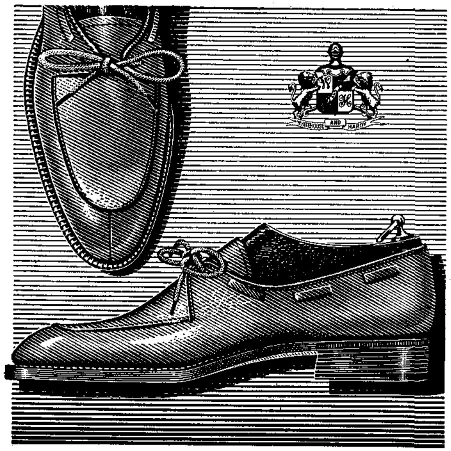

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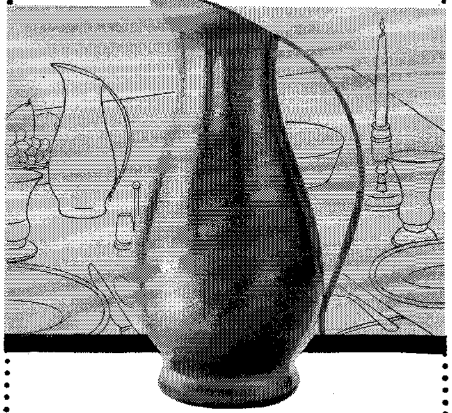

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—D. W.

•

A JOTTING THAT REALLY GOT JOTTED

[*From "Editorial Jottings" in the Seoul Korean Republic*]

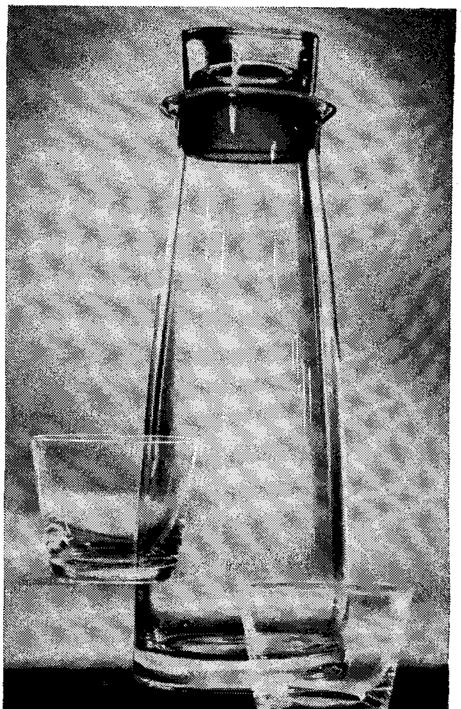
In a world of general unrest and discordances, heart-corroding misgiving and mutual antagonisms, such things as human solidarity or racial interdependances are all conundrums and unmeaning bravadoes, accordingly all of the high ideals and lofty purposes, not only untenable and unattainable, they are sunk and lost in the quagmire of human animosities and ignorances, all of a sudden, my transient mind inclined to scribble a few lines one Sir Winston and his face as it looked through photographs.

Sir Winston, the England's Prime Minister and the most illustrious Garter knight go Queen Elizabeth II's court, is indisputably prominent politician and policy-maker. I don't know exactly whether his face is cherubic or not, but his rotund or bulb-like face with firm-set lips pouch-belly and stocky body denote his strong and exuberant mentality if not spirituality. I am also informed about his versatile and kaleidoscopic talents. He is amateurishly dabbles in painting, sometimes in brick-laying and whenever leisure hour offers he writes prolific prose almost in Macaulayan vein. But versatility is not necessarily means genuine personal stature and magnitude and astuteness and adroitness in politics is not infallibly beget the great statesmanship. We sincerely hope Sir Winston's longevity and his steadfast, constant, farsighted world policy. Mountebankship, (if such term and allowed was and is against our oriental morality).

•

Lost—Green Parakeet, name is Sugar; anyone finding the bird go up softly and say: "Good morning, pretty little bird." —*Adv. in the Santa Monica (Calif.) Outlook.*

What if we come across your feathered friend in the afternoon?



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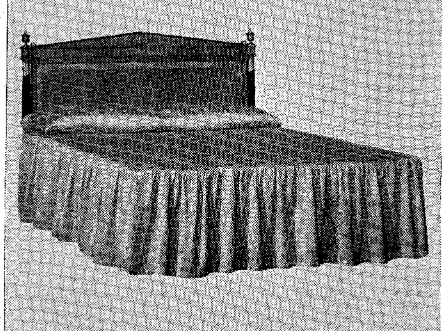

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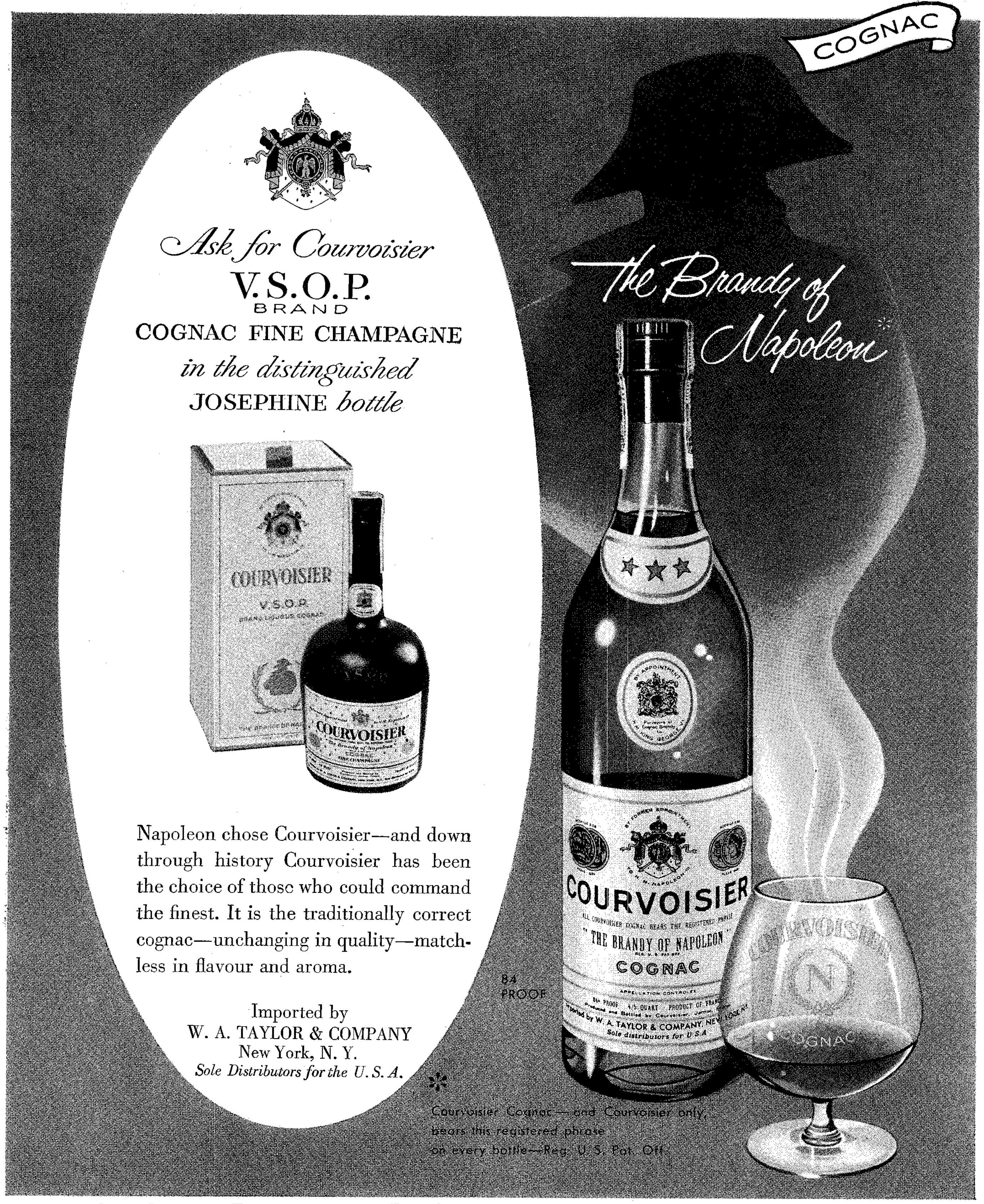
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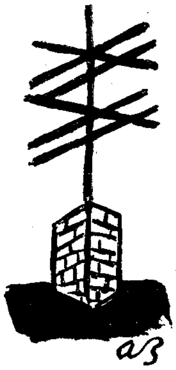
TELEVISION

A Letter



DEAR AUNT PAULINE:

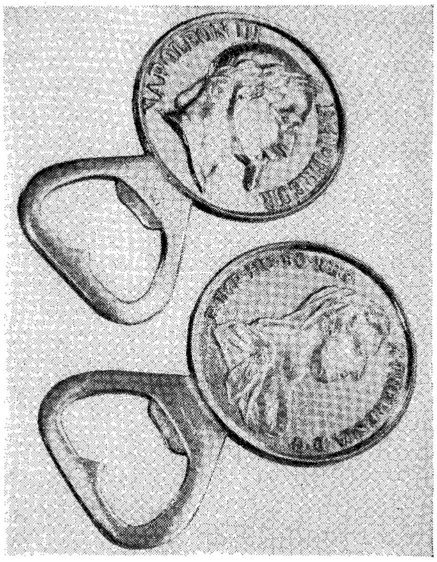
I WAS thinking about you and Uncle Ned a lot during the World Series, when I came down with a cold and had to stay home from the office and looked at the video. I figured that you and Uncle Ned were looking at the games, too, and probably getting quite a boot out of them, except for that last one, which broke my heart. But at least the games took my mind off my cold. Aside from baseball, Aunt Pauline, I have seen some mighty odd things lately on the video, and one of the oddest was something a couple of Sundays ago (a few hours after the fifth game was over) called "You Are There." That's the program that pretends to take you back to some historic date or event and "cover" it the way the news commentators "cover" events on television. The one the other night was all about Dr. Sigmund Freud, the original Viennese head-doctor, and the date they picked was January 2, 1900, soon after he published a book in which he discussed people's dreams and proved that what they dreamed was not the result of something they had eaten but had much more serious causes, such as troubles that went back to their childhood—arguments with their fathers, and so on. The program lasted half an hour, and during it we saw a good deal of Dr. Freud, who was smoking a large cigar and looked a little like Groucho Marx with a beard. The Doctor talked fast and sharp, and we watched him lecturing to a class of only two pupils. It seems that Dr. Freud was unpopular with his colleagues in his university, and "You Are There" had an interview with a professor of psychiatry, who didn't have a very high opinion of him. The psychiatry professor said that Dr. Freud was sort of sick in his own noodle, and was what he called a "frustrated" man, who spent entirely too much time talking about sex.

But Dr. Freud kept right on chewing on his cigar and paying no attention to the bad things the other doctors said about him, and continued on with his work. We saw Dr. Freud in his office, too, interviewing a lady patient, who lay down on a couch. She was in a terrible state and she writhed and wriggled all over the place and told the Doctor about one of her dreams. Some of the strangest stuff you ever heard, but old Doc Freud, who was sitting alongside her taking everything down in a notebook, said it was very significant, and whenever she paused he would analyze the dream for her out loud. He had the answers to everything, that fellow. He knew right off the bat what had caused the dream. It all seemed a little peculiar to me, and I didn't like to be watching the lady, for she was obviously sick, and even on the video I don't think they should talk so easily about sick people, especially people who are sick in the upper story. I don't know anything about the head-doctors—knock wood—but I don't think the video people know much about them, either, and if they are going to give us dramas like this one, they had better be pretty careful what they say and how they say it.

You know, Aunt Pauline, if you stick with the video long enough, it will take you almost everyplace, and the other night it took me to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Stokowski. They have a big apartment on Gracie Square here in New York, and the cameras went right into their home and took their picture. (First the cameras had gone to the home of Roy Campanella; it was the evening of the day he hit that homer in the eighth inning. He was great, and so was his family.) Up at the Stokowskis' (this was on a program called "Person to Person"), we saw Mrs. Stokowski, who looked very pretty and showed us some of her own paintings and told us all about the feelings that had come over her as she painted them. Then she went into her husband's study, where there were a number of odd-looking gongs, and she hit one. Mr. Stokowski collects gongs. He was standing beside her, and he seemed kind of anxious to get into the act, and he finally did. He sat down at the piano and hit a few notes, told us that his wife sings in the bathroom, and moved over to a window seat, where he looked out over the city and the East River. He said that whenever he looked out the window he thought of all the people who live in the big city. He said that he thought America was a fine place, all right, but he didn't think it had developed so well culturally. He felt we were behind in the culture line. Maybe he's right, maybe he's wrong. You never can tell these days. Say hello to Uncle Ned and the dog.

Your loving nephew,
PHILIP HAMBURGER

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER



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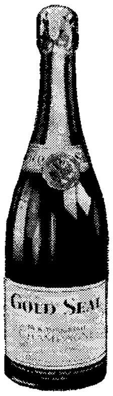

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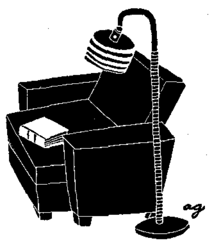
BOOKS

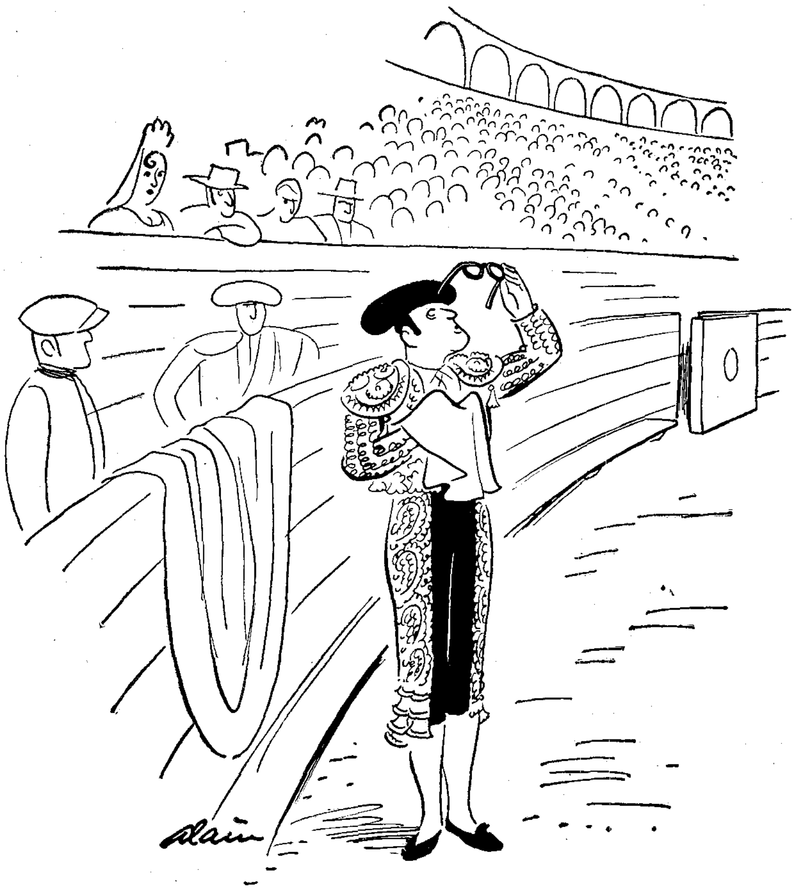
Passion Without Passion



André Maurois, the author of "Lélia" (Harper), a biography of George Sand, has an unfortunate reputation. His early success with the English-speaking public was of a special kind; such books as "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" convinced its middle-brow section that here at last was a French writer with no tricky Latin intellectualism or cleverness about him. His middle period confirmed his admirers in their beliefs; his immensely popular biographies of Shelley, Byron, and Disraeli were not only wholesome in tone but they were about old friends. Indeed, wherever one went in those happy, best-selling days, one heard charming ladies saying that they adored Maurois and that one would never know he was French, would one? He had established himself on the pattern laid down by Hugh Walpole as the perfect Anglo-Saxon book-society literary personality, and it was almost impossible not to think of him pottering round a country cottage with a favorite tweed jacket on his back, a favorite old briar in its pocket, and a favorite spaniel snuffing at his heels, a thoroughly decent chap who couldn't possibly be suspected of being a writer. When the last war came, M. Maurois produced a series of little masterpieces of literary automatism, "The Miracle of England," "The Miracle of America," "The Miracle of France," in each of which he discharged a public duty by saying exactly what was expected of him in the most obvious way. All this was an extraordinary piece of duplicity, since it was followed by a study of Proust that was an acute and illuminating piece of literary criticism as well as a sensitive and understanding biography. That notable achievement of three years ago M. Maurois has now capped with the best biography of George Sand that has so far been written, a book that is as successful in its exploration of character as it is in its evocation of a period—or, rather, of several periods, since Sand began her life in the heyday of Romanticism and ended it under the Third Republic. M. Maurois's biography is one of those graceful and scholarly studies of personality that are among the finer components of the French literary tradition.

Everything about Sand was remarkable. Her grandmother, Mme. Dupin, daughter of the great Maréchal de Saxe and a friend of Buffon and Rousseau, had experienced happiness and could describe it:

> Up to the day of his death, my dear, your grandfather was handsome, elegant, well cared for, gracious, sweet-smelling, lively, kindly, affectionate and easy-tempered.... We were never parted for a moment, and, so long as he was there, I never knew a moment's boredom. He was a living encyclopedia of ideas, information, and talents, and for me ever remained an inexhaustible storehouse of delight. He had the secret of pleasing others when he himself was pleased. We used to spend the days making music together. He was an excellent performer on the violin, and always made his instruments himself, because he had a knowledge of the craft, just as he had of clockmaking and architecture, or turning on the lathe, or painting. He knew about decoration and the preparing of food. He could write poetry, compose music, and do carpentry. He was a beautiful embroiderer. ... It was a misfortune that he squandered his estate on the satisfaction of his many tastes, and in making experiments. I was dazzled by his brilliance, and we ruined ourselves quite delightfully.



But this connoisseur of happiness knew nothing of passion. She said of her generation, "We were philosophers in those days.... Those of us who behaved rationally, did so because we wished to. . . . We enjoyed life." She could not understand people who were driven by inner necessities that did not seem reasonable to her. Her son Maurice was a deeply passionate man, but she mistook him for an eighteenth-century gallant. When he was off with the armies at Cologne, he wrote her about all his affairs, and she replied placidly with news of the pleasant little boy he had fathered with one of her servant girls before he left. It was right for a young man to enjoy young women, and when he had amused himself and wanted to settle down, he would make a prudent marriage and be as reasonably happy as she had been. But in 1800, when he was stationed in Milan as the aide-de-camp to a general, he met his commanding officer's mistress. She was thirty and he was twenty-two. She was the daughter of a professional bird fancier who had kept a billiard saloon, and she had been one of those *rats de ballet* (part dancer and part prostitute) Balzac so often described, in one of the most disreputable theatres in Paris. All her life, she had been kept by one man or another. Maurice Dupin fell deeply in love with her, and she with him. They were married and had eight years of violent and intense happiness together, which ended when Maurice was thrown from a horse and killed.

His four-year-old daughter, who was to become George Sand, *REPRINTED FROM AN EDITORIAL IN THE BOSTON SUNDAY GLOBE — SEPT. 27, 1953*

"One hundred years ago, back in September, 1953, a book slipped quietly into the world."

THUNDER AT DAWN

(2053-1953)

One hundred years ago, back in September, 1953, a book slipped quietly into the world. It was well received. The notices were appreciative, though not extravagantly so, for no one then living could foresee its results.

The world into which that book was born was one which had not, like the book, been born quietly. Instead, it had been born during a violent thunderstorm in the midst of an earthquake. Noise and tremors still quivered in its tissues. It was born dazed and frightened, and no one, not itself, and not even its kindliest nurses and Socratic midwives like this benign and gracious philosopher, this man of genius who helped it into the world, could be at all certain that it would survive—survive, that is, for an existence worth living by a civilized human being.

Great epochs begin quietly. Far below the din and uproar, their seeds are underground. What is being discussed here (like the book here discussed) is the inauguration of an epoch. To all appearances (when it first came out) it was merely an "Anthology," a collection from the works of Alfred North Whitehead, 928 pages, compiled by two professors of philosophy, F. S. C. Northrop of Yale and Mason Gross of Rutgers—first for the convenience of the average reader, but also no doubt with an eye to use as a students' textbook since at that time Whitehead's works had not, as now, been republished in numerous complete editions, deluxe at the start, then reprinted from the same plates in popular editions like Jowett's translation of Plato, and finally in paperbacks for sale in corner drugstores. Prophetically enough, however, one of Whitehead's greatest books and subsequently his most popular one, "Science and the Modern World," was so re-issued as a paperback and sold in drugstores for 35 cents as early as 1947. That was the year, the last year of the philosopher's life, when this "Anthology" was being discussed with him by his publishers, the Macmillan Company. It was then being designated as "The Omnibus Whitehead."

"Verily we are his beneficiaries"

Alfred North Whitehead

* * * *

His thought has so completely permeated us that the circumstances of the man's life are almost forgotten—as we use some implement without knowing by whom it was invented. Briefly, then, our philosopher was an English parson's son, born in 1861 at Ramsgate in Kent, facing the Channel. He lived three lives in one life-span, and had two distinct careers. His first life (he said) ended with the war of 1914-1918; his second life was during that war; and in his third, from 1918 to 1947 (the death of his body) he, like the world he lived in, underwent a new and very painful birth, which, while suffering, he helped bring to a happy issue. His two careers were first, as mathematician and teacher of mathematics in Trinity College, Cambridge, and later at London University where he became President of the Senate; his second career was in these United States where, between 1924 and 1947, starting at the age of sixty-three when men are erroneously supposed to be dished and done for, he entered upon a new and by far his most brilliant period. It was in this country that his major works were written while he was teaching regularly at Harvard University, and the first lecture on philosophy which he ever attended was the first one he himself delivered as professor of philosophy at Harvard. Lowell brought him; but it was Laurence Henderson who prevailed upon Lowell to do so.

* * * *

Suppose this were being written one hundred years ago instead of today; how baffling would have been the attempt to evaluate that chunky volume, a first edition of which, "September 1953, the Macmillan Company, New York," lies before me. "Who would have thought the old man to have had so much life in him?"

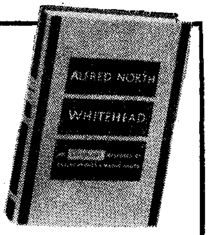
Then what are some of those germs of a potency so infinite that they could fertilize our epoch? Here, as under a microscope, they can still be seen, in this volume published a hundred years ago, still empowering us like atomic energy—*a sense of infinitude all around us and within us,* a realization that there are no fixed rules, that "all truths are half-truths, and it is trying to behave as though they were whole-truths that plays the devil"; that dogmatic finality is the fatal fallacy—those surest they are right are most likely to be wrong; that every situation, every thought, is fluid . . . that the instant thought stops adventuring it is dead; that "ideas won't keep. Something must be done about them." We are here not for results, but for effort, "the process is itself the actuality"; that is, we create, and, in the act of creating, we become co-creators with deity.

"We create, and in the act of creating, we become co-creators with deity."

* * * *

What, we may ask ourselves, would those people have thought in September 1953, amid their doubt, their perplexity, and often their dismay, if not their secret despair, could they have known that in this single volume lay access to ideas, to a methodology of thought, to a saving wisdom which could speak to the vital minds in the second half of the 20th century, and through that century to this our own, in which we of today live, and love, and laugh, and create beauty and goodness? Verily we are his beneficiaries.

An Anthology



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Selected by **F. S. C. Northrop**
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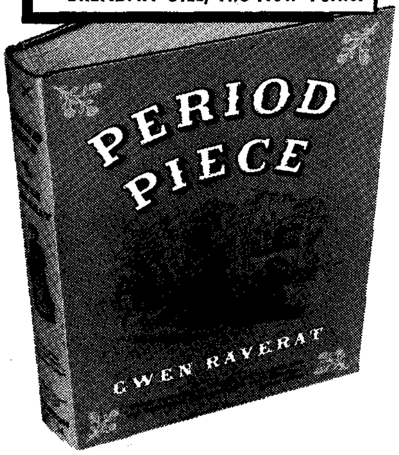

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NORTON

was brought up by her mother and grandmother and by her father's old tutor, Deschartres. The grandmother tried to make her a lady of the ancient regime, as if the eighteenth century had never come to an end. Her mother, wholly of the people, emotional, and ignorant of any pattern of life but the one she had lived in the turmoil of the revolution and in the wake of Napoleon's armies, taught her to live for the moment. Their disputes over the child's training produced terrible scenes. After one of them, the mother left the Dupin estate and returned to her old life in Paris. It was not long before the grandmother discovered that the thirteen-year-old child dreamed of running away and joining her. She made the girl kneel by her bedside while she told her everything she had learned of her mother's past. This brutal act made the girl a sullen rebel. "My child," the grandmother said at last, "you have lost whatever common sense you ever had. . . . I have therefore decided to place you in a convent." It was only natural that because she had brought up Sand as far as she could to be a Voltairian Deist and a skeptic, she should choose an ultra-Catholic establishment run by English nuns. The conflicts aroused in the girl by the warfare between her mother and grandmother were intensified by the confusion in the mind of Deschartres, who was part Rousseauist, part rationalist, and part Romantic. It was he who taught George Sand to ride astride, dressed as a boy, and to shoot. He made her his assistant in the surgery and dispensary he ran on the grandmother's estate, so she grew up with a clinical knowledge of the parts of the body and their functions. His lively mind led her to the finest literature that Europe had produced and was producing. But his Romanticism led her in other directions. When her grandmother died and the family vault was opened, he examined her father's body and discovered that the skull had become detached from the skeleton. He took the seventeen-year-old girl to the vault in the middle of the night and held up the skull for her to kiss.

Maurois tells, with sympathy and perspicacity, the story of her long struggle with the consequences of her upbringing. Her grandmother had convinced her that happiness was obtainable if one used one's common sense, and Sand decided to obtain it. Using her common sense, she arrived at the conclusion that it was not possible to achieve happiness alone, that it could be found only in a relationship, and that men and women being what they were, a relationship could be established only on a basis of perfect physical harmony. And of course common sense informed her that there would be no difficulty in achieving that; it was just a matter of finding the right man and the right technique. Her marriage, at the age of eighteen, to the Baron Casimir Dudevant produced a son, Maurice, but it did not fulfill her hopes. She soon began to look for what she wanted elsewhere, and her husband was not the father of her second child, Solange. The marriage broke up, and Sand went on from one unsatisfactory liaison to another. When she was twenty-nine, without fully realizing what she was doing she wrote, in her novel "Lélia," an astonishing analysis of the defect that made her quest hopeless:

> Desire, in my case, was an ardour of the spirit which paralyzed the power of the senses before they had been awakened, a savage ecstasy which took possession of my brain, and became exclusively concentrated there. My blood remained frozen, impotent, and poor, while my will took flight into remote immensities. . . . When he was fulfilled, satisfied, and sated, I lay there motionless beside him, a victim of appalled dismay. I spent hours like that, watching him while he slept.

It was her friend Sainte-Beuve who told her what she had done, in a letter congratulating her on the courage with which she had made her revelation. She replied, in distress, "Please do not confuse the author with the sufferings she has recorded . . . and do not attach too much importance to my Satanic posturings. I swear to you they are no more than a literary attitude deliberately adopted." Within a few weeks, the famous night of fiasco with Prosper Mérimée took place, and every gossip in Paris soon knew all about it through the indiscretion of her closest friend, Marie Dorval. Sainte-Beuve wrote warning her that the story was spreading and asking her for the truth that might counter it. She replied:

> One day recently, when I was feeling bored and desperate, I met a man whose nature it is to be completely self-confident. He failed utterly to understand me, and merely laughed at my troubles. . . . One thing I had never realized about myself, and that is that I am completely and utterly Lélia. I wanted to convince myself that that was not so, and hoped I might be able to abjure the cold and hateful role.

For a moment, the broad avenues of happiness were wide open; in the light of complete self-knowledge, Sand could see what was possible for her and what was not. But, on the other hand, there was the example of Marie Dorval, who

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CARIBBEAN. There are still undiscovered Edens at America's back door. Tobago, the Robinson Crusoe island that rivals Tahiti, where living is so cheap the island's chief official gets only $240 a month. Or Grenada, which, as a native described it: "Dis islan', suh, is t'ing Gahd mek from rainbo'. " There, for $12 a week, you can rent a three-bedroom house with its own private beach. Many of the best spots can be reached only by trading schooner: Go down to the waterfront at Grenada or elsewhere and bargain with dusky skippers to make your own price —keep this up and cruise all the lesser islands of this jeweled chain.

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could find perfect satisfaction with whomever she wished whenever she wished, and the voice of common sense was heard once more: "Had Prosper Mérimée understood me, he might have loved me. If he had loved, he would have dominated me, and if I had found a man capable of dominating me, I should have been saved." And so the search continued, and the tragicomedies of de Musset, of Pagello, of Chopin, of Michel de Bourges, and so many others were played out. At last, her sense of having been cheated by life found an outlet in a passionate hatred of her daughter, Solange, in a consuming passion for her son, Maurice. She warned him against his sister and her husband in fantastic terms:

> You must act with extreme caution. Once again I say, *do not eat or drink at their table.*... Burn this letter but memorize its contents. Crime does not always take the form one thinks it will.

Solange's marriage collapsed. Her husband held on to her dowry, and the miserable young woman took temporary refuge in a convent. Penniless and sad, she wrote to her mother:

> To live in isolation, with sound and movement going on all about me—people enjoying themselves, horses galloping, children playing in the sunshine, happy lovers—is not so much boredom as despair. People wonder how it is that poor girls without minds of their own, or any sort of education, allow themselves to slip into a life of pleasure and vice.

The reply was not encouraging; it is, in fact, a minor classic of abuse:

> The only thing that will console you is money—and a great deal of it. In luxury, laziness, and the whirl of fashion, you might succeed in forgetting the emptiness of your heart. But I could give you what you need only by working twice as hard as I do now, which means that I should be dead in six months, since even my present program is beyond my strength.... So you find it difficult, do you, to be lonely and poor and not to slip into a life of vice?...All right then, just try a little vice; just try being a prostitute! I do not think you would make much of a success at it. . . . A woman has got to be a great deal more beautiful, and more intelligent, than you are before she can hope to be . . . sought out by men who are eager and anxious to pay for her favors. . . . I have never known a [young woman] brought up as you have been, in an atmosphere of personal dignity and moral freedom, who has dreaded unhappiness and isolation because of such dangers as you talk of.

Not so very long afterward, Solange's daughter Nini, of whom Sand was extremely fond, died because she had been taken out for a walk on a bitterly cold January day in a light summer dress. To cheer herself up, Sand took a trip to

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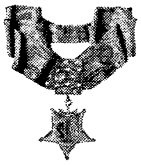
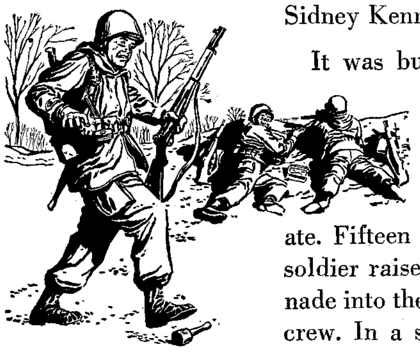


Under His Foot, the Live Grenade



THE MACHINE GUN belonged to E Company, Second Battalion, Seventh Marines. It was under the command of Technical Sergeant Robert Sidney Kennemore.

It was busy. For on this November night fanatical Red masses were swamping Marine defense positions north of Yudam-ni.

Fighting was close and desperate. Fifteen yards in front of the gun, a Red soldier raised his body briefly and sent a grenade into the air. It landed squarely among the crew. In a split second, Sergeant Kennemore had covered it with his foot.

There was a violent, muffled explosion, but not a man was hurt. Not a man except Sergeant Kennemore. He had given both his legs to save his comrades' lives.

"When I was on active duty," says Sergeant Kennemore, "I sometimes wondered if people back home cared as much about stopping Reds as we did. Now that I'm a civilian, I know they do. And one proof is that so many of my neighbors are investing in E Bonds for our country's defense. Believe me, I know how important that defense is. So I'm investing, too, just as I hope you are!"

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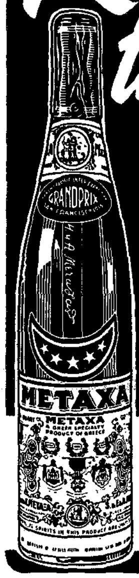

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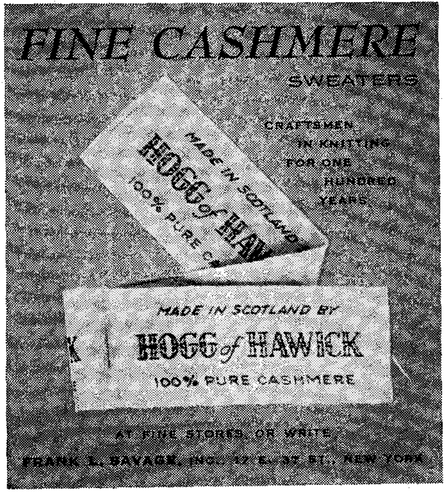
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Rome, accompanied by her current lover, her son, and another gentleman. Solange became a kept woman and made a considerable success of it.

After her last lover died, Sand finally achieved a tranquil happiness. She forgot her quest and a great deal else. "When I take stock of myself," she said to a young admirer in 1867, "I realize that the only two genuine passions of my life have been motherhood and friendship. Love, when it came my way, I accepted, but I never went out of my way to seek it." The days passed easily and cozily; whenever she worked, fiction still flowed from her as copiously as ever, at the rate of twenty sheets a day. She romped with her grandchildren, romped with Flaubert and Turgenev when they came to stay, and, on summer mornings, swam in the Cher. It was an annoyance when Solange bought a house nearby out of her immoral earnings, but that was the only annoyance. The ghost of that gracious, sweet-smelling, and altogether satisfactory grandfather had been laid to rest at last.

A eulogy by Victor Hugo was read at her graveside, and as its last cliché fell among the mourners, a nightingale began to sing. Flaubert cried like a calf, and returned home to write to Turgenev:

> Poor, dear, great woman! Only those who knew her as I did can realize just how much of the feminine there was in that great man, how deep the tenderness which was so integral a part of her genius.

One cannot be sufficiently grateful to M. Maurois for throwing so much new light on the history of this fascinating and unique woman.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A ROGUE WITH EASE, by M. K. Argus (Harper). A comedy about a group of desperately adaptable White Russians living in New York in the nineteen-twenties. One of them, a man named Basil Saratov, decides to quit his job at a factory and pass himself off as a prince. After joining an organization of displaced noblemen, all of them bogus, he becomes engaged to an heiress and winds up in Hollywood. Mr. Argus, who also wrote "Moscow-on-the-Hudson," is a Russian-born humorist who has lived here for many years. The American businessmen and their ambitious wives, the Left Wing writers in Greenwich Village, the movie pro-

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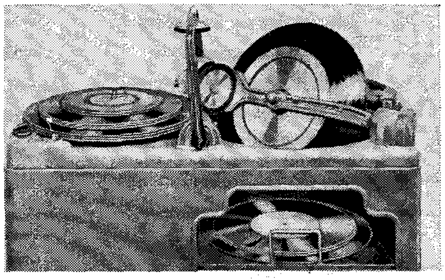

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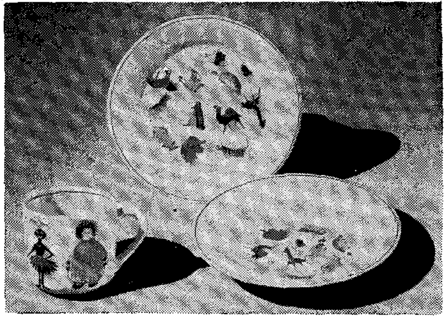

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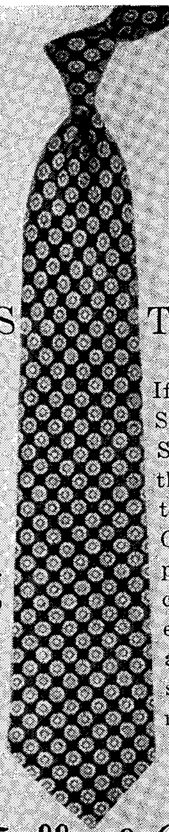
ducers, and the other native types he writes about here have become rather familiar buffoons by now, but his transplanted Russians are fresh and touching and funny.

Green Oranges, by René Masson, translated from the French by Norman Denny (Knopf). Mousse, a conventionally raised Parisian girl still in her teens, falls in love with a young crook, becomes his accomplice in petty rackets, and runs off with him to Corsica, where they live together in a frantic, disorganized way, until a detective her parents have hired to bring her home catches up with them. M. Masson is a mechanically hardboiled writer. He is so eager to display his talent for describing violence and squalor that he neglects to persuade the reader that his characters are human and that what happens to them really matters.

GENERAL

The Ordeal of George Meredith, by Lionel Stevenson (Scribner). Mr. Stevenson might have found a less artful title for this life-size portrait of the fallen giant of Victorian Romanticism but he could hardly have hit upon a more appropriate one. The blows that shook Richard Feverel were nothing to those that his creator was called upon to endure. Misfortune of one kind and another dogged Meredith through practically all of his eighty-one years on earth. His mother died when he was five, he was more or less abandoned by his father at ten, and he spent part of his adolescence incarcerated in a grim Moravian school in Germany; his first wife ran away with another man, his second died agonizingly of cancer, and his eldest son was both physically and mentally unfit; he was a lifelong victim of dyspepsia, he was crippled in late middle age by locomotor ataxia, and during his last years he was almost totally deaf; and, above all, he was well into his sixties before his work began to receive either critical or popular acclaim. "I have failed," he noted as late as 1881, when he was fifty-three, "and I find little to make the end undesirable . . . The quality of my work does not degenerate; I can say no more. Only in my branch of the profession of letters the better the work the worse the pay, and also, it seems, the lower the esteem in which one is held for it." From these trials, and from this sustaining integrity, Mr. Stevenson has drawn not only a mov-



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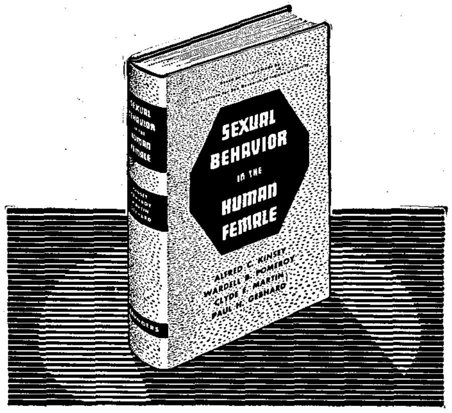
ing likeness of a bedevilled artist but a powerful study of fortitude as well.

REBELS AND ANCESTORS, by Maxwell Geismar (Houghton Mifflin). This volume, the third in Mr. Geismar's continuing history of the American novel, spans the years 1890-1915, concentrating on five writers—Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Jack London, Ellen Glasgow, and Theodore Dreiser—who he believes were the founders of the naturalist movement in American fiction. His book is in great part an examination of the impact on these novelists and their compatriots of alien ideas like Marxism, Darwinism, and Nietzscheism, which collided so rudely with the current domestic precepts. As the author shows, the resulting cultural ferment changed the American novel, wrenching it forever out of the nineteenth-century tradition. One may question Mr. Geismar's sensitivity to literary values, and one must admit that he throws in a lot of superfluous detail, but for the vigor of the writing and the scope of the author's perspective, the book is highly recommended.

ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD: AN ANTHOLOGY, selected by F. S. C. Northrop and Mason Gross (Macmillan). The editors, who are philosophers themselves, have chosen excerpts from a dozen of the late Professor Whitehead's books so skillfully that this anthology of less than a thousand pages not only represents his diverse channels of thought comprehensively but manages to unify and relate them. Several of his essays—particularly "On Mathematical Concepts of the Material World" and "The Principle of Relativity with Applications to Physical Science"—are forests of mathematical symbols, far too technical for the average reader, but the examples of Whitehead's thinking on such topics as religion, symbolism, scientific method, and thinking itself are readable with a little effort, and well worth that effort. A brief appendix of notes on Whitehead's terminology makes the going somewhat easier.

HIMMLER, by Willi Frischauer (Beacon). A biography of Heinrich Himmler, *Reichsführer* of the *Schutz Staffeln* and, despite the competition, surely the most unappetizing man in the Hitler satrapy. The author, who wrote a definitive life of Hermann Göring, presents here a neurotic mediocrity who, with a head full of woozy ideas about "race" and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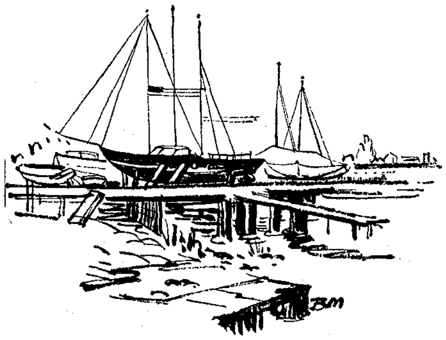
"blood," weaseled his way into power; his very flabbiness makes him the more frightening. The book includes a circumstantial account of the origins and development of the S.S. and a record of its monstrous work, but there is a certain unreality about the portrait of the central character. Mr. Frischauer interviewed many former associates of Himmler's, in and out of prisons, and does his level best to explain him as a man. He fails, but that is not entirely his fault. It is a metaphysical possibility that Heinrich Himmler was, to use one of his own favorite phrases, "not a human being."

THE ROAD TO SAFETY, by Sir Arthur Willert (Praeger). An informed account of the secret diplomacy practiced by the British in this country before and during the First World War, and specifically of the activities of an extraordinary young man, Sir William Wiseman, whom the Foreign Office sent to Washington in 1915 as a sort of super-agent and public-relations man. Although he was only thirty years old when he arrived, he soon gained the confidence of President Wilson and Colonel House, and, the author states, probably had more influence on them than any other Englishman of that time. The many confidential reports Wiseman sent back to the Foreign Office, which the author has included, give the book value as a footnote to this period in American history, but they are not much help to Sir Arthur in fulfilling his purpose, which is to destroy "the mischievous myth" that the United States was "diddled" into entering a profitless war on Britain's side and that British propaganda and Intelligence in America had as their object the control of the American mind. Sir Arthur's point is that the British merely wanted us to see things their way.

THE AGE OF THE MOGULS, by Stewart H. Holbrook (Doubleday). A history of the rich man in America as exemplified by the Astors, the



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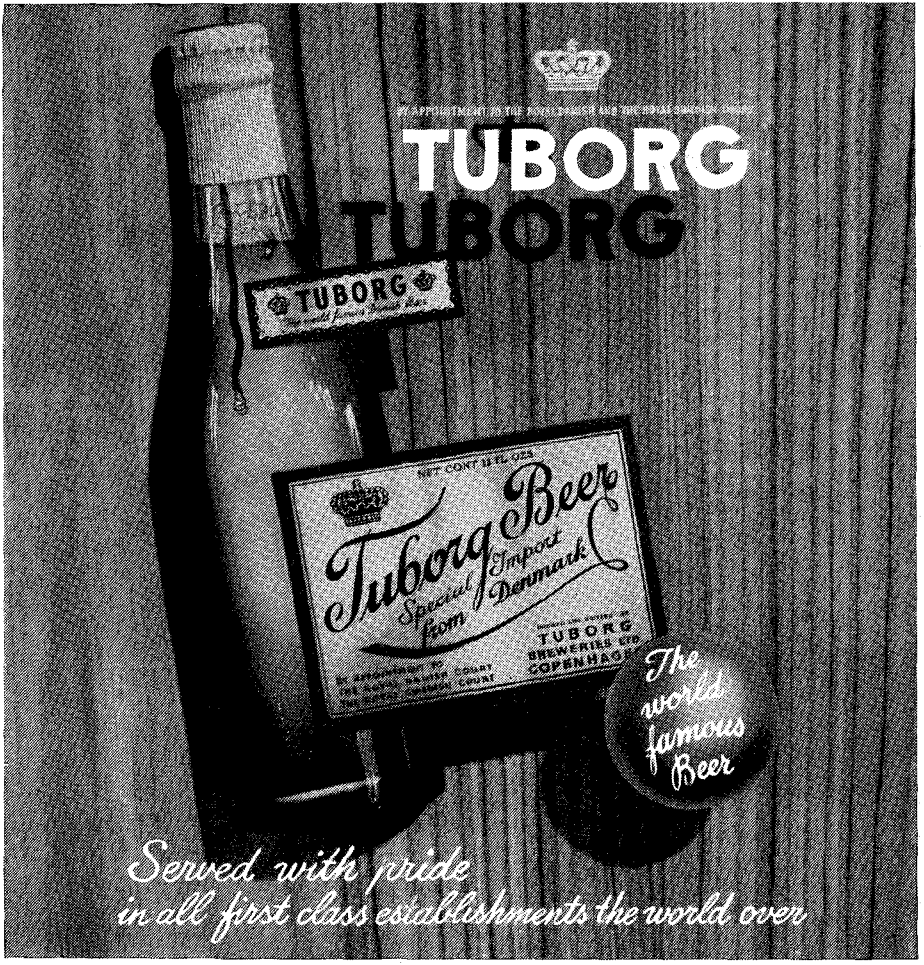
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du Ponts, the Guggenheims, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, and their peers. In the past twenty years or so, biographers have been inclined to pillory the poor fellows, calling them robber barons, plunderers, and pirates. Mr. Holbrook differs. He is content to tell their stories in a fairly continuous narrative without editorializing beyond the mild observation that they were, to be sure, ruthless men, and in the same breath he explains that they lived in a ruthless age and that if their deportment would land some of them in jail today, their fellow-citizens thought them only shrewd. Mr. Holbrook has a thesis of sorts to back him up—that the moguls, by vigorously grabbing up wealth and centering it in monolithic corporations, raised American industry to its present world eminence. He doesn't pursue it very hard, however. A competent job, with a high content of entertainment. Photographs.

THEY HAVE THEIR EXITS, by Airey Neave (Little, Brown). An Old Etonian in captivity. On May 24, 1940, while participating in a rearguard action at Calais, Lieutenant-Colonel Neave, then a second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, was wounded and taken prisoner by a Nazi patrol. After a spell of hospital internment, he was removed to Stalag XXa, near Thorn, in Poland. He promptly escaped, and was promptly recaptured. In recognition of his restlessness, he was then transferred to the most formidable of German prisons, the castle of Augustus the Strong of Saxony, at Colditz. Early in August, 1941, he made another break, and was again recaptured. Some five months later, in January, 1942, he tried once more, with a Dutch companion, and this time he made it. With the help of the French Resistance, he reached Gibraltar and safety in May, 1942. He returned to England for another round of adventures, including, eventually, the composition of this account of his several sorties toward freedom. That Colonel Neave is a soldier of great courage and a fugitive of unusual ingenuity cannot be doubted, and the story he lived to tell us is, obviously, a good one. Unfortunately, however, since he is both a very bad writer and a man of grating condescension, he has rendered it next to unreadable.

BEN JONSON OF WESTMINSTER, by Marchette Chute (Dutton). Miss Chute, the author of first-rate biog-

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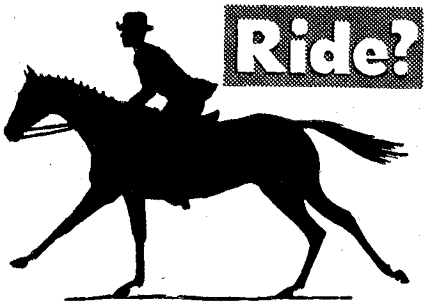

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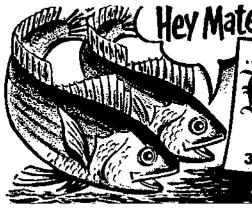

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raphies of Chaucer and Shakespeare, has once more chosen to write about a great English poet whose life was never fully documented in his own time, and once more she has succeeded in giving us a portrait in depth that conveys the flavor of the period. While the initial riddle of Jonson—how the stepson of a poor bricklayer could have got the classical education of an Elizabethan gentleman—is not fully answered, the author makes some shrewd and scholarly guesses. (When she is guessing, she lets you know it, too.) In the end, we have Jonson in the round—the playwright and writer of masques, England's greatest classical poet, the court favorite and first poet laureate, the cheerfully immoral moralist, the founder and most devout tosspot of the Apollo Club, the wit and deviser of practical jokes, and the only friend of Shakespeare's who perceived that "he was not of an age, but for all time."

W. B. YEATS: LETTERS TO KATHARINE TYNAN, edited by Roger McHugh (McMullen). These letters to a poet and novelist of Yeats's own Irish generation belong mostly to the period when Yeats, still in his twenties, was living with his family in London and getting along by doing odd jobs for publishers while attempting his first ambitious poems. His correspondence with Miss Tynan, who was in Ireland, shows how attentive he was to the promotion of the new Irish literary movement, but it is otherwise not particularly interesting, except for a few letters in which he discusses his ideals for his poetry. We see that at the time when he had just written "The Wanderings of Oisin," he was already working toward hardness and clearness: "The whole poem ["Oisin"] is full of symbols—if it be full of aught but clouds. The early poems I know to be quite coherent, and at no time are there clouds in my details, for I hate the soft modern manner." And in another letter he wrote, "We should make poems on the familiar landscapes we love, not the strange and rare and glittering scenes we wonder at."

DRIVE SLOWLY—SIX DOGS, by Ilse Bischoff (Viking). An inconsequential but very pleasant book about the author's dachshunds and poodles, how she came by them, and what they have taught her. Miss Bischoff, an artist who lives in Manhattan, got her first dog, a dachshund puppy

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named Pumpernickel, in Germany; later she added another dachshund to the family, and then took off into poodledom. At one time, she tried to make a go of a breeding kennel on her Vermont farm, but she failed because she didn't like the various people who wanted to buy her puppies, and refused to sell. Nothing much happens in the book; it owes its distinctive quality to the author's ability to discuss her dogs with humor and a complete absence of sentimentality or archness. Decorations and photographs.

BY LAND AND BY SEA, by Samuel Eliot Morison (Knopf). Sixteen "occasional writings"—formal essays, addresses to learned societies, book reviews, and such—turned out during the past forty years by one of the most stimulating American historians writing today. They range from studies in maritime history, the author's specialty, to essays on the philosophy of history, in which he tries to define the historian's task and points the way toward a more vivid kind of history writing. In one chapter, "History Through a Beard," he sets off a demolition charge under the late Charles A. Beard and his argument that President Roosevelt "maneuvered" this country into war. A brilliant collection.

IDEAS AND PLACES, by Cyril Connolly (Harper). Forty-odd editorials, travelogues, and assorted epicurean caprices by the founder and editor of the expired British magazine *Horizon*, in whose pages most of them first appeared. Mr. Connolly is a spirited writer, and at times an inspiriting one, but except for a few of his glimpses of foreign parts and a stylish appreciation of the exertions of the Surrealists, the pieces that he has here exhumed for exportation are a bit too remote or too special, or both, to be of any considerable transatlantic interest.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: A HISTORY, by Henry Bamford Parkes (Knopf). This is an excellent one-volume summary, well organized and clearly written, which gives a good deal of space to artistic and intellectual events and is distinguished by attractive illustrations, chosen with unusual taste. Though probably intended as a textbook, it has none of the repellency of textbooks and is easy to use as a reference. Appendices containing the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, population figures, statistics on Presidential elec-

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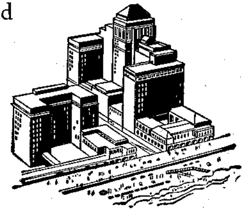

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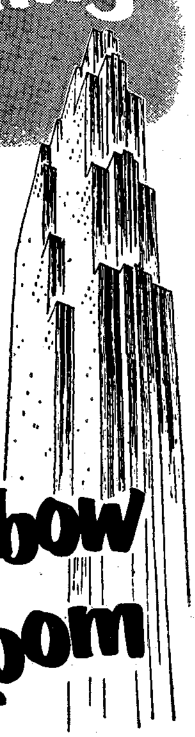

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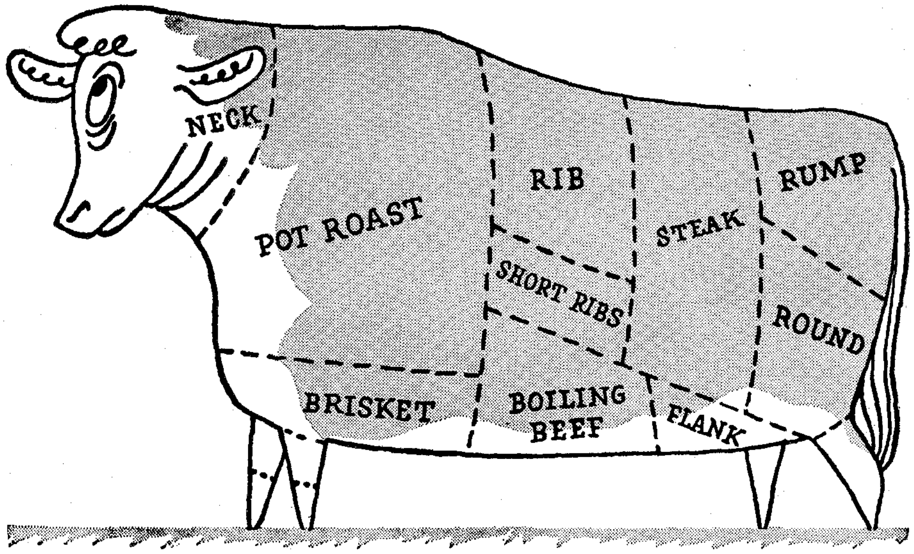
tions, and other useful facts are included.

The Story of the Metropolitan Opera, by Irving Kolodin (Knopf). The Metropolitan Opera House was opened in 1883 by a group of newcomers to society who were unable to acquire boxes at the smaller Academy of Music. It was designed to show off the box holders rather than the operas, and its faults as a theatre—such as the lack of storage space for scenery—are among the reasons the Met doesn't make a profit nowadays, even when it sells out. Mr. Kolodin's book discusses the business history of the Met and then looks at its artistic record, season by season. Although the Met has given some marvellous performances, it has never managed to function as an ideal opera company should; its great voices, for example, have often sung amid bad choruses and miserable sets. Mr. Kolodin won't commit himself to unrestrained optimism this early, but he thinks that Mr. Bing has a good idea of what opera should be and has occasionally achieved it on the vast stage.

The Pre-Raphaelites in Literature and Art, by D. S. R. Welland (Barnes & Noble). According to the simple rule that anything old enough in art automatically becomes new, the Pre-Raphaelites, who coalesced into a group just a little over a century ago, should be in for a revival. The present volume is hardly the one to set such a movement aflame, being on the whole a trifle too scholarly. But it's a straw in the wind, and it contains much information about the movement's social and economic theories that is likely to be fresh and interesting to those of us who think of Pre-Raphaelitism as meaning simply Rossetti, Hunt, Millais, Morris, and spurious medievalism generally. Eleven halftone plates, plus thirteen incidental illustrations.

The Dutch Masters, by Horace Shipp (Philosophical Library). Those remarkable people, the seventeenth-century Dutch, practically invented both landscape and genre painting, and in the course of that same wonderful century produced an unprecedented number of first-rate artists to refine and develop the new forms. Mr. Shipp, an expert on the subject, writes entertainingly and authoritatively on the period, mingling brief biographies of pretty nearly all the artists involved—from such titans as Rembrandt, Hals, and Vermeer;



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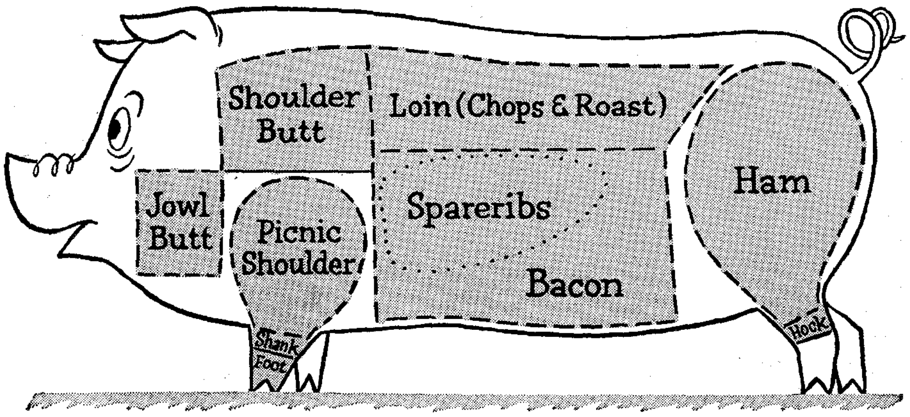

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through such only slightly lesser figures as the Ruisdaels, Hobbema, Cuyp, and de Hooch; to a number of others, like Claesz, de Heem, van de Velde, and so on, who though now little heard of were considered important in their day—with a good deal of brisk, illuminating commentary on the modes and manners of the society that produced them. It's a rewarding book, and the forty-one illustrations (seventeen in full color), although unfortunately not very well tied in with the text, are well chosen and well reproduced.

AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE, edited by Paul Radin and Elinore Marvel, with an introduction by James Johnson Sweeney (Pantheon). One of the handsomest of the many handsome books that have been published on African sculpture in the last few years, this is also one of the most interesting. In addition to the hundred and sixty-odd plates, which show the range from barbaric naïveté to extreme sophistication that is to be found in African art, there are also some sixty African folk tales, collected by Dr. Radin, to illustrate the background of mythology from which the carvings sprang. These, which vary from tribal stories describing the world and its creation to what might be called nursery tales about what happens to little girls who wander too far out into the jungle alone, are uniformly fascinating, and they have a kind of wandering, half-logical and wholly savage fancifulness that at times is as impressive as the sculptures.

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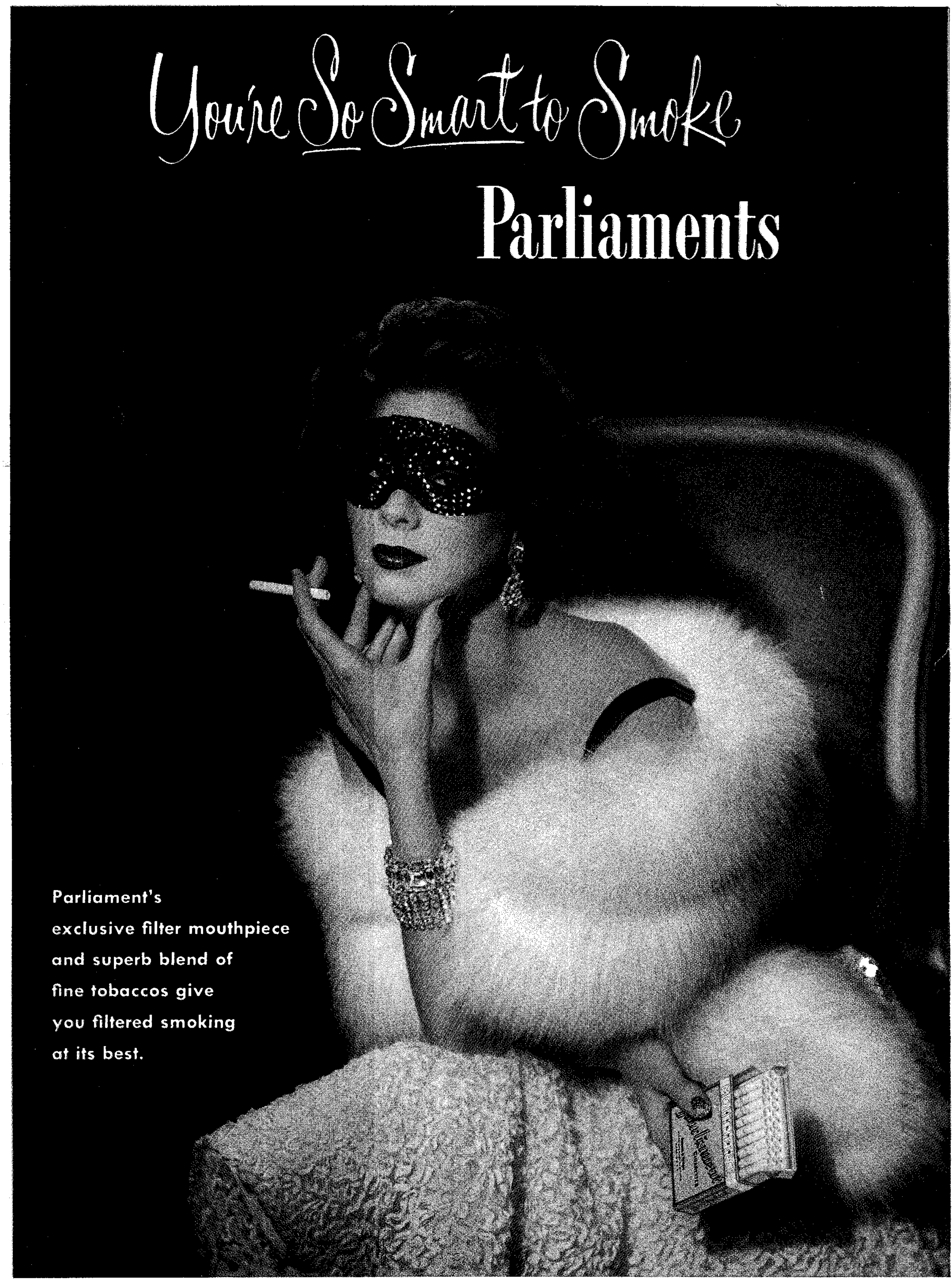

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